THIS TIME THE WORLD!

George Lincoln Rockwell

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An Ironmarch publication
2017
Version 1

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author gratefully acknowledges the inspiration he received in his political career from three great Americans:

Senator Joseph McCarthy, General Charles Lindbergh, General Douglas MacArthur. (No implication is here intended that these men are or were members of the American Nazi Party.)

In addition, not only the author, but the entire White Race and the American Republic owe an incalculable debt to three men who actually helped in the creation of the only real counter-force openly opposing the International Zionist-Bolshevik, race-mixing criminal conspiracy, The American Nazi Party:

Floyd Fleming who has risked his life and his security; my Deputy Commander, Major J.V. Kenneth Morgan, who has loyally stood by me in countless bloody battles with the terrorists; and DeWest Hooker, who first taught me to know the cunning and evil ways of the enemy.

DEDICATION TO: ADOLF HITLER!

Like spiritual giants before you — you were cursed and driven to death by spiritual pygmies for daring to stand up for a new and vital truth. Your heroic people lie silent, bound in golden chains and torn between the two criminal gangs of Bolsheviks and Zionists.

I helped to bomb and burn millions of your brave young men. Your blue-eyed young mothers were raped and murdered by Soviet and Negro savages. The millions of little blond boys and girls you loved so well lie moldering in acres of devastation and ruin.

Millions of my fellow Americans, British, French and others of our racial comrades, all as ignorant as I once was, were slaughtered and maimed fighting for these same two filthy gangs of Zionists and Bolsheviks.

The *Weltfeind* cringes like the Devil at the sign of the cross. Your mighty spirit has inspired millions with the Holy Truth. From all over the earth, faintly at first, comes the sound of marching boots — louder and louder they grow! Listen! They are singing!

"Die Fahne Hoch! Die Reihen fest geschlossen!"

Out of the mud and slime of lies, your holy red, white and black Swastika has been flung back into the skies in Virginia, United States of America, and we pledge you our lives, Adolf Hitler, that we shall not flag or fail until we have utterly destroyed the forces of Marxism and darkness.

HEIL HITLER!

> *"It is necessary that I should die for my people; but my spirit will rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right."*

PREFACE

When one becomes as controversial as Lincoln Rockwell, writing an autobiographical book presents monumental problems which do not confront most other writers. I have already experienced a major assault on my liberty when several multi-million dollar Jewish organizations combined to dig up material as far back as my college days at Brown University in 1938, and got me committed to an insane asylum "for observation". They fondly hoped and gleefully told each other in the Jewish press that I would be permanently locked up as a lunatic. By demonstrating not only my sanity, but the rationality of my actions and ideas, I succeeded in winning over even a Jewish psychiatrist, along with many others, and in being released in only ten days, although I was ordered to the observation lock-up by the court for thirty days!

But I am not so naive that I imagine that will be the end of the matter. The same groups still have their millions and their hate-crazed fanatics who cannot answer or stop my arguments and ideas, and who must therefore stop me personally, or else be exposed and driven out for the villains they are.

They will seize on this book like starved vultures and comb it for new evidence of the insanity they must prove against me or stand convicted themselves.

Under these circumstances, it is frightening to think what they can or will try to do with the honest little confessions of human foibles and mistakes which I believe are due from an autobiographer to his readers, if the work is not to be a disgusting piece of self-adulation. I am also aware that the revelation of intimate and sometimes less-than-heroic acts of foolishness or even wickedness—acts committed by ANY human being, but usually glossed over and hidden—will make it more difficult later on to establish the political legend about my person which will be necessary to provide the White race with the strong leadership it must have if White Western civilization is to survive.

This conscious building of a masterful father-image capable of leadership has always been vital to the masses of common people here and everywhere else.

Nevertheless, in spite of the probable use of my candid honesty by my enemies to make another attempt on my sanity, and in spite of threat to my dignity as a national leader, I intend to reveal even somewhat embarrassing episodes in my personal history which I believe are genuinely revelatory of my own nature as it shaped and was shaped by the people and events teeming around me in a chaotic world.

This book is directed more to the intellectual circles, presently drowning in oceans of Marxism which have inundated all our colleges and universities, than it is to the masses of common people, for whom the knowledge that I am an exponent of gas chambers for Jewish (and all other) Communist traitors is sufficient understanding of my philosophy. I do not overly concern myself, therefore, with the probable exploitation of my self-revealed foibles and weaknesses, because my enemies are already having a field day lying about me with far more virtuosity than they could display if they confined themselves to what I write here. The masses will not, cannot, read this book. In spite of their mental set, the intellectuals will understand it and, perhaps, admit its sincerity and cogency. I have therefore included these "juicy" items in this first edition and will see that they disappear from view as I reach a wider circle.

But this work has another formidable difficulty because of my current notoriety as the wild and wooly monster of politics.

Every name I mention, for good or evil, with praise or with curses, becomes a target for enormous forces of which the average man knows little or nothing. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, with an annual budget of six million dollars to "protect" the Jews from attacks and to destroy "anti-Semites", will latch onto this volume with sharpened claws and tear it apart, word by word, searching for every weak point at which I, or those who are or were connected with me can be reached, pumped or attacked.

For the cost of one volume, they will get what it would take years for their paid agents to search out of dusty files, and they will get the facts herein from me which they could never get in any other way at all. The book will thus boomerang on me, not only as material to railroad me for another possible trip to the booby hatch, but as material for all sorts of painful personal attacks on myself and the people I love: my family, friends, associates and Party comrades.

But again, this must be. It is a calculated risk, just as all my other activity has been. I was aware of the possibilities when I hung up the Swastika, but did it nevertheless, as I calculated the gains would outweigh the agony and inevitable losses — which they have done most satisfyingly. The unmistakable honesty and sincerity of this volume will, I expect, win me the virile young intellectuals I now need. And that sincerity would be impossible, were I to hide all my weaknesses or mistakes and glorify my successes.

Finally, it is utterly impossible to write the book without hurting people I love — my family. So far in my political career, I have protected them from the kind of unfair attacks I must suffer to the best of my ability. I had no right to jeopardize them so long as my career was such an impossible and wild gamble. It is still a gamble — but no longer wild or impossible. It is now, regardless of what wishful thinkers or the ignorant may howl, quite probable that I will achieve leadership as President of the United States in 1973, exactly as I have achieved, step-by-step, the other goals in my plans, either on time, or ahead of time. The publication of this book, in spite of the multi-million dollar forces which have been deployed against me and the book, is just one example of this predicted and enforced progress.

It is therefore inevitable that my relatives will sooner or later be exposed to the publicity and vicious attacks which are the only answer of the Jews and Communists to our logic and arguments. My relatives, my children and those who have been close to me are inescapably a part of my life, and I had rather present them to the public truthfully and with love, than have them splashed and smeared across the pages of scandal magazines.

To my family, who I am sure cannot yet understand me or my activities any more than most of the rest of the people, I can only say that I have done my best to write the book as it MUST be written for a cause I hold more dear than my own life, and yet spare the good people who had such a large share in making me whatever it is I am now and will be later. After three years of desperate battling for an idea and goal I believe is of paramount importance to the survival of humanity, and after two years of fighting, I believe I am not making an empty boast when I say that I will one day soon amply repay my family for whatever they are made to suffer because of persecution from those hypocrites who hate me and this book, but pretend to be lovers of intellectual freedom.

I also owe the reader a word of explanation as to my attitude toward myself.

I believe that modesty is either a virtue made utterly necessary by the fact that the possessor is indeed of only modest mental stature, or else it is disgusting hypocrisy of the most revolting kind. A truly superior mind, which can apprehend the mightiest facts and ideas in the universe — facts which are unthinkable to the millions and billions of human beings, can surely perceive its own relationship to those depressing billions of empty heads. Such a great mind can surely realize its own altitude with regard to the worm-like minds which squirm and crawl by the billions in the mud of life. And when such a mind becomes thoroughly aware of the gift which Nature has bestowed upon it, it is an act of gross dishonor to make a mealy-mouthed pretense to be "just one of the stupid herd" in order to curry favor with the army of idiots, and be able to lower one's eyes modestly, while the forces of organized boobery extol one's genius. It is not necessary, to be sure, to go about boasting and whooping about one's gifts, but, when one has discovered and proved masterful superiority in his chosen field, I believe it is proper and honorable to be proud and conscious of that superiority, exactly as our Viking forebears were not ashamed to stand manfully forth with tales of their own prowess and courage in battle.

In exactly that sense, then, I am prepared to set forth my story, the good with the bad. I am neither afraid to admit my mistakes, nor am I afraid to lay claim to my own genius. What the world may be not yet ready to admit, I will wring from it by simple demonstration — in combat.

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander

American Nazi Party of the World Union of National Socialists.

Chapter I

At first we thought the riot had been called off. It was a hot, Sunday afternoon, July third, 1960.

The week before, June 26th, the Director of the National Capital Parks of the Department of the Interior had called me and sent me, by special messenger, an official letter of urgent warning. He told us that the Department had so much information of violence and riots planned against us that he was "not sure" he could protect us with his police force. He suggested that we give up speaking or move out of town. When I firmly but respectfully refused, he asked me to withdraw the Troopers I had been keeping in the crowd to heckle the hecklers to keep the crowd from cohering into a riotous and dangerous mob.

We, too, had been receiving more than the usual amount of filthy telephoned threats that this time they would "beat the — out of us", etc. I had therefore painted a huge sign for our speaking stand warning the crowd that "certain" groups were planning to riot in order to put an end to our speaking. I had complied with the police request that we pull our Troopers out of the crowd — as we always obey all reasonable police requests.

But there had been no riot on the twenty-sixth. We had twenty-five of our men on hand, all behind the roped enclosure, and were more than ready for them if they burst through the ropes at us, no matter how many they were, or how tough.

They came to this rally, all right! Let no one say that the Jews are a race of nothing but sickly moneylenders and feeble clerks. There were two or three hundred big, husky, mean-looking Jews who screamed curses and milled around. Some spit at us, but they did not attack. For almost two hours I managed to outshout their heckling and completed my speech by sheer force of will and power of voice.

This week of July third, we felt the worst danger was over. We had faced their mob of hoods and bullies the week before and had left the field victorious, it seemed doubtful they would try again so soon.

The rolling mall between the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument was warm and brilliantly green in the hot July sunshine as our convoy of cars and trucks drove up with our Troops and equipment. The police were there in force, with their mounted men hidden behind the building, as usual; the police dogs locked in their special little van and their squad cars and patrol wagons lined up beside the Smithsonian Museum. But only a few dozen people were in front of our roped-off speaking enclosure.

I sat down under a tree to one side and watched as my lads unloaded the heavy stand from the convoy, set it up and attached the bunting and banners. A few of our fans came over and talked with me or offered me cold drinks. Everything seemed peaceful. In fact, it was too peaceful. Major Morgan, my Deputy Commander, on whom I depended as an experienced and utterly capable Storm Leader, had asked for the day off and had even come down to the scene in civvies with his pregnant wife to enjoy, for once, the case of a spectator. Only eleven of our men had been able to show up at this rally, after the all-out effort of the week before.

But now, I could sense something different, something wrong. As the crowd began to gather, the police did a strange thing: they all but disappeared. They retreated over a hundred yards beyond the crowd and there were only one or two uniformed men anywhere within operating distance of the enclosure!

I mounted the platform when the boys were ready. Then I knew what was going on. Like a hoard of locusts, almost in military formation, over two hundred of last week's burly Jew hoodlums and toughs swarmed around our stand and began an obviously organized chant of "Sick! Sick! Sick!". This was not too surprising, but what happened next was horrifying. The Jews began to push and hang over the ropes and swing at our men, and the police retreated even farther away with folded arms!

When I say it was horrifying, I do not mean that what the Jews were doing was horrifying. We expected them to try to kill us, if they thought they could and we were prepared to teach them the error of this method. But it must be remembered that to survive, we have to bend over backward to be legal. The minute the Jews can show that we have violated the law or even appear to have violated the law, they can bring more than enough pressure to have us stowed away and silenced. We must depend on the police to uphold the law, since we are forbidden to defend ourselves even fairly, by violence, much as we sometimes ache to do.

When the police suddenly 'couldn't see' the most gross attacks on us, we knew that an honest police department had finally succumbed to intolerable Jewish pressure, and we were in for whatever the Jews could work up their courage to do. For over an hour and a half, I managed to hold the howling, spitting mob by arrogance and psychologically — calculated disdain for their overwhelming numbers. To say that we were not afraid would be untruthful, for we were only eleven and they were over two hundred and fifty, plus the fact that our whole future, all our struggles and sacrifices for over two years were lying in the balance. It was obvious that they were determined to have their riot this day and then claim that we had to be suppressed for 'causing' such disorder.

Nevertheless, it took those Jews over an hour and a half to work up the courage to rush us and even then, they thinned our number first by having one big Trooper called out by falsely telling military police he was a Marine, thus reducing our number to ten.

In they rushed, like an avalanche of wild beasts, screaming and howling for my guts! The stand flew over as the Jews struck and I landed in a struggling mass of fighting men. Two yelling Jews grabbed me. One of my men, already down and fighting desperately, grabbed his feet and he went down. But the other Jew aimed a blow at my groin. I hit him in the head and, as he fell, another Trooper tackled him. How my boys pitched in! But the Jew still went for the same attack on me. This time, I replied in kind and gave that Jew a dose of his own medicine!

The fight lasted for only four or five minutes, after which the police rushed in from where they had been hiding and broke it up. Major Morgan was choked unconscious, was bleeding profusely and had his right knee permanently damaged by a number of kicks he received when he was under a pile of seven or eight Jews. Lieutenant Warner, National Secretary of the Party at the time, had the top of his left ear bitten al-most off and all of us were cut and bruised. We later discovered that one of the large men who had recently joined us and loudly boasted how he would fight — Fred Hockett, by name — had run out of the ring in terror when the fight began, so that we had only nine men there to fight that murderous mob.

And we showed the Jews the caliber of those nine men when the po-lice broke up the fight — for we immediately set up our stand and were prepared to speak. I mounted the platform again, broken and wrecked as it was, and would have spoken, but police called me down and I was ar-rested for "disorderly conduct". For the first time in my life, I found my-self dragged off to jail, and as I sat in a cell awaiting bail, it was impossi-ble not to think back on the chain of circumstances which had placed me here in the ugly, urine-smelling cellblock of the First Precinct of Washing-ton, D.C.

How does an American who fought the Nazis in World War II, who has a college education and is utterly dedicated to his country, wind up in jail after being attacked by a mob of Jews? How does a man who was looked upon for years as just a 'good guy', become a fanatical Nazi who stands up in public and advocates gas chambers for Jewish or any other kinds of traitors — and admits he estimates about 80% of adult Jews will be found guilty of treason and have to be gassed? Why me? How had events turned me into such a one, but few or none of my fellows? Was I indeed 'nuts' and 'sick' as the Jews so feverishly insist?

That I was somehow different from most of my fellows seemed obvi-ous, but how? Was I really a moral snake full of pathological hate, as charged by the 'normal' Jews or could I lay a valid claim to the appar-ently inevitable persecution of every advanced idea and of every truly great man Nature has produced in thousands of years. Why had I gone down to that mall to speak, knowing I might be killed or injured or ar-rested, knowing I would gain no money or even praise, except from a tiny few of my fellow 'oddballs'? Was my brother right when he charged that I would not do these things if I had a fine home and a yacht? Was I one of the disgusting dead-end fanatics I had seen in parks, shouting eternally some idee fixe through whiskers stained with tobacco juice, at more of the same pitiful creatures impatiently waiting only their turn to fulminate on nothing? Was I compensating for some unknown traumatic experience as a kid, as the Freudians would have it?

Sitting alone in the nasty little cell, I thought back over my life and tried to discover a pattern, some clue to my motivation in going down to that mall to speak for what seemed a lost cause and in the face of what seemed the violent opposition of the whole world.

I remembered an experience in 1928, when I was ten, in Ventnor, New Jersey, just south of Atlantic City, where I was living with my mother and her sister. A gang of kid toughs my brother and I called "the bums" came to throw me into the ocean for a cold dunking — a treatment which the boys often received as 'new kids' in the school. I remembered being counseled by a few of the more friendly boys to "relax" and be thrown in and get it over with. It was "impossible," they said, to resist, since half the school was in on the fun and nobody ever took the part of the chosen victim. But the thought of calmly letting anybody or any number of people do violence to me and force me something roused a nameless counter force in me. It was not just temper, because I remember being scared to death and later on, crying. But, since they had told me it was "impossible" to resist, I was determined to resist with all my might — and that is what I did.

After the experiences of two wars I still remember that battle on the deserted beach in Ventnor. I flung about me with my arms and legs wildly and with a superhuman strength which I am sure surprised the 'bums' and, though there were at least twenty or thirty of them, those who could get near, enough to get a hold of me received some blows and wounds which I am sure must have hurt. I bit, clawed, kicked, tore and pulled hair. I used any tactic I could, without thinking and fought like a mad man. I can still remember the 'bums' generals' cursing at their 'troops': "Hold his leg! Get his neck! Look out! @t&%**! Watch out for that arm," etc. I can also remember vividly the satisfying feeling of the flesh in my teeth as my jaws closed on the arm of one who was attempting to choke me into submission and his even more satisfying howl of pain. Then I remembered getting some kicks and being dropped on the beach and lying in the sand, crying and exhausted. But I did not get thrown in the surf by the 'bums'. I remembered, with some shame, going to school the next day and getting beaten in a regular fist fight with one of the toughs, who still smarted from the defeat on the beach. I ran home crying.

I considered the two episodes and, for the first time since those occurrences, more than thirty years ago, wondered why I had managed to fight all those kids and win — and then get beaten by just one of them the next day. My answer was, I believe, the key to everything I have ever done in my life.

I have little interest in the ordinary, the usual, and above all, what is considered by the world 'possible'. But when I am faced with an enormous challenge, I become not only deeply interested, but my strength seems to increase beyond my own powers. I have in every such case prevailed over the supposedly 'impossible'. I am often lazy and shiftless in the ordinary affairs of life which demand no special will or intelligence. My relatives and wives will amply attest this miserable character which produces the utmost personal discomfort in daily living, not only for me, but for those who must live with me.

I found it was extremely easy in school for me to outwit and cozen my teachers, so that I could get by with almost no work. I simply could not get interested in subjects and activities which did not offer me a direct challenge, a dare. I therefore coasted along on as little work as would keep me out of too great a conflict with the forces which ordinarily press boys to succeed in school and devoted all my energies solely to trying to exceed the limits of what my masters said were the 'Possibilities'. In algebra, I worked for many, many hours trying to find a way to solve a single equation with two unknowns. Needless to say, I failed. But in geometry, they told me that if two triangles had a side and two angles the same, they were congruent — and I proved to the teacher that this was not always the case. I enjoyed a deep gratification at thus accomplishing 'the impossible'. What a pebble I was in the shoe of education on the march!

Later, in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, with my father, I discovered the same pattern with my sports and recreational activity. I became a sailing fan, even though I had to build my own sailboat out of an old skiff. But I didn't enjoy sailing like most of the others. They all rushed to their boats when the weather was fine, the breeze brisk, but not strong and everything was 'normal'. And then they stayed mostly within the confines of the harbor itself. I found little pleasure in this after a while. I preferred to go out only when the others came in because the wind was 'too strong'. I delighted in beating the elements, the worse they got. I remember one hair-raising trip around Southport Island, where my brother, a reluctant passenger, crouched in the sloshing water of the bilge of the little boat and prayed fervently and miserably as the spume and green water poured over him. I was afraid, of course, but the pure joy of combat with the wild elements had me singing and even howling back at the wild wind with animal energy. My brother begged for mercy, which I could not understand, although I feel sorry for him now. He must have thought me mad and hated me — which he assured me he did.

When even this activity palled a bit, I essayed a trip to Pemaquid, far out at sea for such a tiny boat, with another young man of similar tastes. We made history on that trip by negotiating the Threads of Life — a torturous rock passage — at night, against the wind and against a terrible rip tide.

My friend, Eden Lewis and I took turns fending off catastrophe from the bow of the tossing craft as we tacked back and forth, only inches from the jagged rocks, with the wind howling against us and the tide spinning us around most fearfully in the inky blackness. The continual splash of the cold, dark waters in our faces would have added to the general effect of horror, had we not been rash youths. How we both enjoyed it! And, even more, how we enjoyed the warm feeling of success and mastery when we reached our warm fire-sides, soaked, exhausted, but exulting in our 'impossible' victory!

I discover pretty much the same pattern in my emotional life. I cannot abide 'pick-ups' or 'easy women', which caused me to be a good deal of an odd ball in the service, particularly when I was very young, as one might imagine. I am intrigued only by exceptional females who require something more subtle than physical overpowering.

In short, I am now fairly certain that the driving force in my life is a deep satisfaction in defying any overwhelming odds which seem to press against that which I will. In ordinary affairs, when there is no such challenge, I not only do not excel — I am a positive flop. I cannot work up any real interest in having the best rock-garden in South Podunk, for instance and those things in life which depend upon being a dedicated cultivator of rock-gardens or similar normal accomplishments find me trail-ing happily at the rear.

On the other hand, in addition to this positive motivation for my activities, there is a negative hate — a burning hate which alone can drive me to lose my temper, a thing I almost never do. Bullying — the beating or torturing of an innocent or helpless creature by an overpowering creature or group of creatures, for the sheer pleasure of bullying and torture, drives me to a frenzy such that it is difficult to control myself.

The combination of these two overpowering drives from deep within me, I believe, are the underlying motivations which sent me down to the mail, wearing a Swastika armband, ready to die, if necessary and dumped me, for the moment, in the smelly little cell in the basement of the Washington, D.C., Police Headquarters. I believe the same two characteristics, applied at this crucial and precise time in history, will propel me and our Nazi movement from that jail cell, up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. The world's longest half-mile!

Chapter II

Mary MacPherson was the healthiest and prettiest young peasant girl in Pugwash, Nova Scotia. She had helped her Scottish immigrant family fight the Indians for their land. She had been brought up in the rude and rugged life of a pioneer, shearing the small herd of family sheep, carding and spinning the wool, weaving it and then making clothes for all the family from it. There was no nonsense about life in Pugwash and no nonsense about young Mary MacPherson as she set off to visit relatives in Providence, Rhode Island, some time in the early spring of 1884.

While in Providence, she met John Rockwell, a mature and dignified Civil War veteran of Scotch-English descent who had opened a real estate office and had already married and raised a small family, before he lost his wife. Mary MacPherson married John Rockwell and they bought a house, with a large mortgage, on Pemberton Street in the Mount Pleasant section of Providence.

In this house, in 1889, was born a very unusual man: my father. Out of these most staid circumstances came a human mutation, a genius, who was to help set America laughing as it had never laughed before and who was to produce a son who would find America in tears and lead the battle to change those tears once again to healthy laughter — but not with jokes.

George Lovejoy Rockwell was nothing like his stern and dignified father or his sturdy, no-nonsense mother. From what I can gather, he was more like a composite of Peck's Bad Boy and a mischievous, impudent monkey. He played endless painful tricks on his sweet little sisters, but always managed to appear the angel when these innocents appealed tearfully to their mother. He investigated everything and everybody, poked into everything, became an expert young magician, invented a thousand diabolical little devices for an equal number of diabolical purposes, learned to play the penny tin-whistle better than anyone before him, became an artist, cartoonist and sign painter, liberally plastering the cellar walls with signs for various soaps, etc., which still remain.

I have not heard of any scholastic honors awarded him, but I understand he did manage to frolic his way through part of high school, carefully placing hornets in the school master's lunch box and performing other psychological experiments. But he could not long repress his spirits in a school room.

Starting as a magician, he entered the exuberant new world of vaudeville. But his patter, delivered with the legerdemain, soon proved more successful than the magic act and he teamed up in a comedy bit with various partners, including men named Al Wood and Al Fox.

For years he starved. Once, he and his partner had only a single pair of pants between them, when one of them ripped the only pair he had and they were out of work and money. They had managed to keep a room, even with the rent overdue, so one stayed in bed in the room while the other searched for some kind of work or income. My father was clever at writing parodies — humorous and irreverent words to well-known songs — and his partner managed to get a few other vaudevillian customers for his services in this line. The partner would bring the customer to the room, excuse himself at the door, run inside, give the pants to my father, jump in bed and then pretend to sleep while my father wrote the parody on the spot and in the pants.

But poverty was no damper for my old man's irrepressible spirits. Next door to this room, behind paper-thin walls, was a sister act and sounds were clearly heard from one room to the next. In those days and in the place, every bed had a not, very handsome, but utilitarian piece of china beneath it. My father conceived the idea of filling the huge water pitcher kept on the bureau and giving the young ladies in the next room something to think about. He stood on a chair, making sure they were in next door, then carefully and slowly, he poured a thin stream of water from the pitcher into the chamber pot. This occupied about ten minutes or so and his diabolical genius was rewarded a few minutes later when the pranksters innocently stepped out of their room and, sneaking a look behind them, discovered two pretty heads peeking out, with mouths hanging wide open.

There is material for a delightful book in my father's endless and absorbing tales of his antics on and off stage in vaudeville and I have urged him repeatedly to do the job, himself, without success.

There was the time he bet the rest of the bill in some town in Illinois that he could go out on the street and calmly hit a policeman, without being arrested. He put on dark glasses, filled his hat with pencils and went about 'feeling' vigorously with the cane, striking this way and that, until he fetched a cop a good belt on the shins. The cop winced, but helped the poor 'blind man' and my Pop won. Or the time in Chicago when he got the baby ducks and the whole cast watched them swim in the hotel tub, until my old man got the idea of seeing if they could swim in 'rapids'. The ducks were tested in the water closet and it was discovered with great glee that they could swim so desperately that they could beat the flush!

While Mary MacPherson was growing up as a pioneer in Nova Scotia, a young German youth named Augustus Schade was emigrating to America to make his fortune and wound up working in a Bloomington, Illinois theater, finally becoming manager. He married, of all things, a fiery French girl, Corrine Boudreau, his opposite in every possible way and the two had a miniature World War I, Germans versus French, going from 1914 on.

They had two daughters, Claire and Arline. Claire was dainty, feminine and took after her French mother. Arline was hefty, overbearing and took after her German father. When the little girls were still very small, they were trained as dancers and actresses for the booming vaudeville business and the whole family hit the road as "The Four Schades". Little Claire was adored by audiences as a sort of Shirley Temple of her day and performed as a toe-dancer. She continued in the theatrical business until about 1915, when she met and married my father.

Unable to approach even marriage with proper decorum, my irrepressible father, I am told, was planning to tell his new father-in-law, who by that time was owner and manager of a large Bloomington theater, that he was part colored. He was barely dissuaded by my mother and her mother who insisted that my very unhumorous German grandfather would have 'promptly shot him to death'. This prediction was later confirmed by Augustus himself, who was only prevented with the greatest effort from carrying out the execution when he heard about the plan for the 'joke'.

About this time, my father had cast off his partners, with their banjos and props and opened as a monologist. He took the pseudo title of "Dr." Rockwell — quack, quack, quack! — and posed as a great chiropractor. His only prop was a banana stalk which he demonstrated as the human spine. He did something no monologist had previously dared do: he sat down in an arm chair in the middle of the stage and just talked.

But he did it so successfully that I can remember being in the audience as a very, very small boy and laughing most of all at the fat men and women all around me literally falling out of their seats and suffocating and gasping in ecstasies of laughter. My old man was a master of timing and would blow a police whistle to try to extinguish the laughter so he could continue, but this only drove the howling audience to new paroxysms of uncontrollable mirth.

They laughed, I am sure, until they ached and hurt all over. At the height of this success, in the middle of the depression, my father was paid $ 3,500 per week — a fabulous salary for the time and he was worth every cent of it. On and off stage, he kept America, almost literally in stitches.

While all this laughing was going on in the politically innocent, carefree, super-corny United States, the laughter had been extinguished in the more mature part of Western Civilization, Europe. In Germany and Russia, the most gigantic political monster ever to appear on earth was struggling to its scaled feet. The apostate Jew, Karl Marx, had codified the doctrine organizing the biologically inferior millions of the earth, led by Jewish Communist leaders, into a ruthless war of extermination against the elite, the biologically best human material which alone could give civilization and leadership to the masses. At the same time, Theodore Herzl, a Zionist Jew, had perfected plans for gaining Palestine for the Jews from the Arabs who had held it for two thousand years as residents. Simultaneously, in the United States, the Warburgs, Kuhn Loeb & Company and other multi-millionaire Jews in New York City were using their economic power to destroy our republic. In 1913, these forces set up the Anti-Defamation League or 'Gestapo' of B'nai B'rith, got rid of the Constitutional safeguard against demagoguery by getting Senators elected directly, instead of by the State Legislatures, set up the illegal Federal Reserve System to gain mastery over our money and banking, established the monstrous left-wing Rockefeller Foundation and — worst of all — established the Income Tax in order to bankrupt America.

In the next three years, these same forces achieved the final wrecking of our strong republic by diabolically and purposefully getting us into the European War on the side of Britain, because Britain unscrupulously offered the Jews Palestine in return for the Jews' promise to get America into the war on the side of England. The result was that everybody lost the war, except the Jews, who got Palestine out of the Balfour Declaration, for their Zionism, and Russia for their Communism.

The first Communist government of Russia was overwhelmingly Jewish, as witnessed by Winston Churchill in an article, "Communism versus Zionism — A Struggle for the Soul of the Jewish People", in the London Illustrated Sunday Herald of February 8, 1920, reproduced in part on the next page. [Below]

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD, FEBRUARY 8, 1920 ZIONISM VERSUS BOLSHEVISM. STRUGGLE FOR THE SOUL OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

BY the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

The National Russian Jews, in spite of the disabilities under which they have suffered, have managed to play an honorable and useful part in the national life even of Russia. As bankers and industrialists they have strenuously promoted the development of Russia's economic resources, and they were foremost in the creation of those remarkable organizations, the Russian Co-operative Societies. In politics their support has been given, for the most part, to liberal and progressive movements, and they have been among the staunchest upholders of friendship with France and Great Britain.

International Jews

In violent opposition to all this sphere of Jewish effort rise the schemes of the International Jews. [Rockwell's emphasis] The adherents of this sinister confederacy are mostly men reared up among the unhappy populations of countries where Jews are persecuted on account of their race. Most, if not all, of them have forsaken the faith of their forefathers, and divorced from their minds all spiritual hopes of the next world. This movement among the Jews is not new. From the days of Spartacus-Weishaupt to those of Karl Marx, and down to Trotsky (Russia), Bela Kun (Hungary), Rosa Luxembourg (Germany), and Emma Goldman (United States), this world-wide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilization and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality, has been steadily growing. It played, as modern writer, Mrs. Webster, has so ably shown, a definitely recognizable part in the tragedy of the French Revolution. It has been the mainspring of every subversive movement during the Nineteenth Century; and now at last this band of extraordinary personalities from the underworld of the great cities of Europe and America have gripped the Russian people by the hair of their heads and have become practically the undisputed masters of that enormous empire.

Terrorist Jews.

There is no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian Revolution by these international and for the most part atheistic Jews. It is certainly a very great one; it probably outweighs all others. With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews. Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Rade — all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combating CounterRevolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses. The same evil prominence was obtained by Jews in the brief period of terror during which Bela Kun ruled in Hungary. The same phenomenon has been presented in Germany (especially in Bavaria), so far as this madness has been allowed to prey upon the temporary prostration of the German people. Although in all these countries there are many non-Jews every whit as bad as the worst of the Jewish revolutionaries, the part played by the latter in proportion to their numbers in the population is astonishing.

"Protector of the Jews."

Needless to say, the most intense passions of revenge have been excited in the breasts of the Russian people. Wherever General Denikin's authority could reach, protection was always accorded to the Jewish population, and strenuous efforts were made by his officers to prevent reprisals and to punish those guilty of them. So much was this the case that the Petlurist propaganda against General Denikin denounced him as the Protector of the Jews... [end of excerpt]

This is only an infinitesimally tiny bit of the huge mass of evidence that the 'Russian' revolution was not Russian at all, but Jewish. The documents include the Overman Report to the U.S. Senate, 1919, Senate Document 88, which shows that of the 388 members of the first Soviet Government, sitting in the Old Smolny Institute in Petrograd, 371 were Jews and 265 of these Jews were from the lower East Side of New York City!

In March 1918, both Russia and Germany were in the advanced throes of Bolshevik revolution. Lenin was on his way in a sealed train to Russia, with over 417 exiled Jewish Marxists, to set up the first Bolshevik government in the world. The Jewish revolutionaries were at work in all the other chaos-ridden European countries, with Bela Kun (Cohen) seizing Hungary for the Jew-Communists and Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, both Jews, leading the Bolshevik uprising in Germany.

Meanwhile, an unknown German corporal lay in hospital in Pasewalk, outside of Berlin, his eyes all but burned out by a gas attack. He writes movingly in Mein Kampf of the hot tears which poured down his face when a gang of deserters from the Navy rushed in proclaiming the Red revolution, which forced Germany to sue for an armistice. He writes even more movingly of his disgust and helpless rage when he learned that the deserters were not combat fighters from the front lines, where he himself had won his Iron Cross of valor, but were Jews from the rear echelons!

Five thousand miles across the Atlantic Ocean, in Bloomington, Illinois, Claire Schade Rockwell entered the Kelso Hospital at this same time to give birth to her first child, on the night of March 9, 1918. The greatest marathon race of human history was launched.

Marx had started the monumental race in 1848. Lenin had seized the baton from his failing hands and carried it in 1918 to victory in the first lap. But at the same moment, the Red team launched the reaction which would eventually destroy it. Adolf Hitler started the year I was born, the year that Marxism took Russia. He made a miraculous sprint into history, almost overtook the Reds, but exhausted himself in the agony of his superhuman exertion. His baton seemed to fall, to be crushed into the earth by the ferocity of the other side. It has lain buried now for fifteen years. All over the world, it appears to be crucified. But now, at last, it has been seized up by new hands! It will be carried to triumph as inevitably as the laws of Nature decree the eventual victory of the strongest and best. The dead mass of the world's inferiors, led by even the most brilliant tactics of the Jew Communists and Zionists, cannot avoid eventually returning to their natural place of submission to the natural-born lord of life on this planet, the White Man.

I have made it my mission in life, above all things, to carry that baton to victory! No matter how long it takes, how painful it may be, or how an eternally blind world scorns and hates it, Adolf Hitler's noble vision of racial idealism will yet master today's chaos and bring order, decency and the innocent fun and laughter of my father's day back to suffering, stumbling humanity — perhaps even to the unhappy, paranoiac Jews.

Chapter III

Fortunately, childhood and youth knows nothing and cares less about serious political and social affairs. I was much too immersed in the immediate deluge of human misery which surrounded me as I started to grow up and became conscious of the world to observe or care about the insane rush of Western Civilization into the abyss of chaos in the 1920's.

There was no lack of the disease which I later learned was and is killing our civilization, in my family environment.

By the time I was six, my parents had been divorced, there was a sheriff's auction of our home and I began to be forced to listen to hours-long lectures by my mother's sister, Arlene, on the rottenness and vileness of my father. Aunt Arlene, as this female tyrant was known to us, considered herself a great expert and master of everything. The fact that this opinion was not shared by anybody else only made her all the more fierce in the attempt to impress the 'fact' on my weak-willed mother and on my brother, sister and me. My little sister was too young to be bothered much by such affairs and my mother simply stepped aside while Arlene became the boss of the place. My brother, at a very tender age, revealed his genius as a diplomat; when Arlene sat him down to hear one of her 'lectures', he agreed heartily with all her statements, exclaimed at her profound wisdom, etc. and was quickly excused with happy smiles by the fat 'victor'.

I, on the other hand, revealed my own nature in just the opposite way. When Arlene would corral me for a lecture, I would try, at first, to escape with my brother's tactics by agreeing with her pronunciamentos. But then I could not help just the tiniest bit of argument when she would make a particularly heinous charge against my father, which seemed irrational to me. The slightest opposition would rouse this human dirigible to fierce determination to suppress the mutiny. And this, in turn, even though I was six or seven years old, roused in me an even fiercer determination not to be bullied out of what seemed reasonable.

I was often forced to listen to these 'lectures' until far into the night. My poor, patient, weak mother would try feebly to rescue me, by getting me to do as she and the rest did — give in and crawl out of it — but I could not do it. I can imagine the glee with which the Freudian brainwashers will dive into this material here, sure that they have learned at last the source of what they must, perforce, try to explain as my 'neurosis' or worse. But I will remind these discoverers of evidence which they themselves plant that my brother was exposed to this same kind of thing and his reaction, even at four or five years of age was the opposite of mine. No, gentlemen, my reaction to these things was not caused by this tyranny of Aunt Arlene — it was a surge of force deep within me, as my brother reacted with the native genius for diplomatic wriggling which he displays to this day.

Half of the time, my brother and I would be shuttled to penitentiary duty with Arlene and the other half, we were freed to be with my father and his common law wife, Madeline, in Maine. My sufferings, struggles and fun as a boy were, I suppose, relatively normal when we were with my mother and 'Arlene the Great', with the exception of the midnight lectures.

But the time with my father gave both my brother and me an outlook on life and an intellectual disposition which we both treasure. We have found that the nonconformist approach he showed and transmitted to us has enabled us to outdistance most others in creativeness, time after time. He was unbelievably curious about everything. We looked into the plumbing business, got tools from Sears and went about doing plumbing for people, just for fun. We investigated photographs and built an enlarger. We held autopsies on fish to see what they had been eating and found amazing things in sharks' stomachs. We argued happily and endlessly as to whether a pig, who knew nothing of his stupidity, was happier than a man. We brought home a man and a monkey in the organ-grinder business for long discussions and lunch.

Another guest was a mental doctor who claimed he could shorten or lengthen your legs, and I remember we had the whole roomful of people, including celebrities like Fred Allen and other entertainment luminaries, stretched out on the floor to see if their legs would grow. We all learned to play chess and there were a few times when the whole outfit got so deep into the game that the McNaught Syndicate, for whom my father wrote a column, sent call after call for the latest piece and finally had to send a man all the way to Maine to stir him up. While we chugged the twenty or so miles out into the Atlantic for deep sea fishing at three and four in the mornings, even when I was only eight or nine years old in sneakers and flapping shirt, we endlessly discussed fine points of politics, history, magic, art and the whole gamut of subjects usually reserved for college and adulthood. In the evenings, my brother and I would lie in our beds listening to the shrill cry of the sea-gulls on the Maine coast, smelling the clam flats and the bayberry fields, and my old man would scooch down for an enchanted hour or so during which he told original stories I will never forget. His best were about "The Old Scout", an incredibly tough and masterful Indian battler. Several times he told of his own childhood visits to the home of the MacPhersons in Nova Scotia, where he said he had actually seen battles with the Indians. I have my doubts of this, but I didn't then and freely and happily forgive the old gent for a bit of poetic license, if he did use it; it was well worth it.

Even now, I get goose flesh as I remember the smell of his pipe, the hushed voice and the magic of the Maine dusk as we listened to these superb flights of imagination. Usually the stories would end with all of us falling asleep, the old man only minutes after us. But sometimes he would drop off first, muttering the last few words half consciously and leaving us in impossible suspense. Then our shrill young voices would pierce his ears. "Daddy! Daddy! Wake up! How did the Old Scout get out of the Indian fire and get untied and out of the way of the buffalo stampede? Daddy! Wake up!" Then the imagination was not so hot and the Old Scout would suddenly discover some hidden friend who quickly rescued him — and the old man. We were not to be so easily swindled, however and usually demanded another version before the tired purveyor of these masterpieces was excused.

Above all, my father taught me to question everything. No fact was too sacred to be examined and judged by itself. No authority was too holy to be looked into for probity. If anything, we were taught to be downright suspicious of all that was supposed to be beyond doubt, I was already of this disposition and my father's training tremendously strengthened this quality of mind and personality.

But I also received other instruction from my male parent which was not so helpful. The policy of "anything for a laugh" was unfortunately ex-tended to everyday life and I can remember my father bringing howls of laughter from me when I was still almost a baby, being undressed. My garments, shoes, etc. were violently removed in a sort of game where every piece was violently flung on the floor to the battle-song of "Throw it on the floor, BANG! BANG!" This, of course, delighted me no end, but fostered untidiness, which is one of the plagues of my life. Then there were the sessions when my tiny brother and I would be stood against the wall for "roaring" practice, to develop our voices. "Roar like a bear," we were ordered and we tried to oblige. Those who have heard me speak or who will hear me, will testify to the efficacy of this "bear" train-ing — but it was not much of an advantage before I became Commander of the Nazi Party.

My father's friends were also the source of much instruction. Fred Allen, Benny Goodman, Walter Winchell, Groucho Marx and a host of others all had their turns as guests and I found each most interesting. Allen was pure joy to be near and when my Pop and Allen got to punning and tilting at each other with stories and sidesplitting anecdotes, it was one of those precious and rare times when life is 100% positive fun, un-alloyed with the petty or large annoyances which so often spoil even the best times we have.

But Allen's wife, Portland, gave me the shock of my fourteen or fifteen years when she was the first woman I ever heard say a filthy word — and in our living room, at that. She used the Anglo-Saxon word for body waste to express her distaste for some idea or other — and I will never forget the experience. Never, in all those young years, had I heard a fe-male say such a word and I thought of her immediately as an object of unbelievable disgust. In discussing the matter later, with my father, I learned that she was Jewish. I asked him if Jewishness had anything to do with it and he said they were very "sophisticated people" who meant no harm by it. But he also told me of Henry Ford's accusations against the Jews and how they forced him to apologize, and said there was no getting away from the power of the Jews, "They're too smart."

Except for the permanent memory of my shock at hearing that awful word from a lady in our family drawing room, I thought no more of it and don't even remember thinking of Portland as anything but a woman who said a horrible, vulgar word for the first time in my presence. I know the Jews and 'liberals' and Freudians will once again leap like trout to the fly here, and be sure this is the source of my 'hatred' of Jews. But it is simply not true. I assimilated this experience with millions of others and did not even notice whether the hundreds of Jews in Atlantic City High School, where I went for four years and many of whom were my best friends, were Jews or Hottentots. That may be an unfortunate choice of words, because hundreds of my school comrades in Atlantic City were Hottentots! And I didn't particularly notice or care about this either. The Jews simply cannot accept it, of course and the brainwashed will not accept it, but my hatred of organized Jewry stems directly and only from the discovery of what most — but not all — Jews are doing to the Nation and the People I love. There may have been some slight vestiges of prejudice in my upbringing, but no more than in the upbringing of millions of other American boys who are not leading Hitler movements.

An example is Walter Winchell, with whom my father and I once rode to New York from Atlantic City in the drawing room of a Pennsylvania Railroad train. I was fascinated by the fast-talking, nasal twanging man and the stories they told each other. I had no hatred of him at all — only a fairly warm liking and admiration.

But the next time I saw Walter, whose real name I had since learned was Isadore Lipshitz, was two years ago in front of the White House where we were picketing against the kidnaping of Eichmann by the international bandits of Israel. Walter was standing with a group of cops, watching us. I went over to take his picture. At the top of his lungs, as he himself boasted in his column later, he hollered at me the filthiest of all epithets, not once, but several times. When I mentioned this violation of the most fundamental municipal laws, the cops said they hadn't heard it. And Walter went on in his column to display his intimate connection with the filthy pressure and terror group we are fighting by announcing that I would probably be committed to St. Elizabeth's, the project which the vicious Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith then had in the works and sprung on me a few weeks later, although I didn't know it then. But

Walter knew. I hate such cowardly and sneaking tactics and the people who engage in them. I hate Walter Winchell for his lies and for trying to bully people out of their ideas and open discussion of facts, not because of his 'religion'. Who gives a damn what he does in his synagogue! It is what he and those like him do to innocent Americans in the way of smear, economic persecution and suppression of facts which I roundly hate and which I am proud to hate.

Benny Goodman is another Jew from whom I learned something. He came up to our idyllic home in the pine woods of Maine where there was a perfect balance of gracious living and wide open nature. He was supposed to stay for several days' vacation, but he lasted only an evening. Being away from the crush of people was more than he could bear and he scurried back to the soul-destroying hothouse life of New York City with his millions of fellow Jews.

Since then, I have visited "Grossingers" in the Catskills where the rich Jews go out into the beautiful country to 'get away from it all' and then crawl all over each other in a transplanted imitation New York, like a mass of swarming hornets.

But in those days, I knew none of this and probably would not have cared if I had known. As previously mentioned, I attended Atlantic City High School for four years and one of my best friends was a Jew named Lennie. I not only had no prejudice whatsoever, but liked my Jewish com- panions immensely for their brilliant minds and sharp conversations. There was one characteristic of them which shocked and appalled me, but I took it as simply a characteristic of a few individuals, not a characteristic typical of their whole group, as I have since sadly learned that it is. This was their nastiness of mind. I assure the reader that I am not con- cocting this as propaganda, but sincerely recalling things as they were.

While all the boys, of course, thought of and talked of intercourse and such subjects as rudely and as often as possible, those who I now realize were Gentiles were thoroughly sex-minded, you might say, but not weird or depraved, while the Jews — I remember particularly a hawk-nosed in- dividual — took a delight I could not understand in perverted ideas of sex. Hawk-nose particularly dwelt on the idea of intercourse with corpses and another Jew once wrote a little playlet in which Hawk-nose and two ghoulish friends come to a graveyard to dig up Rockwell for his vile purposes and speak of the matter with incredible nastiness. I remember being appalled at the filth of the thing, but also admiring the virtuosity of the writing so much that I glossed over the nature of this creative piece. I still have this nasty thing in the files from my high school days and one has only to read it to discover a different kind of mind than will be found in even the coarsest and dirtiest-minded non-Jew.

At the same time, during my senior year in this predominantly Negro and Jewish high school, I was having my first small-scale political battle and didn't realize it. There was a course in "Problems of American Democracy" taught by an old duffer named Schwab. His method of instruction consisted largely of assigning large portions of the textbook pages on the blackboard and requiring these to be transcribed word for word into the students' notebooks, while he occupied himself with other matters privately at his desk. In any event, I hated such stupid ideas, as if one could fill one's head as one filled a bucket, by filling a notebook. This was an outrage against all reason and I rebelled as I once rebelled at my Aunt Arlene's outrages against reason.

It was my last year of high school and although my marks were not good, they were not too bad, either. In four or five months, I would graduate. But, as with the lectures and arguments with Arlene, I could not bring myself to bow down to what I considered tyrannical folly. I had heard much in those days of the "New Deal" of the strike — so I 'struck'. I brought pulp Western stories to class, placed my feet on the desk and ostentatiously read these while the class bent over its mechanical task in the bulging notebooks. Mr. Schwab, of course, inquired as to just what I was doing, somewhat in the manner of Oliver Hardy asking Stanley a similar question. I replied, with all the sang-froid I could muster that I was on strike, that I absolutely refused, as a matter of principle, to copy any more of the textbook into the notebook.

At first, he was apparently amused by this monumental arrogance and would ask me every day as I came in if I were still on strike. I would then prop up my feet and bury myself in the latest gun-fighting episode of my Western magazine. The other kids were somewhat awed by all this and the girls were almost terrified at such impudence in the face of the 'almighty'. Seeing my apparent success, however, a few of the boys joined me — and that did it. Nothing spreads among boys in school like an apparently successful plan for avoiding work.

So I was informed I would not graduate, unless I immediately wrote in all the missing notebook pages and went back to the copying routine in class. I refused to negotiate and insisted I would not copy another line. I was threatened, reasoned with and begged, but I would not back down. So I did not graduate. But Mr. Schwab was called into conference and the next year, the textbook copying business was eliminated from the course.

While this was going on in class, my private life was proceeding along fairly normal lines. I played football and hockey, poorly, but enthusiastically, with the other guys — including Negroes — became a radio amateur, did cartoons for the school paper — and 'fell in love'.

In my 'homeroom' was a sweet young thing named Jean and, although I would have died before permitting her to know it, I almost literally worshiped her. But what a miserable, disgusting coward I was about it! Other young men around me were quite brassy about approaching the girls they liked, and there were plenty of rumors as to this or that couple actually sleeping together. But it took me almost a year to ask this angel for a date. Before that I would roller-skate to the end of the street where she lived, a distance of four or five miles, peek around the corner for a glimpse of her and then roller-skate the four or five miles back home, my blood pumping so hard I could feel it in my throat!

Finally, in a frenzy of embarrassment I will never forget, I asked her if I could take her to the circus. She blushingly accepted and my 'date' was an impossible combination of heavenly joy and terrifying nightmare. We went on one of the old open summer trolley cars, she in a pretty white dress and I in baggy pants and what I imagined was a dashing white sports coat. I did my best to be an attentive gallant, helping her on and off the trolley and acting like the movie lovers I'd seen, acting with great charm and ease. But I succeeded in tripping her, getting off the trolley and then catching her in a sprawling mess on the street. I could not breathe in the agony of shame and embarrassment, but I had touched her! I was bright red as we walked past the balloon sellers and lemonade stands toward the big tent.

We managed to get inside the tent and tightrope walk the bleacher boards to our seats. She sat close enough to me so I could feel her feminine warmth! The roaring surge of what was going on inside my physical being and my soul is, of course, indescribable, but the results were not! I tried to buy her a pink lemonade and spilled it all over her pretty white dress. I honestly wished to die and disappear, if possible. Somehow, I managed to survive and took her skating and to a few basketball games. I fairly burst with pride when I found our names linked in the mimeographed gossip sheets which abounded. But I never tried to kiss her, although she made remarks which I am now sure were dainty scoldings for my miserable cowardice in such matters.

This super-Victorian attitude with women followed me a long time in life and I may have missed a great many 'good things' by ordinary standards. But after seeing more of human 'love' and what happened to many of the brassy successes with women, I suspect that the sweet, storybook memories I keep of such idyllic, if not physically satisfying, love are far more pleasant in the long run than the pleasures of the more sophisticated. I don't believe I can deny that my failure to 'go farther' with girls earlier in life was largely due to plain cowardice where girls were concerned. But I also think most people today lose the savor of love and sex through over-sophistication and impatience. It is impossible to enjoy a fine wine by gulping it all down at once and even a connoisseur cannot appreciate his dainty sips the first time he tries wine.

I believe that the more excellent and more complex an organism is and therefore the more superior it is in the scheme of nature, the longer it takes for it to mature. Negroes can best White men any day in speed of sex maturity and accomplishment, and experience seem to indicate that it is the same with mental capacity. The stupid man reaches his maximum performance when he is fifteen or sixteen. Anything he might do later, he can do then. But when mental capacity and ability are greater, it takes more and more years of practical laboratory experience of the world before such ability can be of value to its possessor and the world. When the point of genius is reached, the ability and range of possibilities are so great that only in middle age is it possible for such an inspired man to translate his ability into intelligent action. Before then, he is more likely than the stupid man to rush up intellectual cul-de-sacs and go off on foolish tangents.

Since I did not graduate from high school, I had to spend another year at it and decided to take the opportunity offered me by my paternal grandmother, Mary MacPherson Rockwell and her daughter, my Aunt

Marguerite, whom we called "Margie" as kids, to go to school in Providence and live with them.

This was one of the most wonderful years of my life. My grandmother and aunt doted on me and the atmosphere at home was truly happy. I attended Central High School in Providence and excelled in almost everything. I was editor of the school paper, wrote pieces for the Providence Bulletin and journal and generally enjoyed myself. I met Hazel Johnson, a very pretty girl who lived only a few blocks away and who attended Central High School too. Her Swedish Lutheran parents were very strict and in order to have an excuse to visit her and sit with her on the couch, she taught me knitting! I actually knitted a baggy, misshapen sweater, which I wore proudly for years!

We went to church together and I sang in the choir with this lovely Swede, holding hands under the long, black robes. I liked her folks and they liked me and it appeared I was to be eventually inducted into the family. Her father was a great old guy who kidded me roughly, but good-naturedly and one day scoffed at my statement that I could learn Swedish in a month. So I did learn Swedish, not conversationally, but well enough to say what I had in mind. At the end of the month, he scornfully gave me the 'test', with Hazel and her mother sitting around with twinkling eyes. I was supposed to say, "Give me a horse to go horseback-riding" in Swedish and the old man figured he had me with that bit about the "horseback-riding". I didn't know the word for that, to be sure, but I had learned the words for "horse", "want" and "go". The part about riding stumped me for a bit, but I remembered a word I had learned for the cut of meat I thought was from the back, but which, I discovered later, meant something else. The result was that I said in Swedish: "I want a horse to go on his ass."

The whole family fell out of their seats laughing and howling, which was a bit different from the reaction I expected, but which was a great success, nevertheless. That night, I essayed my first kiss.

I stepped into the little hallway to get my coat and Hazel helped me. Screwing up my courage, I seized her in the clumsiest fashion — in a waltz position, with my arm out and our fingers interlocked — and kissed her! It was a perfectly lousy kiss by ordinary standards. But it nearly killed me with a roaring furnace of emotions and drives. I got out of the door somehow and — this may be hard to believe, but it is true — I ran like a deer about a mile down the middle of the deserted, dark streets. I could not stop. I was exploding with fierce energy and had to run. It is not hard to understand what nature had in mind for all that energy, but I was too excited and mixed up even to feel that. I just ran, ran as I never had before nor since. I was eighteen years old!

During the year in Providence, I had graduated successfully from Central High School and then again from Hope High School, since I had a free half year and needed an English course for college. My father wanted me to go to Harvard and I duly applied. There was a lot of correspondence back and forth, plus entrance exams, etc., but as fall approached and no admission papers arrived, we went to Cambridge to see what the trouble was and discovered my school records from Atlantic City had not been forwarded or had been lost.

So once again, I was 'available' for a whole year and my father decided the discipline of a boys' boarding school would be helpful. I was not so sure of this, but was nevertheless entered in Hebron Academy, far out in the woods in central Maine, near Lewiston.

The life was rough and rigorous, but the school good. I learned a lot about life in the raw, living for the first time with a pretty tough gang from Boston. Quite a few of the boys had been sent to Hebron by their folks as a last resort before reform school and they were my first close contacts with such characters.

But more important, in the long hours and days far out there in the woods, I began to think serious and deep thoughts for the first time. I got hold of Will Durant's Story of Philosophy and it set me on fire. The pure, hard beauty of the thoughts of great men throughout the ages was captured by Durant, distilled and set forth so clearly that they could be understood and compared and weighed, even by such a young empty-head as I. Especially, I liked the ruthless logic and unbending dedication to the truth, whatever it might be, of Schopenhauer. I began to see, for the first time, what I have come to know as the conceited, 'liberal' mind, which imagines itself capable of conquering nature and setting up Utopias because it is packed like a suitcase with 'knowledge' and 'culture', but which has no understanding of basic relationships and no humility whatsoever before the absolutely unknowable.

I read Sinclair Lewis' Arrowsmith, mostly sitting on a stump in the woods and got so absorbed in the thing, it worried me. It all seemed so real to me and had such an enormous influence on my mind that I began to wonder about the value of reading such a novel. I came to the conclusion that it is all right to read purely escapist literature, but that when one wants to delve into and weigh the facts which are life and death in human affairs, one is mad to permit himself voluntarily to be hypnotized by a novelist, transported out of his critical faculties and thereby to allow his mind to be powerfully conditioned by almost real 'experiences' which are nothing less than the invented devices of another human being. When it is one of the endless parade of 'socially significant' novels which are devoured by our people by the millions, the reader is helpless to weigh and consciously accept or reject the social conclusions of the skillful novelist whose conclusions may or may not be correct. If the novelist is not only incorrect, but is out to promote a particular idea, in spite of the facts, the powerful realism and emotional impact of the cleverly-drawn pictures he stamps indelibly in our minds while we are under his spell put us in grave danger of unconsciously and emotionally accepting what we would never in a million years accept as a naked proposition presented to our cold reasoning faculties.

I read more of these novels — Grapes of Wrath — and four or five others, and in all of them I sensed an attempt to convince me of social ideas, not by reason, but by emotional manipulations while my mind was hypnotized by my emotions. I didn't fully realize it, but I had discovered left wing and communist propaganda. I hated it, without knowing what it was!

Characteristically, in these books, patriotism was sneered at and morals were something for boobs, while the people were rotten — except Jews and Negroes who were especially worthy human beings who were usually persecuted wretchedly by brutal, stupid and repulsive White Christian Southern Protestants.

But all of this I didn't form into a clear pattern. I saw only the fact that the novel was dangerous to the man who wished to maintain an independent mind. And I was daily growing more independent of mind. Partly through my father's teaching of irreverence for any statement just because somebody else said so, and partly out of native cussedness, stubbornness and growing mental confidence, I began to examine everything and everybody in a new light: the light of the best I could do with my own reason. I began to ponder religion.

Until then, I had been highly religious. I had often put my allowance in the collection plate as a boy and felt a great surge of joy in doing so, imagining the warm smile of a personal God as I made the sacrifice. But now, I began to wonder at the mounting evil I was discovering in the world and the illogical explanations for it in my Christian religion.

I read and reread the Bible, as I had not done before, from beginning to end. I was appalled at the demand by God for human sacrifice, for the eating of human body waste by the Lord, for the horrible cruelties and atrocities demanded by the Lord, according to the Old Testament; by the doctrine that the Lord made millions of people to be slaves for the Hebrews whom he had "chosen" through no merit of their own, while he destroyed his other creatures wholesale for the Hebrews' special pleasure and promised them that they would be able to put their feet on the necks of all other peoples. I wondered that the preachers had never preached from these vicious and repulsive verses.

Were they not aware that such monstrosities were in the Bible, as I had been unaware? Or did they know and falsely skip over them just to stay in business? Could I believe that a God who gloried in such vicious and bloody revenge was a "God of Love"? Why all the explanations? It was plain to read on page after page. The Lord had created two innocent creatures out of nothing, placed them in a garden, knowing they were too imperfectly made and too weak to resist temptation and, unless his foreknowledge was wrong — which was impossible — knowing they would fall to temptation and be condemned, along with their innocent children, to eternal misery. And then this "Loving Father" had placed the most irresistible temptation, loaded with unheard of poison, before his children! I imagined what I would have thought of my feeble human father if he had placed us kids in a garden and then hung ice cream cones and lollipops and toys all around, warned us not to touch these irresistible delights and then put inconceivably deadly poison in all these temptations — knowing all the time with certainty that we would be poisoned and fiendishly tortured forever!

Most of all, I wondered at the idea that if there were a few simple ideas and facts to be understood to enjoy eternal life and happiness, here and later on, and God were all-powerful, He had made it impossible for me to believe those ideas and facts because of the very mind which he gave me! And then I am to be threatened with eternal damnation for not believing that which I cannot believe! My first reaction was atheism.

I did something I deeply regret and shall never do again. I had begun to discover my own power of persuasion and, in the eternal bull sessions of a boys' school, religion is not exempt as a topic. I was genuinely sorry I had lost my belief in Christianity, for it has truly marvelous power to sustain and help one in times of tribulation. I began to discuss the matter with a devout Catholic boy who tried with all his heart and might to make me see my error. We skied five miles over to his church to see a priest he said could straighten me out and I was truly anxious to be shown my error, if error it was.

But the matter turned out differently. Coldly and scientifically I argued with the priest, refusing to let him lead me into the inevitable non sequiturs, redundancies, etc. and brutally holding to logic. He was reduced, eventually, to exclaiming, "You just must believe. You have to believe!" I told him I could not believe and asked him if he were not able to help me do what he said I must. He shook his head sadly, no doubt convinced that I was determined not to understand.

The effect on my friend was something I had not counted on. All the way back to the school we skied in silence. When we got back, he said not a word and for days avoided me. I felt a secret shame for which I could see no reason. Eventually, he told me that he had been forced to agree with me and had lost his faith. That he was no happier about it than I, with my own loss of faith, was obvious. In fact, he was even more stricken. The result was to set me thinking on what I had done and whether it was right.

I saw then what I believe all great religious teachers knew, but could not and did not say. The ordinary man is too weak and too helpless in the whirling vortex of life to sustain himself on his naked human will and his cold human reason. Only with some kind of deep belief in an all-powerful magical being of some kind can the masses of humanity maintain social and reasonably worthwhile lives. Without such a belief, they can see no reason for not immediately indulging themselves in their most animal and immediate desires and they despair in the face of death unless they can imagine something further.

As long as men are thus ignorant and weak-minded, they must have some such spiritual crutches. So religion, far from being an "opiate", is truly the sustainer of the masses of people. He who destroys religion before humanity has progressed far beyond its present primitive intellectual state is helping to destroy civilization.

Since then, I have come still further along the road of understanding and realize that atheism is as bad as the rantings of the religious fanatic. The latter says, "I was one of the luckiest human beings on earth and was born into the only true religion. All the rest of you are damned sinners." The atheist makes the equally conceited statement: "I have examined the entire universe and everything in it and am certain that there is nothing I cannot know!"

For a rational man, I think these are both impossibly conceited and stupid conclusions. In the face of our ridiculous helplessness and microscopic nothingness in a universe of billions of light years, it is madness to assert that some kind of an unknown and unknowable force does not exist, a force so foreign to all our concepts that we would be incapable of thinking in terms of "Him" or "it". It is the part of the intelligent man, I believe, to recognize both his superiority to the masses who must have the fables of religion to survive the vicissitudes of life and his unspeakable inferiority to the possibilities of total intelligence. Under these circumstances, I think we must humbly renounce the right to make grandiose and positive pronouncements concerning a yet unexplored universe whose possibilities are so infinite and enormous that it will be centuries before we can reach even the nearest star in rocket ships. To those who say, "We have no evidence of anything on earth of any immaterial thing or any power which does not appear capable, eventually, of being known," as the atheists do, I reply, "True, but how can you be sure that such forces and power do not exist elsewhere? How can you even be sure, preposterous as it probably is, that there is not some giant being which is master of the universe and which you may never discover?"

Having time and again stumbled through crises in the historical battle in which I am now engaged and having learned later that our accidentally-discovered solution or even what seemed like a misfortune at the time, was the only possible way we could have survived, I am convinced that there is scientific evidence of forces which are beyond our comprehension at work. Perhaps it is only the result of unconscious problem-solving, etc., but who can say? My answer is that we must be humble in such matters, because the best of us is horribly, fearfully ignorant of the gigantic mysteries of the Universe.

I am an agnostic, which means that to all proposals and explanations of the mysteries of life and eternity, I say, "I do not know and I don't believe you or any other human does either."

At the same time, I stand firmly for positive, ethical religions, whatever they may be and believe they must be protected and given the greatest freedom to do what they can to lessen the awesome burden of human misery on this tiny planet I know there will be many intellectuals who will reply that religion has caused untold torture and suffering to stamp out 'heresy', but in view of man's need for emotional catharsis in today's immensely frustrating world, and in view of Pavlov's experiments, I believe that religion is the poor man's 'psychiatry', his only 'escape' from intolerable pressures of society. Since that ski-trip to the priest up in Maine, I have never tried to argue anybody out of his religion and have given strict orders in the American Nazi Party that religion is simply not permitted as a subject of discussion for anybody. We have Protestants, Catholics, atheists and agnostics among our membership and all of them are equally welcome and valuable. We are battling for better things in this world and will leave discussions of religious affairs until we are in the next, if such there be, when better evidence will be at hand.

At Hebron I formed my first tiny political organization and succeeded with its purpose. There was a chemistry professor by the name of Foster who was a petty tyrant: even sneaking around the halls of the dorms in his stocking feet to catch boys breaking regulations, so he could give them huge numbers of demerits. Ed Lewis and I, and a few other top-floor men from Sturtevant Hall organized the Phi Phi's — which is Greek for F.F. — which referred to what we felt about Professor Foster. We burned the unfortunate victim in effigy, marched about the campus with torches and signs, plagued the poor man with impudent notes and generally made him and the administration miserable for keeping him on. And it worked. The next year, Mr. Foster sought employment elsewhere.

I also had fun at Hebron in the process. There was a genuine, fourteen carat, block-headed 'rube' on our floor, the epitome of stupidity, and I was no less sparing of the sensibilities of such good targets of fun than any other boy. But I was more clever in perfecting methods of making life miserable for such characters, a standard avocation of all at Hebron. We invited this hayseed to a 'supersecret' meeting to see about getting rid of Foster. The rube, whom we called "Danny Boone", was delighted at thus 'getting in with us'. We discussed what could be done about Foster with dreadful mock-seriousness and finally 'decided' he had to be done away with. We had learned in his chemistry class — poetic justice — how to make nitroglycerine and the conspirators decided thus to send Foster to his reward.

In growing tension and in hushed voices, we decided to draw straws to see who would carry the 'nitro' and throw it into Foster's suite of rooms. One of the guys announced that he had made some of the deadly stuff and had it on cushions in his room. He went and filled a little vial with hair oil and we all watched him through a crack in the door as he brought the fearful thing back on a pillow, stepping with immense caution, bulging eyes and bated breath. He set it down in the middle of the room. Covertly, we all watched our rube out of the corners of our eyes. He was transfixed, hypnotized, helplessly in the spell of the thing. The fatal drawing of straws was held with terrifying seriousness.

By a 'strange coincidence' the boob got the short straw and stood looking at it, frozen with horror. We all congratulated him on his luck as a maker of history, patted him on the back, told him of the praise he'd win from future generations of Hebron men, etc. Finally, he was handed the terrible thing — inches at a time — pushed out the door with it and aimed at Foster's room.

But he couldn't move. We cajoled and begged and pleaded, but he couldn't move. Finally, he appeared to have a thought. "Hold it a minute," he said, and handed the deadly vial to one of the boys. Then he dashed down the hall screaming, at the top of his lungs, "Mr. Foster, Mr. Foster! They're going to blow you up!" — and disappeared down the back stairway. Foster came bursting out of his room and never did find out what was wrong. The corridor was quiet as a grave and all was as it should be at Hebron. Only the suffocated groans of diabolical joy under blankets and pillows in a dozen cots were clues to what had happened. But Mr. Foster couldn't hear those.

The summer of 1936 I spent lobstering in Maine, as I did many years before, and indulging my newly-found joys of philosophy and music, combined with the appreciation of nature I had felt since babyhood. I also worked as a waiter at 'Me Green Shutters, a small summer hotel in Boothbay Harbor frequented mostly by schoolteachers, and I learned some new facts about the world. I learned more about females.

Chapter IV

There was a girl named Franny working there as head waitress. She was 24 and five years older than I. She was nothing special, but she was not bad either. And she was a girl. I had earned a little 1936 Ford coupe, mostly by selling hand soap to garages, and with this piece of modern machinery — which I doctored endlessly — and Franny, I made some further experiments in the processes by which Nature intended there should be more of us. Later, with more experience, I would have had no trouble discovering and experimenting with the process itself, but, with my Victorian upbringing and ideas, and my utter ineptness in the matter, I allowed Franny to hold the experiments to preliminary investigations and what you might call 'dress rehearsals'.

Nevertheless, these sessions were so profoundly exciting that the thoughts and images they provoked interfered seriously with my growing interest in music, art, literature and philosophy. I found myself wondering, as I read The Crito, whether Socrates had had similar experiences. Then, remembering Xantippe and her reputation as a termagant, I decided that if they had shared such experiences, Socrates wasn't adept at it or had given up too early.

At the Green Shutters, I also learned about old ladies and discovered some effective methods of dealing with them. Their endless empty chatter disgusted me. Nothing but stories of tea shops, gift shops, difficulties with other old ladies, sly remarks about still other old ladies and their friends. It was depressing to a lively youth who had just discovered the fabulously interesting world of ideas, sex, music, philosophy, etc. How could these corsetted blimps survive each other's empty conversation about nothing for years and years and years? It was a mystery to me and still is.

But there was no mystery about their dispositions. There were a few sweet ones, but these old war-horses of grammar school and high school were mostly arrogant, imperious tyrants with us waiters and waitresses. Nothing, absolutely nothing was quite right for them. Nothing quite satisfied them. I remember all the same kind of teachers I had had and began to cast about in my mind for methods of innocent revenge. They would have me move their mattresses from one cottage to another through the woods when they would complain of nonexistent "lumps" and then dismiss me imperiously — with no tip. They would call me interminably from table to table to complain of small discrepancies in the portions of food or other injustices and indignities to their too-too-dignified persons.

But I discovered there was one thing that drove them crazy: sticky handles on the pancake syrup jars at breakfast. They were a finicky old lot and sticky fingers were unbearable to them. So I carried a sticky rag with me and dosed up their door knobs, their pocketbook handles, their light switches and anything else I could find where they would get into the mess. The effect was thoroughly, delightfully satisfying. I was called out at all hours, of course and the proprietress and her son were scolded no end for the mysterious plague of stickiness, but nobody could figure it out — except us waiters and waitresses and we had no interest in spoiling all that fun.

There was one fat, old killer-whale in particular who drove us mad at the table. She was always discovering that there were air bubbles in her scoops of ice cream and insisting that the terrible deficiency be made up to her. So one evening I decided to be sure her ice cream was rich enough to suit her. I took a square of butter, which was kept in the same freezer as the ice cream and built her a nice ball of ice cream around it. Then I served it up to her with great style. We all watched from behind a little screen, looking out between the cracks and holding our breaths until she came to the butter. I was going to explain that it was an accident, that the butter must have fallen into the ice cream, which it could have, when she squawked. But she didn't squawk. Instead, we saw her look down at the dish, bend over and hack at it with her spoon a few times. Then she took a large bite of the butter and an almost lascivious smile spread across her ocean of face. She loved it!

I was called for immediately and dutifully came to attention beside her. "Young man," she commanded, "this is the finest and richest ice cream I have ever tasted. What kind is it"

"Turner Center," I told her truthfully.

"Well, I want another portion right away and I will have some of this kind every night. See that Mrs. Clayton orders this kind in the future, not that watery stuff we've been getting."

I fetched her another portion and this time packed the butter in almost solid. The staff was suffocating and dying, holding onto the door jams and retreating in agonies of laughter to the kitchen when they couldn't stand it any more.

Perhaps the Freudians will have me carted away to the booby hatch for this too. If they do, it will have been worth it! As I write this, I am suffused with a hugely satisfying glow as I recall that stupid human dirigible waddling away from her table, imagining herself mistress of all she could stuff down her ravenous gullet. I was learning, even then, how people work!

I had been accepted at Brown University during the summer by Bruce Bigelow, the director of admissions who gave me my first clue that I might be different from other people. He frankly told me that, in view of my six years in high school and other vagaries of my student career, I had the worst scholastic record of anybody ever admitted to Brown, but the highest grade on the College Aptitude Test, which shows intelligence, of all the students ever tested. He warned me that I was to be admitted strictly as an experiment to see what would happen, when the immovable object of my disinclination for scholastic achievement was placed against the irresistible force of my native intelligence in the atmosphere of a college.

I entered Brown in the fall of 1938, literally in a hurricane. That was the year New England was struck fearfully by winds of over a hundred miles an hour and thousands died in masses of wreckage. My aunt and 80 year old grandmother were at the beach called Barrington, on Narragansett Bay, when the storm hit and I was up in Providence with my Aunt Margie. As soon as we knew how terrible the thing was, I got down to the beach, where we had heard chilling rumors of death and destruction and discovered the rumors to be no exaggeration. Whole cottages had been swept away with their inhabitants and my heart stopped until I could see the wreckage of my Aunt Helen's place where my grandmother was staying. Bodies were floating against the beach as I picked my way over the piles of torn-up lumber, roofs, beds, etc., to the cottage, inside, to my huge relief, I found my folks alive and well — even if uncomfortable.

I was about to meet my first wife.

I had started to work on the wreckage, when a little teenage girl behind me somewhere on the pile yelled with infinite impudence, "Hey, you: Brown Pants! Grab the other end of this!" and poked some debris at me. This little character was as fresh-looking as she talked — wearing pigtails and flirting her talk around like a jay bird, and twice as sassy.

She was something I had never seen before. Her fresh wholesomeness attracted me irresistibly and her bossy manners repelled me almost as much. Here among the wreckage of the hurricane, though, her super-cheerful easiness and "Let's get with it, boys!" helped erase the atmosphere of tragedy and death. I tried to sass her back, but wasn't equal to it. There was no squelching this pert young lady. I couldn't forget her. Some other people there said her name was Judy Aultman who lived nearby and that's all I found out for another year.

There was plenty to keep my mind busy as I entered college. There were endless tests to see what courses we needed and one of the major surprises and shocks of my life was when I discovered that I had passed the fairly difficult tests for Freshman English and Freshman French, a relatively rare occurrence. I couldn't believe it, considering my agonies in high and prep schools, but passing showed me I had discovered a new technique in the struggle to avoid school work, a system I have since called the "total situation" approach. In writing those English and French tests, I had been faced with technically difficult problems, but had solved them, not by relying on my rote memory and rules, but by fathoming the minds of the preparers of the exams, the minds of those who would grade the exams — and coming up with an overall impression of virtuosity which would sell the grader on my ability. In addition, I had used logic and reason to come up with rules when I needed them, the same way that the rules were originally developed by those who parsed the language in the first place. Above all, I prepared my essays in such a manner as to avoid what I was sure were the standard errors the graders were used to and were looking for.

Time after time, since then, I have discovered that I do not have to study the usual rote memory portions of most subjects to succeed or even excel in performance on tests or use of the knowledge. By learning the most fundamental logical development of the subject, I am usually able to develop any other portion of the subject, as I need it — very much the way a Navy ship does not need to carry around spare parts for every piece of the ship, but carries, rather, the plans and raw materials which can be worked up as needed for any desired part in the machine shop.

It is my belief that this technique should be the most fundamental part of the education of our youth, instead of the present stuffing of young minds with millions of unrelated facts and unevaluated ideas or the chaotic development of personal whims and prejudices called "progressive education". Once the principle of a subject is learned, the details can be developed at will in most cases. The beauty of this system of mental discipline is that it leaves the mind free to do creative work, rather than burdening it with billions of confusing separate facts. It is my contention that the failure to teach young minds today the principles of all logical development, accompanied by the positive emphasis of the insane idea that absolutely everything is "relative" and "grey", rather than black and white where principles are concerned, kills the ability to think in our youth. Phenomena which exemplify principles can indeed be on a sliding scale of "greys" and always are, in fact. But the principles themselves, such as force prevailing over weakness, are not relative, but eternal laws of logic which would prevail even in an empty universe.

Once the internally consistent body of principles governing a mental discipline is learned, and then the system of deriving the details — by logical building from there — one can master subjects well enough to use them successfully in a ridiculous fraction, of the time usually frittered away in courses taught at schools and universities. This is the method, for instance, whereby I have been able to hold my own and even win a good many victories in the courts as my own attorney, without a day's training in the law. I have discovered that law is, by and large, a system of common, ordinary horse-sense, based on a few fundamental and simple principles — at least until our Supreme Court got at the matter. But in our ordinary courts, knowledge of the fundamental principles, a will to succeed and the application of brainpower to the principles will make any man his own lawyer and a more successful one than many court-appointed attorneys who don't have your motivation.

This is not to assert that a trained, expert and highly-paid lawyer is not a good investment, nor does it mean that I will not make use of such legal genius when I can afford it. But when it is necessary to have a lawyer and none will take your case, as has happened to me as a Nazi — and you can't pay them besides — then a knowledge of how to master a subject well enough to use it in a few days by the use of principles plus logical building of details is invaluable.

Incidentally, while I am on this matter, I have also learned that even such majestic subjects as the law are as vulnerable as everything else I have found in this world to human motivational study. Lawyers, judges and other officials are human. I have discovered that even the best of them make fearful mistakes, omissions and blunders, even in their robes and/or wigs. By calculating not only the law, but their emotions and their probable thought processes, I have more than once won victories by something beside the unvarnished use of the law and the facts.

My first year at Brown was perhaps the happiest of my life. There was no responsibility, compared to later life; instead, there were flowering abilities in all direction, an absorbing interest in everything and everybody, all sorts of opportunities to drink beer, experiment with women and discuss the entire world as a 'master' with other young 'masters-of-everything' in the fraternity house. Although I was only a freshman, I launched the college humor magazine which had been dead for a long time, together with sophomores Vic Hillary and Bob Grabb, my best pals at Brown. I was art editor and Grabb was the editor. Hillary was editor of the college paper, The Brown Daily Herald. I worked with endless creative pleasure for both publications and more than once got called over to the Dean's office for my exuberance. I developed a horror style of cartoon years before Charles Adams and these were frequently reprinted in other college papers, such as The Annapolis Log. I was also to see stacks of these works of kid-college humor in the District of Columbia Municipal Court on July 26, 1960, where I was on trial as a lunatic. These exuberant works of over twenty years ago were diligently gathered together by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, photostated and presented to the Prosecutor, who testified that he "didn't know where all the photostats came from." These cartoons were used to 'prove' that I was a sadistic monster, although in the twenty-two years since producing them, I had risen from an enlisted man to a commander in the Navy; been selected to command three squadrons; successfully established three businesses and had never eaten a single baby or carved up a wife.

It was at Brown in 1939 that I first ran head-on into Communism, although I didn't know or even suspect it. I don't remember even thinking about it any more than I did Thugeeism in India or Mormonism. I was still blissfully and totally ignorant of Communism, Jews, Negroes and the assault of the masses of the world, led by the master-mongrels — the Jews — against the White Race and its elite. In a way, I am glad of this long-maintained ignorance, because today, when I meet young college men and women who are full of conceit of their 'knowledge', 'liberalism' and 'understanding' of our social problems, I can be patient with them. I can imagine my own reaction if I had been told there was a Jewish or any other kind of world conspiracy. I was sure, at that time, that my 'deep' studies into the profundities of knowledge would have long ago revealed any such monstrous conspiracy and even if not, that my professors and men of learning would surely have known of it. I would have been angry at such effrontery, just as the young college boobs I meet today are at first angry — until I ruthlessly use logic to beat them out of their disgusting and monumental conceit by driving into them, one after the other, the explanations of how come they never ran into such facts.

But then, in 1939, I sat in "Sociology I" class and tried my best to make some sense out of it all. I had been happy at the chance to study sociology, as it appeared to me logical that there must be some fundamental principles of the development of the social relationships of life, as I had discovered simple basic principles of other affairs I had looked into. I was most eager to learn these basic principles of the operation of human society so that I could understand the events around me and perhaps even predict sociological occurrences in accordance with the principles I would be taught. I have since learned that there are such principles, particularly in Adam's *The Law of Civilization and Decay* and even better, in *The Crowd* by LeBon.

But it would be many, many years before I would fight my way into the intellectual sunshine of such simple, fundamental and logical presentations of the facts of social life. In Professor Bucklin's classroom on society, all was the most depressing darkness and confusion. It all sounded most enlightening, of course. There were lots of brave new words, ethnic groups, etc., but try as I might, I could not get to the bottom of it all to find any idea or principle I could get hold of. Everything was "by and large" and "in most cases" and "on the other hand" and "So-and-so says, but Dr. So-and-so says absolutely not." Muddiness of mind was not deplored, but glorified. I buried myself in my sociology books, absolutely determined to find out why I was missing the kernel of the thing.

The best I could come up with was that human beings are all helpless tools of the environment; that we are all born as rigidly equal lumps and that the disparity of our achievements and stations was entirely the result of the forces of environment — that everybody, therefore, could theoretically be masters, geniuses and kings if only we could sufficiently improve everybody's environment. I was bold enough to ask Professor Bucklin if this were the idea and he turned red with anger. I was told it was "impossible" to make any generalizations, although all I was asking was for the fundamental idea, if any, of sociology.

I began to see that sociology was different from any other course I had ever taken. Certain ideas produced apoplexy in the teacher, particularly the suggestion that perhaps some people were no good biological slobs from the day they were born. Certain other ideas, although they were never formulated nor stated frankly, were fostered and encouraged — these were always ideas revolving around the total power of the environment. Slowly, I got the idea. At first, I just used it to get better grades. When I wrote my essay answers in examinations, I poured it on heavily that all hands in the civilization in question were potential Leonardo da Vincis, no matter how black they were, nor how they ate their best friends for thousands of years; and that with a quick change in environment, these cannibals too would be writing arias, building Parthenons and painting masterpieces.

But then I began to wonder "how come"? Certainly, environment was important. Anybody could see that. But it was obviously negative. You can make a helpless boob out of a born genius by bringing him up in a dark closet, but you can't make a genius out of a drooling idiot, even by sending him to Brown. Was it just old man Bucklin who was insane with environment? Or was it the whole subject? I went to the library and read more sociology books. They were universally pushing the same idea.

I began to make fun of sociology in the college paper in my column and got into more trouble. Some of the columns were 'killed' before seeing the light. I was still too ignorant to know that I was fighting Lysenko and Marx and the whole Soviet theory of environmentalism — which has captured and hypnotized or terrorized all our intellectuals — and I imagined I was battling just one foolish college course!

During my second year at Brown, my picture of the world darkened as I discovered more and more intellectual dishonesty in this university which had first seemed almost heaven itself to me. I still knew little or nothing about Communism or its pimping little sister, 'liberalism', but I could not avoid the steady pressure, everywhere in the university, to accept the idea of massive human equality and the supremacy of environment. In every course, I was repelled by the intellectual cowardice of the faculty in failing to stand up for any doctrine whatsoever.

I majored in philosophy and, while I admired the intellectual brilliance of my professors, particularly Professor Ducasse, I was hugely disappointed in the headlong retreat of all the faculty whenever they were asked their own opinions as to the objective truth in any matter. I was told that "eternal seeking" is the way to knowledge and there is no denying that, but lively discussion is also vital to any advance of knowledge and you cannot have any lively discussion where the opposition either doesn't exist or melts away like a wraith when you seek to take hold of it.

I was running into the disease of our modern life: cowardice and pathological fear of a strong personality or strong ideas. Dale Carnegie has codified and commercialized this creeping disease as "how to win friends and influence people", which boils down to the essential principle of having no personality or strong feelings or ideas and becoming passive and empty so that "the other fellow" can display his ideas and personality. But he, too, is trying to become popular by being passive and dispassionate, so that the result is like connecting two dead batteries: no current. Such human robots are suited to enslavement by a 1984- type society, but not to life in a bold, free society of men. This is the way women should be, perhaps, but not our men and especially not our leaders.

I found the same feeble feminine approach in every subject except in the sciences, and for these last, I was very grateful. In geology and psychology I could find a few principles and laws which stayed there when I reached out to grasp them, and so I reveled in these subjects and rebelled to the limit of my capacity in the others. In sociology I went so far as to write an insolent examination paper which almost got me thrown out of Brown. We were asked to write an essay answer on the factors leading to criminality and delinquency.

I wrote nothing but a fable about a crew of scientific geniuses who set out for Africa to see what made ants act like ants. They searched around until they found a lot of anthills, observed them for many years and finally came up with the discovery that when ant eggs were hatched in tunnels in a certain kind of hill in Africa and grew up among six-legged creatures called "ants", they themselves were so affected by this strong environment that they became, themselves, ants and waved their antennae like ants, scurried around aimlessly like ants, looked like ants and were ants !

Once again, I was hauled up before the administration for this impudence and almost thrown out. However, I was given another opportunity to write the exam and for the sake of my dear good grandmother and my patient, loving Aunt Margie, I sat down and wrote what I knew they wanted — a piece showing how unfortunate and most excellent babies were invariably driven to stealing from their parents, relatives and friends, robbing strangers at gunpoint and finally axing somebody in sheer desperation at their nasty environment. This was passed with a C plus.

Meanwhile, I was learning mightily from my endless 'bull sessions' with Vic Hillary and Bob Grabb, my constant companions. Both of them were soused to the ears with the prevailing 'liberalism', although I still did not know what it was. I simply discovered that almost all my ideas clashed violently with theirs. My ideas that socially-significant novels were dangerous because they allowed ideas to sneak into the mind while it was hypnotized was especially aggravating to both of them as we all aspired to creative careers, they as novelists and great writers. My attack on the very social novels they were aiming to write was painful and their reactions, particularly Hillary's, were most passionate. Far into the night we would battle over this matter, with the usual results: no progress. But in the process, I learned the art of controversy.

At first, I was too sincere and ingenuous to do anything but try to make my opponent see the truth of my position with the utmost force and sincerity. But then, I found that I would fall victim of the dirtiest kind of tricks. My position would be enormously and ridiculously exaggerated and then it would be flung, into my face in triumph, to the great laughter of the audience of listeners or participants. I could not understand when even my revered friends did this to me. I was more than once too hurt by such tactics to defend myself.

But, as with everything else in my life, when I discovered the inevitability of such illogical skullduggery, I schooled myself in it and one day turned the tables on my 'liberal' friends. Since I was usually alone in my 'conservative' position, surrounded by voluble and hostile 'liberals', I had more than the usual share of difficulties in gaining one of the phony 'victories' which are the only ones possible in such a battle, wherein truth means nothing. Under such circumstances, where the listeners as well as one's opponents are all hostile, one must capture them emotionally, in spite of themselves, with a lightning, unexpected stroke, usually of overwhelming humor or sarcasm, so that they laugh at your opponent and even themselves, in spite of themselves. Then you must decamp with a flourish, but with haste, before they can recover, and lay loud claim to victory. Such practice has served me handsomely, many times since then, in political battles, particularly in courtrooms when prosecutors get oratorical and too big for their britches. One has only to find the man's weak point in such circumstances to turn his unfair attack against himself with judge, jury and spectators.

More and more at Brown, I came into basic conflict with the prevailing 'liberalism', still without realizing what it was all about. My companions, my courses, my professors, the latest 'erudite' books: everything seemed to me to be touched with madness. I fought it fiercely and, for my ignorance, powerfully, but mostly by instinct. I simply had never heard of Communism as anything but a fiendish and insane doctrine held by a few fanatics someplace overseas. That the campus, dorms, fraternity houses and classrooms of Brown University were crawling with the filthy thing, I would never have believed and would have laughed to scorn anybody who had tried to tell me such a 'fantastic' thing — then.

It was during my second year at Brown, at the first fall dance at Faunce House that I recognized one of the freshman girls — my future wife — from Pembroke, the girls' section of Brown. I saw the same sassy little jaybird I had met in Barrington after the hurricane. Only this time, she was in a party dress. She still looked fresher and more wholesome than any girl I had ever seen, but she looked more than just wholesome in the pretty dress, as she swept across the floor with a succession of partners who cut in on each other. I was busy chasing a few women myself, but I noticed when she disappeared outside into the darkness with somebody. I strolled out onto the campus and over by University Hall, which was behind a fence as it was being remodeled. I saw her come out the door of the fence with her escort and was immediately irritated, but I kept control, strolled nonchalantly over and said "hello" to her. She recognized me and I couldn't resist asking her what she had been doing in the deserted hall.

"Ringing the bell," she said, which I insisted on taking with a double entendre, but which did not embarrass her in the least. I was a sophomore, far above such silly little freshman girls, but she apparently refused to recognize this great difference in our social stations. I resolved to ask her for a date and did so the next opportunity.

From then on, my life was a hell of glorious hope and miserable despair. She would seem to be as desperately in love with me as I was with her, only to cut me to pieces with some unheard of cruelty. She was the most popular girl in the freshman class and played the field with calculated cunning and cold manipulation. Such were the agonies of pursuing the girl who was to be my first wife.

She would take my fraternity pin, full of love and even traces of passion, only to thrust it back at me a few days later, for no special reason. I later got to know her mother and suspect her dainty hand in this sort of affair. But she had roused in me that fatal acceptance of challenge which is my most fundamental quality. Since she seemed impossible to tame or to attain, I had to have her and I doubled and redoubled my efforts to that end. I still don't know who got whom and I don't think she does either. Always, I was being bounced from heaven to hell by this sassy young thing I sought to corral.

But such emotional badminton didn't stop my development politically.

Roosevelt was campaigning for re-election for his third term and I was not only outraged at this conceited flaunting of tradition, but Roosevelt's masterful but obvious demagoguery repelled me beyond endurance. I remember getting a harsh lesson from this Machiavellian "man of the people" when I heard a Republican program wherein different speeches of his were played in sequence, so that the impudent lies of the man were horrifyingly obvious. In one excerpt you would hear this political snake declare his undying devotion to one principle, only to hear him de- nouncing the very same thing the next moment, with passionate and self-righteous venom. I rejoiced at this genius of the Republicans and was sure no political leader could survive this devastating exposure of total lack of principle and utter depravity of character. Roosevelt was dead; I was positive! His subsequent landslide election victory taught me once for all that the ability of the people to know, to weigh and to judge facts per se is almost zero.

When FDR would take to the airwaves with his undulating, calculat- ingly charming voice, the women would be overcome with his "master- ful" leadership and the males would be scrambling over one another to do homage to this great "liberal". My college mates absolutely staggered me with their apparent blindness to this foul liar and cheat. Grabb and Hillary formed committees to get Roosevelt re-elected and the campus was alive with a passion for Roosevelt. When I tried to point out the wild lies and inconsistencies of the man's words and acts, his demagoguery which should have been obvious to any ass and his grossly insincere and studied mass-manipulation techniques, I was greeted by a reaction which I have since learned is typical of these phony 'intellectuals' who pride themselves on their 'liberalism': invective! I was called a "reac- tionary", a "tory", even a "fascist" — a word I knew nothing of at that time. There was no attempt to show that my arguments or charges were wrong or ill-founded — only sneers, jeers, curses and name-calling.

It is typical of my political naivete in that time that when the hate propaganda about Hitler began to be pushed upon us in larger and larger doses, I swallowed it all and was unable to suspect that somebody might have had an interest in all this and that it might not be the interest of the United States or our people.

Charlie Chaplin was one of my favorites (and still is) and when I saw his "Great Dictator", I was not only brought to tears by the funny parts, but I was brought to bursting indignation by the impassioned speech he makes at the end against dictatorship (except for Stalin's brutal dictatorship which was depicted as benevolent love for his people, including the massacres of "enemies of the people"). The only dictators attacked by Mr. Chaplin were Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, which I have since found easy to understand when we learn that Charlie is so red even our pinko State Department has banned him from the U.S.A. — and the even more significant fact for a capitalist who has made millions here in our hospitable land, that Chaplin's real name is Israel Thonstein.

But in 1940, all of this was hidden from me, as it is still hidden from our people for yet a little while longer. And so I grew to hate this "vicious monster", Adolf Hitler, as much as anybody in the country. It became obvious that we would have to get into a war to stop this "horrible ogre" who "planned to conquer America", so we were told and so I believed.

I was having the time of my life in college, but my idealism would not permit me to enjoy it as long as I sincerely believed, as I did, that my beloved country was in immediate and deadly danger of being enslaved or murdered and destroyed. I made preliminary inquiries about enlisting in the Navy.

The president of Brown, Henry Merrit Wriston, called me into his sacred chambers to remonstrate with me. "How can you expect to become an important man if you don't finish college?" he asked.

Sitting on the edge of my chair in awe of this grand person, I replied that there was no use trying to become an important man if America was to be destroyed. I said that I felt it my duty to do what I could immediately to stop any conquering of my country and I wondered how anybody could do differently. This fetched him up short, as he took it as a personal slur on his courage and patriotism. Waving a big stack of papers at me, he fairly shouted, "See all these papers? I have just signed them! I sign my name over a hundred times a day! This is what it means to be important! Nobody will want you to sign your name if you do not finish college!"

This seemed to me then and seems, to me now, a pretty sorry argument for finishing college or for being a success, especially for a man who has been asked to reorganize our Foreign Service and is looked up to as a mastermind. Facing him as a young squirt, I found him to be something less than a Socrates or even a good Scout Leader and I realize that such pompous and relatively empty-headed 'leaders' are, and will be our lot until we can conquer the Jewish money-power, which can only survive as long as our leaders are either consciously in on the filthy red scheme or as I think in the present case, are too slow-witted to see what stooges they are.

So another student and I went ahead and enlisted at the First Naval District headquarters in Boston. How my life changed then!

Chapter V

For the first time I found some order and dignity in life! The rough going as an enlisted man was something hard to take, of course, but my soul rejoiced in the pride and strength, of the military. Civilian life seemed soft, weak and feminine, and I got a deep satisfaction in my growing ability to stand up under the discipline and punishment. When we stood at parade and watched the flag go by to the military band and the drums, for the first time I experienced the goose-pimple emotions for which there is no other name than 'glory'. How unspeakably proud I was to be an American and a sailor! How I scorned the featherbedded life I had just left and how worthy the United States Navy was of my pride, in those days!

Officers were dignified, rough and demanding — not afraid to insist on salutes and privileges. How I worshiped them! There were no Negroes except in the galley and the chiefs and petty officers over me may not have been paragons of culture, but Lord, they were tough! They used to break us out of the barracks on bitter, snapping cold mornings sometimes at two and three a.m. in the howling wind and snow to wash airplanes with our bare hands in buckets of boiling water. It was torture, but there was manly pride in just surviving it. What camaraderie the suffering produced among us! The mamas' boys, lady-officers and Negro brass of today's service will not understand what that Navy was like, but the old hands will know whereof I speak. And perhaps, if they reflect on how right I am about what's happened to our services today, they will be a little less harsh on me for discovering who it is who has made such a mockery of our once proud fighting forces, and fighting the evil with every fiber of my being, no matter what I am called or how I am hated. The

Communist-Zionist Jew conspiracy cannot afford to have a proud, fighting Navy or any other tough service, for real fighting men would never tolerate the takeover they are now maneuvering. So they have consciously and viciously filled our services with 'democracy' and fatal softness which will one day destroy us as the French services were destroyed, if we do not drive the seducers out first.

I was sent to 'elimination' flight training at Squantum, Massachusetts, to see if they could make a Navy pilot of me. I washed out urinals with a rubber glove; I marched endlessly and suffered all the usual military discomforts, but I was to be a pilot! That word has lost a lot of its glamour today, but in 1940, a pilot and a Navy pilot at that, was just a few notches under a god to a hot-blooded young man.

A tough young Irish lieutenant junior grade named McCollough instructed us for a few weeks in 'ground school' and I distinguished myself in his class on flying by scoffing when he said we would all bounce when we landed the first few times. I had been over the procedure many times in the book and was sure I would not bounce. McCollough said, with a happy twinkle in his eye, that he would personally take me for my first flight in an airplane and see how I did!

He took me up on a wintry day in the little open N2S yellow Navy biplane, and in the hard, bright sunshine over Boston Bay, did everything within his power to tear the wings off of that government property. He failed, but he did succeed in taking all the impudence and arrogance out of me. When I was completely unsure of up and down and felt that my eyes were hanging two inches out of their sockets, he gave me the stick and held his hands in the air.

I will ask the gentle reader to spare me the description of the denouement of this little episode. But I am sure McCollough had a ball recounting the tale that night in the officers' club. I did not find my fellow students overly-reverent in my presence, either. I later met 'Mac' when I was aboard the Wasp in the Pacific and we had a lot of laughs over that first flight, but it was not humorous at the time. Irishmen, as I have learned, are charming, but a bit mad in the air.

Marching, washing airplanes, freezing, ogling women in Boston, standing seemingly interminable cold watches in empty hangars, getting chewed out by petty officers, fighting in the barracks, turning each other out of beds and short- sheeting others, flying a little bit each day — I got in my eight hours of dual — and then the great day: I passed! I was given an airplane all by myself and the idea was to get it up, around the field and down again. This is an unforgettable feeling as you sit there in the cockpit and the safe, dependable instructor climbs down and leaves you all alone in this roaring monster. You get off the ground safely and then worry about getting in to land. I, of course, to be cocky, had boasted to my mates that I would make a perfect 'circle shot' by landing in a hundred-foot whitewashed circle used by Navy pilots for carrier precision landings. I undershot at first and had to put on more power to get there, almost giving the entire squadron heart-failure as I wobbled and skidded and stalled and struggled to the circle — and then I missed! But never mind, I had survived and soloed, and that was all that was required. Those of us who had passed were too happy to pay much attention to the jibing about my missing the circle or even to mind the dunking we got in the icy water for soloing.

During this elimination training, I had been seeing Judy, the girl at Pembroke and, while my new glamour helped some, I was still bounced around very painfully between thinking the game was in the bag and discovering that another hunter had been poaching.

We were sent down as one of the first few classes at the new Navy training base at Jacksonville, Florida, and found nothing much but sand and sun and an eternal hot wind which drifted the sand everywhere. There was a dearth of facilities, so, although we were supposed to begin training, we had to serve in the lowest servile capacities as janitors and airplane-pushers, watch- standers, etc., for some weeks. But finally we started flying and I quickly learned that it was not as glamorous as we had imagined. The dread of getting 'busted' out was a terrific pressure, to say nothing of the struggle to stay alive. Crashes and deaths were regular.

My first experience with death was when a guy across the hall crashed and we had to get his things together. I busted two checks in a row on my 'stunt' and had to get 'squadron time', then up again to spin, stall, loop, Immelmann, do wings-overs to perfection and finally the ultimate: inverted spins. After getting the extra 'squadron time', you have to get two ups out of three. My first check was an 'up' and I prayed for one more as I waited for my check pilot to appear, only to discover it was

"Downcheck" Graham, a stone-faced terrorist who sent more cadets home than any other pilot. Quaking and sweating, I took him up and fell all over the sky, finally almost ground-looping on the landing. Now my career as a hero of the air hung on what the next man said. I had to wait several days for this final check, but at last I sat on the line waiting for my luck as a check pilot. I drew a Jew — Blenman! I gave him an excellent ride, somehow or other, and he gave me that desperately important 'up'.

It was during those days, just before we got into the War, that I discovered what a slouch I was in the eternal 'liberty' hunt for women. The other lads were set into motion the moment anything in skirts appeared and were full of brass and loaded with 'line' to catch these fillies. In the first place, I was repulsed by most of these women. They were cheap and often brassier than my companions.

When they would use earthy terms in the inevitable banter of the encounter, it turned my stomach and I would drop out of the contest. Many an evening in these times I sat in libraries or movies while my buddies enjoyed what, to hear them later, were the most voluptuous orgies.

But this is not to say I was a hidden violet entirely. At the Roosevelt Hotel in Jacksonville, at a dance one night, I saw an entrancing, feminine little creature whirling around with a host of beaux and was immediately captivated by the dainty girl. When I was interested, I could 'operate' as devastatingly as the boldest of my companions, only in a more subtle way. I cut out a whole mob of would-be captors of this little lady, whose name I learned was Elsie; I also got rid of the poor sap who had brought her to the dance. I bowled her off her feet and swept her out of the place, feeling enormously masculine and possessive.

She had rich folks in Georgia, I discovered and learned that my catch was far, far beyond my wildest dreams: she had a Cadillac convertible and, when I got to know her better, she had me often to her place in Georgia, where I luxuriated like an oriental potentate. Elsie herself was adorable and cuddly and willing to cuddle, too. I soon had all those who had scoffed at my backwardness in the streets squirming in jealousy as Elsie would sweep up to our barracks in the Caddy and she and I would float off to transports of joy which needed little exaggeration. But I discovered all this wonder was not unalloyed. Elsie was spoiled. She demanded the uttermost in service, with flourishes, even homage. Homage

I was anxious to give, but not on command. There were many minor and even a few large skirmishes, but by and large the affair with Elsie was what most men dream of. I asked her to marry me and she said yes. But then there was a quarrel and she broke the engagement. I stayed away, but she sent emissaries and eventually we were going together again, al-though there was no formal understanding.

Meanwhile, I had passed one check after another and reached the stage of final fleet training. Here I got a serious disappointment. There were three possibilities: carrier fighters, scout-planes which were 'cata-pulted off a battle-wagon or cruiser and patrol flying-boats or 'P-boats', as they were called. You were invited to list choices in order and I listed "1. Fighters, 2. Fighters and 3. Fighters." But I did not get fighters. I got what was considered the lowest of the low: Catapult pilot. How I groaned. But it did no good. I was sent to the seaplane squadron and learned to fly first Steermans on floats and then OS 2U's — the lousiest plane in the fleet, we all felt. The underpowered and clumsy float planes were designed to observe only and their top speed was only 110 knots, with nothing but a couple of thirty caliber machine-guns. What a tub! What a miserable vehicle in which to fly to glory! But I completed train-ing in them, including a catapult shot off the dock at Jacksonville; was commissioned ensign and was assigned to an old World War I cruiser, the U.S.S. Omaha.

I drove north in the little flivver I had in college, which my Aunt had shipped to me and stopped in Newark, New Jersey, to see my first girl, Jean, from Atlantic City. My dashing Navy uniform and wings, etc., capti-vated her and she in turn captivated me. She was as sweet as I had re-membered her, only now I had the courage and know-how to kiss her, which I did. In one evening, she was convinced we were engaged, al-though I said nothing about it. But I had to resume my travel north to Providence to see my folks.

Arriving in Providence, I of course went to see Judy at Pembroke. My uniform and wings (very rare yet, since not many were in uniform) were as efficacious with Miss Aultman as with the others and I became en-gaged, this time with me asking the question. I closed out my remaining affairs and took the train to Norfolk where I was to catch a ship which would transport me to the secret port where I would get aboard the Om-aha for permanent duty. Judy saw me off, none too tearfully I thought, as the other less 'fortunate' girls had been.

In Norfolk, I got my first taste of the real old salty sea-going Navy on the U.S.S. Pastores, a supply ship. They had a little bos'n's mate, whose name I forgot, but whose character I will never forget. He went about barefoot all the time and could and did boot a man just as effectively with those calloused toes as with a boot. He was tattooed all over and obviously tough as a tiger shark. The officers loved him, although they pretended publicly to disapprove of his ways and tactics.

Finally, the Pastores was ready to sail and we moved out into Hampton Roads to swing on the hook for the last day. As an officer, I had the run of the ship and I hung around the bridge to learn what I could of the affairs of managing a great naval vessel.

About an hour before we were to stand out of the harbor, we got a light message by blinker from the flag headquarters on shore: "Send boat for officers" — and the whaleboat was dispatched. When it returned, the cox'n was grinning from ear to ear and the captain, who had come out to meet the important officers who had held up the ship, discovered that the "officers" consisted of the bos'n, full of beer and immense satisfaction with having avoided missing ship, a serious charge. The business about using the flag's signal light, etc., was relatively 'minor' and "Boats" had done it again. The officers laughed for days about this 'crime' in the wardroom.

On the Pastores, I had my first experience with 'race prejudice', it must be remembered that I had gone to school with Negroes and never even noticed them. As a passenger officer, the exec, had put me in charge of one of the holds where there were berthed two or three hundred men who were also passengers. When I got to the hold, as ordered, I found a riot in the making. Half of the passengers were Black, the other half White, and those were not just ordinary White men, but men from Georgia! This was before Eleanor and Anna Rosenberg had integrated the armed services. Blacks were always mess-boys and never, never were berthed with White men. Now here I was, a brand-new, fishy-green ensign in charge of an explosive race situation!

I marched the Blacks out of there immediately, mustered them on deck and had them hold ranks, while I found out what to do. But the exec, was busy getting underway and I was told to figure it out myself I checked the other hold and found another passenger officer having the same trouble. He had half White and half Blacks, so we traded. Both of us wanted the Whites, but we flipped and he won, so I got two hundred Africans and he took all the Whites.

I boarded the Omaha in Trinidad and my Navy life really began. It was so different from the Navy of today that the present outfit seems like that of another country, a much less manly country.

From the glorious foundations of the United States Navy until 1944 or 1945, when the influx of 'quicky' officers got too huge to train properly, we had 'iron men in wooden ships', to use the old Navy phrase. In 1946, after the Communist 'bring the boys home' debacle, all hell broke loose in the salty ranks of the great fighting men and officers who led the Nation in unbroken victories for two hundred years. Civilian meddlers and Communist fellow-travellers got the power to wreck our armed forces as part of the conscious plan to weaken us, now that the only possible enemy was the Soviet Union. They 'democratized' our fighting men, integrated units, 'luxury-ized' them and they have almost destroyed them. Every top officer in the service knows the despair of trying to do anything constructive today, and I speak with authority when I say that the morale in the Armed Forces has disintegrated to the point where no matter what weapons we have, we no longer have sufficient men and the masters to make a real fighting team. To go back to the old Navy term, we now have 'paper men in steel ships'. The officers and men who have the guts and gumption and can't stand the phony atmosphere get out and 'make it' on the outside. The pitifully few old-line officers and career enlisted men who are still trying to keep a backbone in our armed forces are usually 'retired' prematurely, like the immortal "Chesty" Puller, the greatest leader the Marine Corps ever had, while slick operators and 'brown-nosers' are moved into top commands, where they fight with cocktail glasses and barrages of paper.

The millions of men who are inducted and then jammed in with Negroes and never shown an officer or sergeant with the guts to "make them salute and show respect or kick them firmly in the tail, get out as soon as they can, in highly proper disgust. A uniform used to be the mark of a fighting man. Now they have got old and sacred fighting uniforms for hookworms with horn-rimmed glasses, ladies and even Africans.

Most of this was accomplished by the first pro-Communist Secretary of Defense, George Catlett Marshall, who boasted how he destroyed Nationalist China with a stroke of his pen and gave China to our mortal enemies; and by Anna M. Rosenberg, the Hungarian Jewess he put in as his first assistant and in charge of man-power. Anna M. was identified under oath before the U.S. Senate as a member of the Communist John Reed Club of New York City and as a writer of articles for the Communist New Masses magazine. I myself have the photostats of these Red articles I made in the Library of Congress, along with her picture, so there can be no howls of 'mistaken identity'. It was this communistic Hungarian Jewess who promoted the Communist Jew, Peress, when Joe McCarthy got on his track and it was this communistic Jewess who 'niggerized' our once tough fighting forces.

In order to proceed undisturbed at the wrecking of our armed forces, these unspeakable traitors have calculatingly and brutally brainwashed our men with 'orientation' courses in 'democracy' (meaning Communism — see any Soviet propaganda) until any attempt to help them now is met as an attack on them. I am sickened and heart-broken today when officers who should be able to see what has happened tell me what a filthy dog McCarthy was and explain to me what 'progress' is being made in 'democratizing' our once elite fighting forces.

The Army has had it the worst, for it is the Army alone that the Reds fear in the moment of their takeover. If the Army is led by patriotic Americans, not afraid of personal reprisals and faithful to the Constitution, as they have sworn to be, no Red putsch can succeed. But if they can fill up the high posts with toadies and Jews and pinkos and boobs, the helpless and inarticulate masses of men will have to go along and be used, as they were in Little Rock, to destroy their own great American Republic. NOTE: Since this was written, the "General Walker Case" has fully substantiated these charges.

But in 1941, boot ensigns such as I still jumped at J.G.'s orders; niggers were just niggers; chiefs were tough and could settle matters which now go before courts martial with the toe of a well-placed boot and officers dressed in full formal uniform for dinner every night, no matter what the conditions.

I would like to write an entire book on what I learned and learned to love on that old O-Boat, but cannot spare the pages in this, my first book. Perhaps later I will write a book on the armed forces, but for now, all I can say is that I found out what a fighting force should be like on the Omaha and Americans should tremble in fear and terror every minute we deny our officers the right, the privilege and the duty of acting like officers and making our men as tough as the steel and electronic monsters they guide as they were on the old Omaha. There is no 'democratic' nonsense in the Soviet armed forces and, should we ever have to face these tough, old-fashioned fighting forces, no matter what our technical superiority — like the French hiding behind their Maginot Line — we will be sliced up like butter before the hot knife of the undemocratic Soviet enemy.

I had my first taste of war on the Omaha, but in odd circumstances. Martinique was French and France had fallen to Hitler. We patrolled off this island and one night when I was catapulted out to search for a reported contact, I found traces of a sub. I got radio orders to stay with it and was concentrating on this when the radioman called on the intercom and asked me what the "sparks" were. I looked back, saw tracers going by and discovered I was being pursued by what I thought was a Navy SNJ — but which was probably one of our earlier gifts to the French. I was flying an old SOC, open-cockpit biplane at ninety knots and the SNJ, compared to me, was 'red-hot'. It flashed past me below and disappeared without hitting us. I got a lot of kidding back aboard later and there were a good many remarks about my 'imagination', etc., but the radioman confirmed this odd-ball attack.

Later, I depth-charged several subs, receiving return fire, but I did not get credit for any 'kills' because we discovered our depth-charges would not go off. We tested five or six of them and learned they had been sabotaged or poorly made. Still later, off the coast of Africa on the invasion convoy, I am sorry to say I helped sink two Axis subs in my work with carrier killer groups.

But the day-in-day-out flight operations were much more taxing than the relatively rare combat incidents. We were working the South Atlantic, searching for raiders and subs and going in and out of Trinidad there were always torpedoings and sinkings. The entrance, Chaca Chacari, was dubbed "Torpedo junction" by all hands. The subs used to sit fanned out on the bottom and pop off the convoy ships as they came out of the harbor, like ducks. Once I remember them blowing up a Brazilian vessel loaded with coffee and the ocean was turned into black coffee for miles. I wondered if it kept the fish awake. We often saw pieces of ships (once, an entire half) floating aimlessly and had to sink them.

Every morning before dawn, 'general quarters' would sound, immediately followed by 'flight quarters' and we pilots would stagger and stumble out of our bunks to the catapults, climb into the old SOC biplanes, be whacked in the back by our old steam-rammed catapults and find ourselves out over the Atlantic at two or three feet 'altitude' over the swells, in the dark, and only minutes out of bed. This was a hair-raising minute or two, but the belt in the back of the head served to clear the sleep and cobwebs from our brains and we were soon roaring up into the dawn — an emotional experience which never failed to move me deeply.

The immense majesty and indescribable vastness of the sea is multiplied a thousand-fold by the terrific contrast afforded by the insignificant little ship you leave behind as you rise into the grey and pink panorama of the sky. As the tropical sunrise begins and you are suspended between endless, rolling grey ocean and towering mountains of multicolored clouds, the almost invisible, little black 'tooth-pick' — the ship you have just left — far below gives you a sense of the staggering vastness of it all. Only a pig or a stone could fail to be moved deeply.

But then I would have the immediate problem of dead-reckoning that ancient Curtis biplane 500 miles over that empty ocean and back to the ship — not where it was when I left it, but someplace new — where it had zigzagged in those five hours. We had no radar in those days and were required to maintain tight radio silence. There were no homing devices or other aids, just our chartboards, pencils, calculators, compass and instruments. We usually flew all alone, one plane out on each side, to scout as much territory as possible for the day. The pattern was a huge 'U' out from the ship and back, so as to cover everything to the limit of sight. During this time, the wind, which had to be estimated solely from the appearance of the sea far below, was drifting the plane sometimes as much as thirty miles one side or the other in an hour — a hundred and fifty miles in the five-hour flight — and the ship was also moving. We had no automatic pilot or mechanical aid whatsoever. You figured out everything by vectors, compass course, speed, distance, time and gas, and then prayed fervently that you and the ship would wind up somewhere in the near vicinity at the end of the flight. If you made a mistake of adding the magnetic variation instead of subtracting it or forgot a single wind figure or made any other ordinarily slight mathematical error, it was curtains. We lost several pilots just this way. One panic-stricken pilot broke radio silence against orders when he missed the ship, ran out of gas and sat down in the middle of the ocean someplace. We tried to find him, but never did.

I recommend this system for those, like myself, who tend to make careless errors in mathematics. I discovered I could be perfect — on those hops.

While you were doing all this pencil-pushing, you were also burning up the surface of the sea for the tell-tale feather of a periscope or anything else, holding your precision compass course by stick and rudders and watching out for the switching of gas tanks, mixture control and everything else about the bit of machinery which alone kept you out of a watery grave below. It was an exacting, exhausting job, but I loved it.

At the end of the five hours, you began to sweat out the 'sighting' and it is not hard to imagine the joy of seeing that little speck you know is home — and more living. But sometimes you don't see it. Your gas is almost gone; there are no 'aids' and you have only minutes to see it or compose yourself for a better world. The trick often was to dive down low and sweep the horizon. What you couldn't see against the dark sea could sometimes be seen as an unrecognizable little jiggle on the horizon against the sky. There it would be! You would bore in for it with everything wide open.

When you finally arrived over the familiar, rolling shape, you circled around low while they rigged for 'cast-recovery'. Having been on both carriers and cruisers, I can assure my fellow pilots that a carrier landing is a pale imitation of the real 'hairy' thing of landing alongside a rolling cruiser in twenty or thirty-foot swells and taxiing up in clouds of blinding spray onto the 'mat', with your wing tips only inches from the steel sides of the heaving ship which was bowling along underway!

We never landed far back in the slick, which the ship made by turning ninety degrees, because it tore up the prop too much, beating against the salt water, when you then tried to taxi the hundred yards or so to the ship. My senior aviator, "Moe" Lenny, taught us masterfully and exact-ingly to land about twenty feet outboard and abreast of the fantail (stern) so that, on the last wild and wooly bounce, after you had hit two or three swells with frantic jiggling of stick and rudders to avoid crashing, you would stop neatly with the float resting in the mesh of rope called the 'mat' and your hook engaged to hold you in tow.

Then came the business of catching the swinging iron ball from the crane and boom arrangement which picked you up. Many a man was knocked senseless and overboard playing this little game, as he sat up on the cockpit hood. And then, when you did catch it, you had to slip the big steel hook in the wire sling you pulled out from behind your head in the cockpit without letting your hands get under the hook, because when the swells yanked that hook taut, it was easy to lose a hand as the cable lifted the plane clear of the water. Finally, you would find yourself hanging in the air, swinging on the boom and totally free of responsibility for the first moment in five long hours. You slumped in the sweaty parachute harness, just luxuriating in the gratefulness of it all.

A few minutes later, you would be sipping coffee and being served a fine breakfast in the wardroom, while you lorded it over the 'black-shoe' Navy, the poor slobs who were confined to the rolling decks and who had to ask you humbly for the story of the hop — what you'd seen, any action, etc. It was hugely satisfying and we pilots were not sparing of the opportunity to be as obnoxious as possible to the 'less heroic deck-apes'. A catapulting or a recovery were often the only excitement aboard for days on end and we pilots were thus the center of all eyes with our performances. Especially we vied on the recoveries and the crew divided up behind its favorites. I ached for a carrier and a hotter plane with more combat, but there was much to enjoy in the life on the Omaha and I enjoyed it. We went to Africa and all over South America.

I was often detailed to the shore patrol, however and this was no fun, although I learned a lot. It was a kill-joy job. You had to go around with a stern expression and watch the men blowing off steam in the bars and see them look hatefully at you out of the corner of their bleary eyes. The first time I got this unpleasant assignment was a pretty brutal introduction to the problems of leading rough, tough men.

I think it is wrong to give such a task to a totally green ensign, but I was assigned to take a shore party over the side in Rio, men with heavy beards who had been cooped up at sea for months. I was ordered to line them up on the dock and give them a lecture on the dangers of V.D. — me, a downy-cheeked squirt who knew nothing at all of such matters. I did my best and the men tried not to laugh, but it was extremely painful and I felt a complete ass — which I was! The lecture was apparently a huge failure, because we had dozens of men on the V.D. list within a few days in that highly-touted, but dirty port.

When I was free, I donned my crisp whites, wings and ribbons and did enjoy liberty in these exotic lands, but usually it was spoiled somewhat for me by the filth and coarseness of it all and the crude activities of even my companions. In Rio there was the usual British Club and we offi-cers were invited. There we met some really charming English young ladies and invited them to dinner aboard ship, but this was a mistake, it turned out, because even in the immaculate wardroom with its white napery, good food and excellent service by the as yet unrooseveltized mess boys, we could not escape the effects of the crudity and filthiness.

The old Omaha had no public address system. 'The Word' was passed in the old-fashioned way of the Navy, by leather-lunged bos'n's mates who would roar down each of the three hatches in the main deck in turn. The evening we had the young ladies aboard for dinner was hot. The wardroom was directly below the number one hatch and as they were helped into their seats by the mess boys, the bos'n arrived at the hatch with his pipe and let go with an announcement: "EEEEEE-eeeeee-EEEEEEE! (The whistle.) NOW, ALL MEN WITH VENEREAL DISEASES, LAY DOWN TO SICK BAY FOR TREATMENT!"

There was a great sound of running and pounding feet up and down ladders and the young ladies blanched. So did we.

After almost a year in the South Atlantic, the Omaha put into New York for repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This was like a trip to heaven for us, but I went chasing once again after the elusive and faithless Judy in Providence.

She gave me all kinds of trouble on the phone, but when I appeared in my sparkling dress whites in her dormitory dining room at Pembroke, and she saw the other girls ohh-ing and ahh-ing, she was won over and agreed to come to New York for a week while the ship was in port, but she insisted on finishing college before we were married. I chafed miserably at that, but once again bowed to what I later learned were orders from the 'high command', her old lady, who sensed in me a male who was not so easy to push around as Judy's charming, cultured, lovable, but easily-dominated old man. However, I did manage to get her to agree to share a room with me at the luxurious Pennsylvania Hotel, now the Statler, and I imagined I had things made.

I did spend the week in the hotel room with her, but learned that I did not have it made. All my powers of persuasion, coercion, brute force, sneakiness and other techniques were to no avail and I spent one of the most unbelievable weeks of my life, a week I have a hard time convincing anybody could happen in one room with one double bed. Horribly frustrating as it was, it was also idyllic and very wonderful. I went back out to sea in a pink cloud of romance and began to scheme to get back as soon as possible.

But the Navy is not interested in private plans for romance and cruelly put the war ahead of my schemes, which came to naught. We went back to the old routine of cruising the South Atlantic and I began to chafe miserably as the war proceeded more hotly elsewhere, especially in the Pacific, while I was still lumbering around in the empty vastness of the South Atlantic, in a plane which was not too far removed in appearance from that of the Wright Brothers. I longed to fly the brand new F4U Corsairs, at that time the hottest and deadliest thing in the air.

I heard rumors that 'suicide' photo-pilots were being asked to volunteer to fly stripped-down P-38's over enemy beaches, so I wrote an official request for training as a photo-pilot and got a favorable endorsement from my CO., with whom I was on the best of terms for good performance of duty. Even so, it seemed too much to hope for, so I almost collapsed with joy when the ship got a priority dispatch on the matter. I was ordered to Flight Photo School at Pensacola, with thirty days' leave!

I imagined once again that I could marry Miss Aultman as soon as I arrived and would spend a whole month even better than the week in New York, but once again, I reckoned without my strong-willed, future mother-in-law. It was decreed that I could not marry Judy until two days before the END of my leave, which gave me one day for a honeymoon and then one day to get to Pensacola! There was no appeal, as I had discovered, from these imperial commands, so I had to fritter away the days — and nights — until April 24th, when the event was scheduled.

A few days before the scheduled wedding, I was detailed to help Judy address invitations and we were working together on this task when I got my first real look at how her mother operated. My pen ran out of ink and Judy jumped up and said, "I'll go upstairs and get some ink."

Her mother burst out of the sunroom and shouted, "Hold it! just a minute! HE goes upstairs and gets the ink. You don't run errands for him!"

On April 24, 1943, I was married in the Barrington Episcopal Church, with all the trimmings, which I disliked enormously. But these amenities are the price one must pay to the ladies, who appear to revel in such painful, public formalities at a time which should be so holy and private and reserved to the young people whose lives are so hugely affected.

Finally, we got clear of all the hand-shaking, giggling, cake-cutting, sly jokes and general silly fussing and were off in a cab to the railroad station. I was ecstatic and swimming in the romance of it all, but not my brand new wife. When we had got settled on the train, she turned to me briskly and, with what I learned were her final orders from 'headquarters', announced: "Now, there's to be no boss in this marriage, and no babies, at least not now!"

This almost froze me inside, even though the part about the babies made sense. But making 'sense' is not always the way to make a good marriage and such stern announcements at such a time do not help make a honeymoon what it should be. When we got to the Statler Hotel in Boston, I got a worse shock. Her suitcase was opened and she put her clothes away. Then she laid out on the bed what I later called "the drug store", a complete assortment of equipment which left nothing to chance or the imagination! Mother had thought of everything! The inevitable result of such cold-chilling of what must be spontaneous and as warm as possible was that she wound up crying and so did I. I struggled out and spent hours loading up on beer in the Silver Dollar Bar, trying to understand what was wrong with the world. With the last-minute wedding, we had no chance to straighten things out before I had to leave. Mother had really thought of everything!

On the train down to Pensacola, I had my first personal brush with one of the obnoxious types even the Jews call "kikes". I had my reservations for a sleeper for over a month and as I staggered to the station with all my heavy service baggage and uniforms, and my even heavier thoughts of my 'marriage', I was grateful at least that I could rest on the long trip. But when I got to the train and looked up my berth, I found a 300 pound, yellow-skinned, fat Hebrew getting ready to move in. I showed him my ticket and reservation of a month's standing and he brushed them aside, telling me he had paid the agent a good deal for these accommodations and had no intention of giving them up.

I called the colored porter and asked to have my reservations confirmed. The porter called the conductor, who sadly shook his head, said there was some mistake, asked me to step outside, and then told me that my accommodations had unfortunately been sold twice and the other man had an "earlier" reservation. I was too young and innocent to know how to deal with such villainy, as I would now, but like most people, I simply bowed to this monstrous injustice because I knew nothing else to do, outside of punching this vile Jew merchant a good belt in the teeth, which would not have helped. So I sat up all night on my bags in a passageway, while this 'chosen' fighter of Hitler (who was probably giving his all to buy war bonds at huge, personal sacrifice) rode in style in my berth. This is the first time in my life I can remember hating a Jew as a Jew, but I submit that so would anybody hate him — even my pious fellow Gentiles who now counsel me to tolerance and love.

I plunged into photo-school and flying in Pensacola with happy enthusiasm, overjoyed to be at last on my way to the kind of work and flying I really wanted. We flew half the day and studied theory or worked in the darkroom the other half. I studied hard and did well.

Chapter VI

My wife of one day's vintage finally arrived, after she had graduated from Pembroke in June and I had prepared a little cottage near the base. Our married life was far from the passionate affair one might imagine or rather, what it should be. After a lifetime of Mother's training, Judy just could not relax and enjoy being a female. She had to be on guard every minute to see that she maintained her 'rights', which she did, but meanwhile lost her major birthright as a human being: real love.

There were a good many tears and scenes, but after a while we arrived at a sort of modus vivendi and even a bit of gay camaraderie in our mutual bafflement. I have since then come to the conclusion that it is not only not wrong for a man to find out more about life before he gets married, but his duty. I feel sure now that, if I knew then what I know now, I could have saved my poor, warped little wife and our marriage, for already the crackup had begun which was to culminate ten years later. But at that time, I was a truly innocent boob in the affair and too ignorant and scared to exert the masculine force and power given by nature to males to overcome such situations.

There was nothing wrong with Judy but the common insanity of all our education today. Her whole life had been dedicated to an unrealistic goal, as are the lives of most of our girls. Without anybody coming out and saying it, the mad scramble for 'democracy' has been extended to the sexes and the natural dominance of the male, and the passive submission of the female, which are basic to both natures and absolutely necessary to their happiness, have been scorned as evil carry-overs from our animal natures. A 'modern' girl cannot avoid the impression that it is somehow 'inferior' to be just a woman' or just a housewife and mother', and the corresponding idea, therefore, that she must try to 'be somebody' or 'do something worthwhile' by having a 'career'. She receives all sorts of 'education', particularly in college, which is not only useless if she becomes a wife and mother, but which irritate and frustrate her natural capacities. It is not hard to understand how a woman trained as an expert lawyer might chafe at the humdrum life of a wife and mother despite the fact that such a feminine life is desperately important to her own happiness as a person and to society. From time to time, my college-trained wife would burst from the kitchen in utter frustration and demand an explanation, as I came home tired from a day of flying and darkroom work, of why she had to wash dishes. "I went to college!" she would exclaim. "Why should I have to wash dishes?"

We do the same thing with millions of men, too. When there is obviously no capacity for brain-work in a child, it is criminal to drive and beat it into schooling aimed at preparing it to be a 'white collar worker'. With a minimum of schooling sufficient to read and write, it would be happy working with its hands. When it is led to imagine that it is a great brain, then is driven to the sewers and ditches with a shovel, it is understandable that the unhappy victim becomes frustrated and a danger to society, when multiplied by the millions.

It is not a question of 'superior' or 'inferior', but a question of possibilities. A girl will grow up to be a woman, a female, no matter what education, ideals, ideas and training she may get. Perhaps it is 'unfair' that she was born a woman, physically weak, less able to reason, coldly burdened with the inexorable cyclic functioning of her reproductive system and blessed with the soft, warm, emotional, understanding and patient nature of the machinery designed by Nature for motherhood, above all things.

The effort of feminists and liberals to 'correct' what Nature has decreed, whether the effort is 'good' or 'bad', can lead only to misery for those who attempt to fly in the face of a cold and merciless Nature, and a social agony for a world which is deprived of warm and submissive females and mothers.

It is a mark of insanity for an individual to ignore reality and act as if he were something which he is not. It is no less insane when women pretend that their female natures do not exist, that they are not only the 'equals' of men, but the same as men, except for a slight physiological difference. No matter how a few of them manage to succeed in the poses of engineers and steel-workers and fighter pilots and business executives, women today, as a group, are fundamentally acting in the manner of the insane: defying and ignoring reality. The results are frightfully visible in our whole civilization. The women are becoming masculinized, while the men are getting feminized. One has only to look at a crowd of our teenagers to see how things are going. They wear the same tight pants, the same jackets and the same hats — even the same duck-tailed hairdos. We are breeding and training up a generation of jazzed-up, negroidal, neutered queers.

Our whole approach to women today, as with most of our social attitudes, is that of the Soviets who have women in the army, working in the streets and even in firing-squads, just like men. God save us from such women!

Women are indeed the equal of men, as a group, only when they fulfill the task for which Nature equipped and made them — motherhood. Man was designed, even in the creative process itself, to supply the spark, the drive and the aggressive push of life, while woman is designed to supply the basic building material of new life; nourish, treasure, warm and guide it, until it can sustain its own life. There is no escape from this fate, even if it were bad, which it is not.

If a man is to be honored for making cigars or building bridges or making beer, as our great businessmen are, then surely we ought to honor those who make our people! But the trouble is that our insane 'liberal' attitude toward motherhood and homemaking has given women an impossible inferiority complex and frustration about their possible and real achievements in life. We train our girls by the millions to be anything but successful wives and mothers, lead them to believe they are to be an 'equal' part of a 'man's world', when the truth is that it is only Nature's world, and man's share in it is no greater or more glorious than that of a female-oriented woman who produces, brings up and gives to society a family of happy people.

If our girls were brought up from first consciousness to realize the absolute and total inevitability of their mission in life, but above all to be proud of that mission; train for and then fulfill it joyously, there would be no more talk of 'achieving' equality. They would find that Nature has already given them equality in generous measure, if only they will accept it. There can be no sense in discussing the superiority of negative or positive electricity in a battery; they are merely different forms of the same thing, but the difference is vital if there is to be any current. When the male and female potential or voltages are permitted to become 'equal', they must be strongly opposite or the current will stop.

The current is stopping as our broken families and marriages show. In my own case, my first partner was wretchedly twisted from what I am sure were originally good, basic, natural instincts. But even more important, I was 'civilized' and 'liberalized' out of my own savage male instincts of force and domination which, if properly controlled, could have saved both my wife and our marriage.

It is not women who are at fault in the growing madness of our family and our sexual frustration, it is the men who have permitted it. The women are still born passive and submissive and if our fathers and grandfathers had not failed them as a group, as I failed my first wife as an individual, they would still, as a group, be enjoying their birthright and the honor owed them by society for being the most exalted manufacturers and executives in the world, the manufacturers of Our People!

Upon achieving power, one of our first tasks will be an all-out public relations drive to help our entire population — men and women — to see that 'motherhood' is not the silly, sloppy thing which is made of it today, for the benefit of florists and greeting card publishers; the 'momism' described by Philip Wylie which has made so many 'mama's boys' and spoiled brats in our society, but a profession every bit as exacting, scientific and honorable as the law, medicine or education. These latter professions merely help the results of the profession of motherhood. It is the part of the women to produce and give to society people who have just the right combination of discipline and love to make people happy and capable citizens.

Where a doctor or a lawyer spends years and years of preparation for his work, and then more years of apprenticeship, most of our mothers today spend their years preparing to be writers, artists, executives or some other kind of 'career girls', which few of them actually become, while their only training for their real profession in life consists perhaps in a high school 'Home Ec' course in how to make a few fancy salads and paperback 'romance'. They plunge into the world's most important, most honorable and most exacting profession, knowing nothing of child-hood disease, scientific family budgeting, psychology of children (and husbands) or any of the other vital professional subjects which would make the first years of marriage such a relatively orderly and pleasant experience, instead of a wildly chaotic mess every time 'something' hap-pens to the baby and mother either knows nothing about it at all or knows only old-wives' tales.

If a lawyer or a doctor attempted to practice as soon as he had pur-chased a few medicine or law books, the way our women plunge into the business of making human beings and happy families, they would be ar-rested. The law and medicine would be impossible chaos, which is ex-actly the state of our 'modern' family system as shown by sky-rocketing juvenile delinquency and millions of wrecked families and broken homes. Our civilization is no longer as simple as the pioneering society of our forebears and, if family life is to survive — as it must survive, if our race is to survive — then we must stop the insane business of consider-ing a mother and homemaker just a 'housewife' who needs no special education for her job. We must give our girls the necessary skills and knowledge for their actual and unavoidable profession first and then, if there is time and money and inclination, give them a 'liberal' education or any other kind of education, so long as it does not give them the frus-trating idea that they should be engineers, actresses, fighter pilots, etc.

Finally, and most important, we must honor them, as we now honor doctors and lawyers. We must establish professional women's schools and universities dedicated not to 'home economics', but to the exalted profession of Family Science. We must get rid of the disgusting connec-tion of 'homemaking' with the dust mop, dishpan and dirty diapers, and make it clear to our people that these tasks are no more the essence of Family Science than sweeping out the office is the essence of being a lawyer, even though a lawyer has to do this himself.

When our whole people have been given this new understanding of the real 'equality' of women and when they are honored by professional degrees in their all-important science of the organization, care and man-agement of a plant for the intelligent production of decent human be-ings, there will be less of the misery which lies deep in so many of our girls who wind up with a dishpan or diaper pail after a Cinderella dream of 'better things' all their younger days.

My Judith had been told all her life that there was only one thing worse than getting locked up as a housewife, with a useless man, and that was having kids to be 'tied-down' to. The stark realities of adjusting the butterfly life of college and dreams of 'better things' to a washtub and submission to a male were too much for her, as they have been for many another before her. Aside from this difficulty, there was another problem.

I discovered the utter, fantastic illogicalness of women, which can be so delightful when it is laughable and so tragic when it causes a family fight or hurts the children.

The only time I ever laid a hand on her was when we had been in town shopping and I had told her I was starving for a big steak or a piece of meat. She was commendably anxious to save our small pay and said not to buy any more, because there was a piece of ham in the icebox at home. I remembered seeing it and said that it was not enough for both of us. It was too little, even for me. She said she didn't want any at all; I could have the whole thing. I pointed out that this was silly when we were right by the store and could get some more, but she insisted over and over that she wanted none of the ham. She made such a fuss that I agreed to let her eat something else and I would be satisfied with the little piece of ham. So we went home with no meat and I drank a beer while she got supper ready in the kitchen. When she called me to eat, I looked at the plates and there were two tiny shreds of meat, one on each plate. They looked like communion wafers!

When I asked her about the meat on her plate, she flew into a tantrum and insisted I was a pig and was determined to hog everything and let her go without! I will leave the ensuing argument to the imagination. My male readers will agree, I think, that such perfidy in regard to an agreement, even in such a small affair, is hard to take, while I have found the females will consider this sly maneuver a clever way to save money and very commendable. Suffice it to say, I was unable to control my frustration at her total lack of understanding of the principle involved and I grabbed the poor thing by the shoulders and shook her!

After completion of photo school, from which I graduated near the top of the class, we were asked what duty we wanted. Photo pilots were, I understood, much in demand, so you got what you wanted! But I made one of the stupidest mistakes of my life. I forgot that fighter pilots were not assigned to carriers, but were assigned to squadrons, which were then ordered, as units, to carriers. I wanted to fly the hottest things in the fleet on combat missions, so I put down "any combat carrier". What an afternoon it was when I came home with the assignment to the U.S. S. Wasp and we celebrated! I already saw myself swooping over the enemy beaches and disdainfully photographing Tojo himself, shaking his impotent fist at me as I went by, too fast to be seen clearly.

But upon getting to the great ship, I discovered that I was 'ship's company', a sort of glorified janitor, craving for the brave air-heroes, the pilots, who never came aboard except for combat missions and did all the flying while I did all the watching, except for a few flights now and then when I could manage it. I was V-3 Division Officer and thoroughly hated my tasks which were those of a non-flying officer. In addition, I had to watch, green to the gills with envy, while the squadron boys zipped around the sky, shooting and clowning and doing what I longed to do so badly I could taste it.

I did everything I could think of to get out of that situation and back in the air, including making myself obnoxious with requests for transfer, finally to the ultimate desperation of asking for "any ship or station." The exec at last took pity on me and ordered me to the pilot pool in San Diego where they make up the best fighter outfits! Once again, I was overjoyed, but not for long.

This time, while one after the other of the lads in the pool went to Corsair and Hellcat squadrons, I finally got orders to SAC — Support Air Command! I was to run up the beach on invasions and direct air heroes again from a foxhole with my little radio and ground control team! It almost seemed that somebody was purposely doing this to me. How could a guy be so crazy to get into combat in a fighter, and get first on a cruiser, then ship's company on a carrier, and finally this: an entrenching tool and a radio — my weapons — as I cringed in a foxhole! I almost despaired as we trained on the beach at Coronado with LCVP's and with tanks running over our foxholes, while the squadrons flashed by in the blue overhead.

From there we went to Guadalcanal, where I got in on the tail-end of the action or 'mop-up' and flew a few hops I was able to scrounge out of Henderson Field. After that, Pearl Harbor and then Guam.

My experiences in all this would make a book, but others who have had far more thrilling and readable experiences have already set forth this sort of thing for all to read. My task is to pick out the experiences which had special significance in shaping my own character and political career. The only such experiences were the time I watched two marines beating to death with their bare hands a Jap who had been tossing hand grenades into the camp, night after night — and enjoyed the sight immensely — a thing which horrifies me now. Such is the hatred born of a bitter war.

There was the business of the Japs yelling filthy things about Roosevelt, at night. I wondered greatly at the oddity of trying to kill these guys who despised the same charlatan whom I couldn't stand myself. Luckily, I didn't know then how this Roosevelt, on behalf of world Marxism and its Jewish masters, plotted and planned to drive Japan into the war; sacrificed thousands of our lads at Pearl Harbor, all just to get our people mad enough to reverse their isolationist stand and go to war to crush Germany and Hitler — whom the enemies of America hate as rats hate bright light. But then, the only thought which crossed my mind was the humorousness of it and the oddness of such a war.

Back at the Pacific Headquarters of the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, I once again broke my neck to pull a deal of some kind in order to get back into the air I loved. I found an officer that I knew at AirPac Assignment and told him I would do anything on earth short of treason or murder to get a flying billet. He said he would see what he could do, and he did. He ordered me to the U.S.S. Mobile, another cruiser!

But that wasn't the worst of it. The Navy brass, at that time, were in love with catapult planes on cruisers and battleships, because they were what they had known and loved so many years themselves. But, with three and four hundred mile-an-hour fighters mastering the air over any task force, and with no ship daring to leave such an umbrella of fighter protection, our 100-knot cruiser seaplanes were worse than a pain in the neck for the fleet. Their 3,000 gallons of high-octane gasoline stowed aboard ship was a fearful and useless danger to the safety of all hands in battle. We almost never flew and it was the ultimate torture for me to stand by the catapults (my battle station), helpless, useless and actually in the way, with our planes lashed down, while the boys from the carriers tangled all over the sky with the Jap Kamikaze or suicide planes which plummeted at our ships with unbelievable ferocity!

My first chance in Pearl, as Senior Aviator of the cruiser, I asked and got an audience with Admiral Sherman of ComAirPac to see if we could keep the planes on an advance atoll somewhere near the ship's operations and thus keep in flying training and combat fighting trim. As it was, the rare times we did fly, I lost two aircraft and one pilot just because they couldn't land under rough conditions and we never had a chance to fly enough to keep sharp. The CO. of the Mobile went along with this idea, as he hated the planes and the aviation gas which were of no help to him and which constituted a deadly fire menace in fighting his ship. But I was brusquely rebuffed by the brass. I was told the planes had always been helpful on "wagons and carriers" and always would be. The old boys just could not see that the day of seaplanes in the fleet was over, especially with a fast carrier task force in combat conditions. Then I suggested helicopters, which have since proved to be excellent aids to such ships. The admiral looked at me incredulously when I mentioned it. He simply didn't believe in any such foolishness and told me so! He said they would never amount to anything, like the autogyro, for instance.

In despair, I went to my friend at the assignment desk and finally, at long, long last, made it into the air. It wasn't the combat I wanted, but it was next best. Because of my excellent record and experience, I was given command of a large squadron of scout and observer aircraft and pilots for replacement and training for the fleet. I had the best fighters, torpedo bombers and scouts and the latest seaplane, the SC — and plenty of authority, men and equipment. I flew like a mad man, amassing my first real time since the Omaha and was deliciously happy every time I got into the air. I found a squadron of P-47's from the Army at Wheeler and gave them a wild time in the air every time I caught one up. We had F6Fs and they were more maneuverable than the heavier 47's. With our Navy training, our lads had little difficulty in riding those Army jockeys all over the sky, and we loved it!

I got my only black mark on my Navy record while I commanded SOSU-1 at Pearl. Everybody was scrounging all over the Pacific to get movie theaters set up and I had some of the best scrounging chiefs and warrants in the U.S. Navy. Somehow, they produced the ultimate luxury: two big, 35 mm. regular projectors, which enabled us to get the best movies in the area, instead of the little sixteen millimeter outfits and their old films. But what I didn't know was that the 35 millimeter film was dangerously flammable, while the 16 mm. was not, and there were voluminous regulations to guard against fire, it was my duty to know about or look into it, but it didn't occur to me. One day I came back from a night hop to see a plume of flame and smoke over Pearl Harbor and felt my heart flop as I realized it was my main building. The film had caught fire and the whole top floor burned off. I was very properly given a letter of private admonition from the admiral for failure to take precautions against such a catastrophe.

In August of that year, 1945, I was on the roof one evening watching for the return of an overdue plane, when I saw star shells bursting over the cans tied up at the destroyer base. Then whistles began to blow, then yells and shouts. The war was over!

I started downstairs and when I was spied by my junior officers and then, they began to clap me on the back and act like insane idiots. Nor was it long before I caught the spirit of it all. I too, acted like an idiot. As the mob spirit of wild joy spread and mounted to a roaring storm of bursting public passion, people danced and cartwheeled through the streets of Ford Island in the middle of Pearl Harbor. Sailors burst into the WAVE barracks, kissing and hugging as they went, and when the old maid lieutenant in charge protested, she got kissed, too. Most of my uniform was torn off and I wound up on the shoulders of some of my men, almost naked! Toilet paper rolls by the thousands tangled the mob and it was hard to see. Whisky appeared and the riotous crowd began to exceed all bounds. It sickened me after a while and I escaped back to the relative quiet of my own little cottage in the Officers' Quarters section.

Then I had an emotional experience which exceeded in intensity anything I remembered about VJ Day. Amid the howling and screaming and bursting rockets and star shells, only a few hundred yards from the insane mob of celebrators, I heard the most peaceful, but moving sound in the world. With the noise of the mob in the background, a group of our mess boys, our colored servants, were standing out behind a building under the stars, singing spirituals and hymns. One huge Negro stood with his head thrown back so the light of the Lord could shine on his face, and I could see the tears rolling and streaming down his black face in the moonlight as he boomed out his gratitude to God for the end of the war! I cried too.

Let no one say that religion is the "opium of the people". I had none of my own, but I could feel the good strong warmth of theirs deep in my heart. And let no one say that I desire to hurt or oppress such people. How my heart went out to them and still does! They are a biologically immature race, and I will fight to the death to save our people from mixing with them in any way. So are my children my inferiors and I would not let them sit in on a business conference with me, but I certainly love my kids and, similarly, I love the Negro people, so long as they don't try to push or hurt me, or those I love.

I went and got those boys a bottle of wine and gave it to them and wished I could show them how deeply I was moved by their simple devotion and childlike reaction to overwhelming events, but there was little I could do, with decorum.

I had more than enough 'points' to 'get out', which was the big rush right away, and I started to make plans for sky-castles back in the States, just like a million other war-weary Americans. I dreamed of buying a surplus Piper Cub airplane on the West Coast, where my wife was working in San Diego, and flying back together, all over the U.S.A. What a wonderful, marvelous adventure that would have been! But my hopes were dashed miserably when I got a letter from my intended 'co-pilot' that she would have none of flying in any 'orange crate' with me!

I returned to San Diego on a destroyer-escort and got another dose of cold water from my still-new wife, with whom I had lived only a few months out of the two years of marriage, the rest of the time having been in the South Pacific. Judy knew I hated and still hate earrings, heavy lipstick and most of all, nail-polish. I realize this is a personal idiosyncrasy, but it goes back to a hate of ostentation and savage decoration, as such things seem to me. In any case, my wife usually went along with this wish, the few months I had been at home, but now, when I arrived at the dock, after almost two years overseas, I found her consciously bedecked and painted in these things. When I tried to kiss and hug her in the backseat of the car in which her landlady had picked us up, she pushed me away and explained that this was improper and embarrassing to the landlady. To hell with the landlady, I thought, as any returning sailor will understand! But Judy was adamant. We had to chat about empty nothings with the landlady, which put me in no happy mood. It was the beginning of the long, downward dive of the marriage which would see its last days six years and 6,000 miles later in that same San Diego — with three innocent little children added to the unhappy mess.

We took the train back to the East Coast and to happy reunions with both our families. Then we headed for Maine and civilian life!

Chapter VII

As it became obvious the war was drawing to what I imagined was a 'successful' close, I began to plan my life as an artist, a life I had envisioned ever since high school. I sent enquiries everywhere to find out which school was the best for commercial art. The general consensus seemed to be Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York.

After the round of family reunions up and down the East Coast, therefore, I stopped in Brooklyn at the famous old school and received a rude shock. It was not just a matter of deciding which school I would attend, but a matter of which school I could fight my way into. With millions of veterans pouring out of the services and flocking to avail themselves of the free education under the 'G.I. Bill, I was only one of thousands trying to enter Pratt. And when I looked at the work of some of the students at the school which was hanging on the display boards, I was appalled at my own amateurishness. I feared I could never make the grade. Nevertheless, I took the tests, drew the samples and then went up to Maine to await results. My wife and I had rented the lower floor of an old seafarer's home in East Boothbay.

I had already learned that, even if admitted, I could not make the 1945-1946 term, so I prepared to go to work and study at home as best I could until the next fall. I bought some books on sign-painting, some brushes and equipment, and practiced long hours over an old breadboard which was leaned up against a window box full of smelly geraniums.

When I considered that I was able to paint a readable sign, I hung a poster in the front window of the house reading "Signs painted free by returned serviceman who desires practice." For a long while there were no takers of even this bargain. But I was also offering around town to do any odd photography work for a buck and got a few jobs this way.

One of these photography jobs almost got me run out of town. The local Eastern Star, through some good friends, offered me the exceptional honor of taking pictures of some quite secret ceremony, it seems the affair was a very rare occurrence and they wanted photographs of the important ladies and their ceremonial vestments. I duly appeared and took flash pictures of the solemn proceedings, doing my best to stay in the background, but somehow managing to get in the way of the hefty ladies who paraded around and around in some kind of pattern of the utmost meaning. When the action was completed, the victorious participants lined up with a great deal of difficulty, carefully observing seniority and diplomatic protocol, for a group picture. There was no mistaking the historical urgency of the atmosphere there. Never again would such an illustrious group of magnificent Past Masters, Past Grand Matrons, Present Grand Matrons, Great Grand Past Matrons, Grand High Past Secretaries, etc., be assembled in all their plumage, their glorious badges and ribbons of high office.

I managed to get my lights connected right, my camera set and my flashes organized, and even remembered to pull the dark slide out of the camera. I snapped this never-to-be-recaptured historical moment and felt that I had it in the bag. I was promised a dollar a print from many of those present, and the operation seemed to be a great success.

My darkroom consisted of a closet with an old-fashioned chain-pull toilet in our ancient apartment, and unbelievably crude, home-made and makeshift equipment. I rushed home to this "laboratory" and prepared to develop the films, as I had done successfully dozens of times before. My wife dutifully tried to play her part of laboratory assistant as I fumbled around in the pitch darkness with the precious cut films, trying to get them into a tray of developer. Somehow I tripped or stumbled over some light cords and in the effort to regain my balance, bashed my hand — which held the films — against the corner of a shelf. The pain caused me to drop the precious negatives and they fell, not to the floor, as I prayed, but into the toilet!

This would not have been too disastrous, as water would not hurt them, but as I reached down to get them out, I bumped into the unscrewed light bulb which lit up brightly and completely ruined the holy negatives! I stalled the officials of the organization as long as I could, too scared to tell them the awful truth, but they wouldn't wait forever. Finally, I had to admit the fact that there were no pictures of the historical event of the decade — and then hide!

The good Down Maine people of East Boothbay, however, were kind and understanding of the would-be young artist, sign-painter and photographer, and they compassionately forgave my incompetence. In fact, one retired sea-captain eventually responded to my offer to paint signs free and asked me to do a little white board with his name for his boat shop, even insisting on paying me. I was overwhelmed and went to work on that little white board as though it were for the President of the United States.

The job would not take me or any sign-painter more than twenty minutes today, but then I didn't know the secret of production for public consumption, as I do now. The eye, heart and mind of the public are unbelievably simple and naive as to technical details. Like savages or children, the public is oblivious to what, to an expert, seems a serious defect, so long as the whole makes them happy or has a pleasant effect. The grossest and most obvious fraud of a Santa Claus, if properly loaded with toys, in the right atmosphere, will be Santa Claus to happy children, although his beard may be half-off, his pillows showing and his hair plainly visible under the silvery spun glass to an adult.

The best friend of the artist is the eye of the beholder — if the artist knows how to suggest what the beholder wants to see. At the same time, the public, the mob, has an unerring instinct that detects fear and timidity, and very properly hates it. A drawing, a poster or a speech done haltingly by even a good technical craftsman, in fear and trembling, no matter how excellent the details, win always repel the crowd. A sign or a poster, I have learned, can be made up of shaky, poorly-drawn letters, rotten sketches and the roughest design elements, but if it is masterfully conceived as a whole, with the effect of the whole being the artist's sole guide, the public will be entranced.

This is why a beginner's figure drawing is almost always so grotesque and ugly in appearance. He concentrates first on an eye, doing it well, perhaps, then a nose, doing it well too; then a mouth, an ear, some hair and so on down the figure. But the finely-drawn eye is too big for the nose, which is too small for the mouth; all of which are in the wrong place for the ear, which appears where perhaps the chin should be. On the other hand, a more experienced artist has learned that a few dashes and smears for eyes, nose, mouth, ears and hair, etc. will appear to be finely-drawn eyes, nose, lips, etc., provided they are put in the right places with a dash of courage. The eye of the beholder is the artist's best friend. Give the beholder a fair chance to imagine that the whole thing looks good and it will look good to him.

But in 1945 I knew nothing of all this. I was simply determined to make each letter perfect, a totally wrong approach. I did that tiny little sign over and over and over, staying up all night and getting literally desperate. No matter how I tried, there was always a wiggle or a drip some place. Finally I collapsed in bed, discouraged and exhausted! Just before noon, I attacked it once more and managed to get it looking at least readable.

I gave it to the man and refused to take any money, although he seemed pleased and offered me a dollar. I wish now that I had taken it, because the last time I went home to Maine, three or four years ago, I went and looked at that sign. It is still there and it looks fine!

Some time in the late fall, I received word from Pratt that I had managed to win a place in the next year's class. I felt that I had already conquered half of the world.

With such a great 'victory', I was able to convince Judy that we ought to have a baby! Both of us had heard that having a baby sometimes 'warms up' a wife, and I dearly wanted children anyway. Besides, we had begun to have a pretty good time, going on long walks together and playing like two kids. With a place at Pratt secured and our marriage showing signs of life, I felt pretty good.

I began to get a good bit of sign-painting and photography work, and I decided to build myself a little shop in Boothbay Harbor. My father had once run a hotel called the Tinker Tavern there, and after it burned down, owned an empty lot in a good spot near the Yacht Club. I got permission to build my shop there and the minute the hard freeze went out of the ground in early March, I went to work building my shop. I had never built anything before, but had watched carefully and was sure I could do it. I had few tools, but the place was only to be 22 by 12 feet, and I had time.

My biggest error was in making everything too big and too heavy. I used 12 by 12 beams underneath and had a whale of a struggle lifting them into position alone, nailing or rather spiking them, while holding the corners on my back, and then jiggling the whole thing level on the hillside. I made another error in forgetting to add in the thickness of the boards themselves when calculating the building measurements, and so, when I came to put on the roof, I found the building eight inches wider at one end than the other. I had to place, nail and saw the pieces thereafter, to size.

In May or June of 1946 I opened the little shop as the "Maine Photo-Art Service" — offering eight-hour photo-finishing, sign-painting, advertising art and other related services. Judy pitched in loyally, even helping to tar the roof and later running the store part of the building. I worked like a tiger, solving one 'impossible' crisis after another to stay in business and rescue my own blunders as a 'professional' who had no real experience. Nevertheless, we managed to make a living and to do some creditable jobs.

In the fall, we closed up the little shop and headed for New York. I had arranged to stay with my Aunt Helen and her husband, Roscoe Smythe, in Mount Vernon until G.I. housing became available at Pratt.

It was while we were in Mount Vernon that Judy presented me with our first baby — at first named "Judith Mitchell", but then changed just to "Bonnie" at Judy's request.

I got my first lesson in the attitude of 'modern' society and hospitals toward breast-feeding at the Bronxville Hospital where Bonnie was born. The pressure on mothers to bind up their breasts, take pills and do everything else to dry up the miraculous fountain of God-given life itself was terrific! It is little wonder to me that many of our children today are 'insecure' as the Freudians call it, when they have been denied the direct, warm, animal contact with their mothers in their most helpless state. Babies can't testify to their sensations, of course, nor can they remember them, but I am sure that if they could, a bottle-fed baby would feel just like a man whose wife handed him some kind of rubber mannikin to sleep with. Such a device could be manufactured to equal and perhaps exceed the mechanical performance of a human wife, but the mechanical stimulation is not all that is necessary — it is the indefinable warmth and love of the person which is the priceless ingredient, and how much more it must be so with a tiny, helpless thing which has no other satisfaction at all. A baby lives entirely for contact and sustenance from its mother. When she purposely and willfully denies it that warm contact and palms off a glass bottle full of milk meant for a cow-mother's baby — no matter how 'scientifically' it is prepared — she is starving that baby of the basic element of his life: Love. And she is doing so at the very time it should be filled and stuffed and overflowing with warmth and love. If the mother is unable to feed her child, no matter how hard she tries, then, of course, the bottle is the only solution. But it should be the last resort and relatively rare, instead of the present norm in so many cases.

The whole thing is another manifestation of the corrosive and perverted idea of 'moderns' that it is somehow 'degrading' to be a woman, to have babies, to nurse them, and to fulfill the animal functions of a woman. For my children's sakes, I am happy to say, I was able to prevail over her mother's dictum with Judy, and she lovingly nursed all the kids — even when, with Phoebe-Jean, the youngest, it meant excruciating pain and a breast-pump.

Upon entering Pratt, I got my first close look at the human scum which more and more befouls our great cities, especially New York and Brooklyn. The 'melting-pot' has turned out to be more of a garbage pail. One of my classmates was a Chinese Jewish Negro — with red hair! — and freckles! One is reminded of the limerick about the young man from Dundee who got together with an ape in a tree. Atlantic City had surrounded me with Negroes and Jews, but there had been some order about it. You could tell who was who or what was what if you looked. But in Brooklyn I saw the streets crawling with creatures which defied identification. My 'equals' by the million scrambled everywhere for the crumbs of a paternalistic government — pushing, shoving, fighting, knifing, screaming — giving every evidence of their kinship with a jungle tribe of pygmies or cannibals. Jews in long robes, beanies and black curls shuffled the streets among the teeming congregations of the Lord's "chosen" who were throwing garbage and offal into the streets until the smell alone was unbearable.

I hate none of these people any more than I hate caterpillars, grasshoppers, worms or Australian bushmen. I hate what they are doing to our cities, our culture, our White children and our national life — under the encouraging aegis of the Communist-Zionist jews and their millions of soft-headed agents, most of whom have never lived anywhere close to this human scum. But in those days, I was still monstrously ignorant of race, jews and Communism. I saw only a mess, which I imagined had just 'made itself' and was unavoidable. I never considered that it might be caused or that it might also be remedied with justice and decency, without hating and torturing any innocent people.

My artistic education was launched in the schizophrenic dichotomy of values characteristic of our exploding civilization. Half of my instructors were genuine artists and craftsmen who taught me valuable lessons. The other half were gross charlatans teaching 'modern art'. As had happened in sociology at Brown, I became aware that the teachers of 'modern art' were all pushing a pattern of ideas and techniques, and as I had discovered with sociology, the basic pattern of these 'wise men of Boeotia' was the enshrinement of mediocrity, chaos, disorder and fraud.

It was impossible to get your mind wrapped firmly around any principle or idea in the classes of the 'modern' disciples. The only aim seemed to be being different at all costs! Out of the window with drawing, color, sensitivity, drama, idea — even art itself. But be shockingly different! That was the stroke of genius! It was the philosophy of the jaded roue, the surfeited pervert. All the 'old' values were reactionary, no good! On to something new, something exciting, something wild, and then wilder still! Never mind if what you do is ugly, so long as it is shockingly different!

For the first time in my career and purely by instinct, without understanding the ideas involved as I have expressed them above, I began to call this kind of art "Communism". I knew Communism was something foreign and supposed to be bad and ugly. This kind of monstrous 'art' was all these things.

As I have learned to do many times since, I made a laboratory experiment of these theories of mine. We had a class in 'design', which amounted to lessons in graphic madness and chaos. The project for the year was a 'mural' showing 'workers, industrial strife, etc. — sound familiar? We had to make endless sketches, charcoals, color ideas and so forth, but I could see the foolishness of it all and, as I had in Atlantic City High School, in "Problems of American Democracy", I simply rebelled. Only this time, I dared not do it openly, since I was living with my wife and our new baby, Bonnie, on the $90 per month I got for going to school. So George Olsen, another real artist and myself, along with a few others, discovered that we could simply slip out the door onto the fire escape after checking in, and over to my place for bull sessions and coffee. So we did this almost all year.

When the 'master sketch' was due for grading, I sat up one night and demonstrated my utter disdain for this organized insanity. I traced my foot on a piece of illustration board, let the baby scribble on it and then scrambled in different communistic-looking 'workers' where they would fit — any which way. I daubed and smeared color until the foot was somewhat disguised, although you could still see it. It was atrocious, awful! Then I took it in and presented proudly to the poor boob who taught this 'subject'. He was thrilled to death and said it was unquestionably 'different'! He held it up to the class, gave a lecture on the 'significance' of the baby's scribbles, my foot and the smears. Then he gave me a 'B' on it! George Olsen and I had a hard time keeping straight face but we did, until we got across the street to my little apartment where we laughed and howled over the idiocy for hours.

At the end of my first year at Pratt, I got my introduction to the Jew's 'enforcement squad', although at the time, I didn't know such a thing existed.

I had had so much business the summer before at my shop that I wanted to get another student to help me the next year, so I put up a sign on the bulletin board at Pratt to that effect. Boothbay Harbor, at least at that time, was a highly restricted community, although nobody mentioned it. So I had added that fact to the sign when I advertised for a sign-painter and artist-helper to come to Maine with me. A Negro, for instance, would have found life simply impossible up there.

A few days later, three husky Jews showed up at my apartment and asked if were the one who put up the sign. When I said "yes", they firmly and none-too-gently told me that that sort of thing would not be tolerated and that they had been down to the school authorities. Then they handed me my little notice, which they had ripped down. They gave me a lecture on 'democracy' and 'brotherhood', then they left, almost in mil-itary formation.

But the little notice had done its work anyway, and a fine young man, Jack Myers (German) and Miki, his charming wife, agreed to come up to Boothbay Harbor with Judy and me for the summer and work in the "Photo-Art Shop". Jack and I did a roaring business that summer. We daubed signs all over the one charming little fishing village I had known as a kid. We even smeared some of the huge roofs with aluminum paint, advertising marine services and shore dinners — an atrocity, as I look back on it now!

We developed thousands of vacationers' films, learning all kinds of intimate secrets I had never before realized were seen by a photo-finisher. It was a wonder to me that more photo-finishers do not get tempted into blackmail schemes.

We did silk-screen paintings and sold them successfully. I drew carica-tures at fairs, one time almost getting thrashed by a customer with no sense of humor. Both Jack and I painted for fun and we held lengthy beer-and-bull sessions.

In the fall I returned to Pratt and plunged into the hard schedule of study plus all the free-lance art work I could get in order to eke out a liv-ing from our $90 per month from the Veterans' Administration.

The cleavage between the real art I was learning in some courses and the Marxist fakery and trash I had to pretend to do in others was begin-ning to tear me up inside. I quickly tired of playing 'jokes' on the teachers of this madness and humbuggery, once I learned it was so easy. I began to chafe at the dignity and distinction granted these phonies, alongside immortals like Durer, DaVinci, David and the other real masters. I taxed my brain endlessly to discover how they were able to get away with such monstrous fraud. It was grossly obvious! I had not yet learned that the authors of this kind of 'artistic' garbage, the promoters of this trash and, most important, the swindlers of public opinion in the press — the 'crit-ics' who gave credence to this incredible imposture — were, mostly Jews!

I learned that the grand-daddy of this vicious perversion of Western Art and Culture — Pablo Picasso — was not a Spaniard, as I had thought — but a Jew! That he was also a Communist, as I have since learned (he did the 'peace dove' for the Kremlin), I still did not know or suspect.

The mental struggle to understand this fraud drove me almost to distraction and I commenced to wonder if it were I who was out of line and unable to perceive the 'beauty' of these graphic catastrophes in which the human anatomy was ripped and torn into depictions which seemed horrible to me. I could see the beauty of modern architecture and advertising, but I could not see any beauty in the insane and purposeful forcing of monstrous ugliness in modern painting. I hated these things. I was pushed more and more by the administration of the school to bow down to what bred only disgust and disdain within me. It was impossible for me to hide my feelings completely and, although I didn't rebel openly, I was the leader of a small clique of dissidents and lovers of good drawing, design, etc., which was a thorn in the side of the school. They pressed harder and harder for conformity with the 'appreciation' for 'modern art' which was demanded.

Eventually, the conflict affected my work and I sought help. I went to the Brooklyn office of the V.A. and asked to take the aptitude tests, to see if perhaps I would make a better butcher or doctor than an artist. The results, they told me, showed that I had the best possible qualifications to be an artist. So I resolved to succeed in spite of my disgust at 'modern' painting, by sheer excellence of effort.

The National Society of Illustrators in New York, which included such greats as Norman Rockwell, Al Dorne, Fred Ludekens, Al Parker, et al., had offered a national prize of $1000 for the best commercial illustration of 1948. I entered a full-page scratchboard drawing illustrating an ad for the American Cancer Society in the New York Times. I paid no attention to the wild notions of 'modern' art, but made my work the ultimate of dramatic effect on the basic human emotions.

The entries were anonymous, so the judges did not know they were picking my work when they awarded my scratchboard job the first prize at Pratt. But when they found out the winner was the old-fashioned 'ugly-duckling', they did a lot of 'explaining' as to how I had actually used all the stuff they had been pushing at me — the stuff I consciously and purposely excluded from my mind. Then the art from all over the U.S.A. went to New York, with the young reactionary — me — representing ultra-modern Pratt!

Once again, plain old-fashioned principle and craftsmanship won out over the wildest and most novel 'modern' geniuses, I took first prize in the nation, and had a ball explaining to the newspapers that I did it, not because of the 'modern' stuff being shoved at Pratt, but in spite of it. Dean James Boudreaux, head of the school, called me in and asked me not to comment — it was getting too hard for him to explain. I received my $1000 check at a big reception attended by the New York greats of illustration and art, and this success enabled me to promote baby number two with my wife.

She agreed to give me another little Rockwell, in addition to my $1000, as prize. Our marriage was still nothing remarkable but it was a marriage, and seemed to be settling down to an institution. The first baby, Bonnie, had helped. We both loved her to pieces and I felt sure another — especially if it were a son would be the kind of cement we needed for a happy family.

My second year at Pratt I also learned about naked women. In the second year, figure classes work from the nude model, and during the first year our tongues fairly hung out for this unimaginable and lascivious experience. Lovely naked models parading in front of us to be looked at! What a prospect! Even though the ancient models are something less than 'lovely', it is still a bit of thrill the first time you sit with a group of clothed people and a lady steps forth on the stage in the altogether. But after two hours of it, the thrill is over — forever!

You learn that it is the human imagination, not reality, that makes nudity seem so unimaginably thrilling, and when you settle down to hard work, painting and thinking out your values, colors and planes, the model becomes no more than the pitchers, apples, drapes and bottles we painted the year before. Our grandfathers, as with so many things, had infinitely more sense about sex than we do today. They clothed women so completely and then piled on so much more, that by the time they got to the nakedness, their imaginations had enjoyed what is denied to us, who have no chance any more to imagine anything with bikini-clad females on view. The chance sight of a woman's ankle was a pleasure to them. For us to experience the same clandestine thrill today, it would be necessary for a woman to get arrested for total exposure.

Naked women, as Schopenhauer says, are dumpy-looking, and so far from the sylph-like creatures we imagine, that only the inexperienced could imagine that the constant sight of naked models would be exciting. At the risk of being accused of fruity tendencies, I must insist that, as a work of straight art, the well-muscled male figure is far superior to that of the blubbery-looking female. Only the sex instinct makes the suggestive curves of a female seem more beautiful — because they certainly are more exciting sexually.

I had begun to have considerable success with my commercial art work on a free-lance basis and learned the largely Jewish advertising techniques of the Madison Avenue jungle which are now serving me so well in smashing the Jewish 'silent treatment' or paper curtain.

From my experience of two years in Maine in the art field, I had discovered that there was need for an advertising agency in Maine. All the big companies — in need of agency services were going down to Boston, and at the same time, young Maine men with talent and ability in the advertising field could find no work in Maine and had to go to Boston. It seemed to me ridiculous that Maine customers wanting services and Maine artists, writers, etc., wanting to supply those services should both have to go down to Boston to get together. When I inquired about the possibility of starting such an advertising agency, I was told it had been tried a dozen times by experienced men and that it was impossible. It could not be done.

Since it could not possibly be done, I determined to do it. I could see no more sense in battling 'modern' art bugs at Pratt and had proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that I could learn more by myself in the working world of art than from these beatnik bohemians, so I left Pratt and skipped the last year of the course there. I went back up to Maine and started to work to set up an advertising agency in Portland.

The first step was to survey the existing field and see what material there might be to work with. I called on the Portland offices of the Sullivan Company, a big Boston agency, where I found a charming rake by the name of Al Bonney, a distant relative of the William Bonney who was otherwise known as "Billy the Kid". Al was captivated by the idea of launching our own agency and felt sure he could walk out with a good batch of local accounts. He had a cottage at the beach, where we 'hatched it' and roughed it well into the cold weather as we cooked up the great ideas and plans and worked ourselves into the necessary state of fanatical enthusiasm in order to survive such a wild and 'impossible' assault on the staid and stuffy world of Maine business. It occurred to us that it might be good to have some money as one of the ingredients of the venture, so we schemed to ensnare a young playboy whom Al knew from the local beer joints, and whose father was 'loaded'.

The young gentleman, Norton-Payson, scion of one of THE families of Maine, was invited down to the cottage for beering and talking and persuading sessions. Hours and hours, night after night, we worked to per- suade him that an advertising agency was the place for his genius and talents (and money, which we did not mention), but it was slow work, even with gallons of beer. He had a convertible and an easy life; and, with the iron conservatism of his family and Maine in general, he couldn't see much sense in the hair-raising schemes we outlined for getting started on a shoestring — his shoestring. He was a quiet, ex- tremely likeable guy, but stolid as a stone Buddha. It took us weeks to 'catch' him but finally we did it. The only trouble was, as we learned later, he caught us!

The company was formed as "Maine Advertising, Inc." at 53 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine. The capital was supplied by Payson, with equal shares to the three of us — Al and I signing notes to Norton for our shares, which were to be paid back out of profits. Payson's uncle man- aged the Jock Whitney estate in New York and his father's lawyers very kindly arranged the deal. I was president, Al Bonney was secretary and Norton was treasurer.

Al and I ran around and sold like mad, mostly from the imaginative ads which I sketched up and the customers liked better than those they had. We piled up a good batch of accounts and even sold clients space in Newsweek, an unheard of triumph for a Maine-based agency. But then we ran into serious trouble. The magazines and radio stations would not trust us, although we promised to pay when the clients paid us. Cash on the barrel-head was what they wanted, and cash was what we didn't have. But Norton did.

Within a matter of weeks, Norton's lawyers arranged another deal. Norton became head of the agency, with me the Art Director — on a salary in the back room — and Al out as a salesman! The Jews love to refer to this as one of my 'failures', but it was part of my apprenticeship for the job I now have, and a hard school it was. In so far as I got nothing out of it financially, I was a failure, but I did establish a successful agency in Maine — which "couldn't be done." It is there now, as Simonds Payson Company, the biggest in Maine, with huge clients like Bath Iron Works.

Because of my 'failure', young Maine men who formerly gave their talents and earnings and taxes to Massachusetts now have a wonderful opportunity to help their state grow and to bring up their families in a great state, while the clients themselves are serviced right on the spot by top talent. If this is a 'failure', then I hope the Nazi Party will also be such a 'failure', regardless of whether or not I personally 'get anything out of it.

Payson got into business with another man who was supposed to have a lot of advertising experience: Doug Fosdick of Lewiston. The production department was moved up there, which included me, the Art Director. My wife and Bonnie and I took a little apartment in the French Canadian city of Lewiston and I dug into the day-to-day grind of advertising agency work. Meanwhile, my 'complementary prize' for winning the illustration competition appeared. Little Nancy Rockwell was born in a Lewiston hospital and once again, we went through the routine of fighting off the breast-binders and pill-pushers.

I got my first introduction about this time to 'office politics'. Payson and Fosdick were frequently at loggerheads, and these two titans of finance often had us peasants upset over the insecurity of what was next. Such conditions inevitably produced intrigue and conniving among the growing staff — and how I hated it! I longed to devote myself to the creation and production of advertisements, and was doing pretty well at it, when the blow up came. Fosdick split off. We were all moved back to Portland.

The atmosphere in the office was now very different for me. Payson had become an important executive and businessman. He was unhappy with me too close, to remind him how he got started. I didn't mention this, of course, but it was inevitable that he would feel it himself. Al Bonney was eased out, and I could see that it was only a question of time before I, too, would find it simply too difficult to remain. My request for a raise from $75, as the company got more prosperous, was denied by Norton.

I resolved once more to launch a personal assault on the business world, this time for the benefit of my family and myself. Millions of tourists come annually to Maine, but there was no overall and reliable guide for these people as to what was going on, where, when, etc. I de-signed The Olde Maine Guide to fill this need and started working to get it out for the summer. In the meantime, to feed the family, I started a lit-tle radio guide, What Next?, which divided programs by type, a new idea at that time.

I sold my little ads successfully and got What Next? going very well, with people actually subscribing for money, a reaction I had not ex-pected. Then I got the ads sold for the Guide and managed to get it pub-lished all through the summer, even winning the endorsement of the Maine State Junior Chamber of Commerce. But the financial struggle to stay alive was deadly, and my family lived in a little cottage at Falmouth Foreside in the most heartbreaking poverty and misery.

It was in that little cottage that I first heard the voice and the words which eventually led to my present political career. One night I heard a man on the radio saying that there were Communists in the American State Department and all over our government; that there was great danger of subversion from the Communist Conspiracy right here in America! He said we had to learn about it and fight it!

I listened enthralled. I couldn't believe that there was such a man left in our government. In his voice there was courage and calm force. He did not sound like the pansies with the faint British accents (phony), which I had heard from Washington before. He spoke like a man and a leader!

Who was he? I waited impatiently to hear his name. Then they an-nounced it: Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin! I whooped and hollered for Joe McCarthy! It seemed like a voice from another planet — a wonderful, patriotic, American voice — a voice which almost seemed to come from inside myself.

But, much as I liked what I heard, it was no more than a very exciting passing thought at the time. I was deep in the business of surviving. As usual in my career, I was succeeding at something which needed badly to be done and winning the plaudits of the multitude, but not their dollars. My financial position was almost impossible and my wife was struggling under fearful conditions. Often we would have nothing to eat but a can of beans donated by Russ Edwards, a man who worked for me, but who also owned a small summer hotel nearby.

Nevertheless, the Guide was doing so well that I had been asked by businessmen in Boston to see about putting out a Guide down there. I was in Boston, discussing this possibility, when the news came that the Navy had recalled me to active duty because of the Korean War. I was ordered to San Diego, to report within ten days!

It was a blessing and a curse all at once. It meant the end of the terrible poverty, but it also meant the end of the business for which I had striven so hard and which was on the point of paying me a return. I had been recalled, I believe, mostly because there was a tremendous need in the Korean War for air support of the hard-pressed ground troops. That had been one of my specialties in World War II. The jump from nearstarvation to the pay of a flying Lieutenant Commander was a financial relief, if nothing else, so I prepared to report to the Navy for another war.

The horrible living conditions and the poverty of the last few months had almost wrecked what was left of my first marriage. My wife had taken the children to her grandmother's place in Hadlyme, Connecticut, so I went ahead, alone, to San Diego, which I thought was a mistake. So it was that I started off in 1950 with an almost new Nash and drove from Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California. As I did, I left behind forever my place as an ordinary American citizen. I was about to become a convinced Nazi in San Diego and start the career which has led me so far to embattled notoriety all over the earth, and which will one day place me at the head of millions of Americans who now imagine they hate me and all I stand for.

The shock of suddenly becoming an officer and a gentleman again, with cash in my pocket, was considerable. But that was nothing compared to the jolt of finding myself again in a hot little Navy fighter after five years of hardly seeing an airplane. No sooner had I arrived than I was given the hottest thing with a prop — an F8F Bearcat - and told to check out.

Of everything I have ever flown, the F8 is my all-time favorite. It will take off and go straight up like a rocket. It is all engine. In fact, the indi-vidual wings are smaller than the engine itself! You sit on the floor of the tiny cockpit, with your legs wrapped around the tiny hydraulic stick and the engine. It has so much power, you have to let it all out once in a while on a flight or the engine fouls up. It is like riding a lightning bolt. When you goose the throttle it goes! The fastest jet in the sky has not the acceleration and drive of that little bumble bee. The jets go a whole lot faster, but they never seem as fast or as hot. The F8 is the 'hot-rod' of the sky, and how I loved it! You can roll it around and around, going al-most straight up and tear up the sky like a tiger. It maneuvers so fast and so cute that you can beat anything in the air which tries to stay with you, including jets.

We used these deadly little hornets to train Marine and Navy pilots in the close air support of troops. We had perfected the techniques so well that we could work within fifty or a hundred yards of combat troops. To do it, we instructed our pilots to concentrate on map-reading, terrain identification and efficient communications. Half the time, we taught them in ground school classes at Coronado and the other half over at El Centro, where we rocketed and bombed all day in the desert. My spe-cialty was vision-training and search tactics. The commander of the Pa-cific Fleet Aircraft wrote me a special commendation for my methods, which helped hundreds of Navy and Marine pilots to chew up the Reds in Korea.

When I had been able to find and furnish a house, my wife, Bonnie and Nancy flew out to join me. Family life was resumed on a relatively happy note. The weather is almost too perfect in San Diego, so that we enjoyed countless picnics, outings and daily barbecues under our own orange tree in the back yard. I also decided to save money by raising our own chickens and purchased a flock of layers and hatched chicks to fry.

But this was also the time that General Douglas Mac Arthur was being summarily fired by the midget of history, Harry Truman, in the most humiliating manner; while Senator Joe McCarthy was belting away at the coterie of reds, queers and pinkos in Washington who were basically re-sponsible for the general's dismissal. I began to pay attention, in my spare time, to what it was all about. I read McCarthy's speeches and pamphlets and found them factual, not wildly nonsensical as the papers charged. I became aware of a terrific slant in all the papers against Joe McCarthy, although I still couldn't imagine why.

I had known and respected Douglas MacArthur, and we have since corresponded. I thought he would make the greatest president of the United States. When there was a campaign to get him the Republican nomination in 1950, I wanted to do what I could to help. I read a letter in The San Diego Union from a woman who lamented that no one would help her get a MacArthur rally going, so I called the lady, whose name I have forgotten, and offered what help I could give. She was very grateful and invited me to her little cottage where she lived in retirement with her husband. I started to tell her all the things I thought could be done, but she smiled with a patient, sad smile and stopped me.

"No," she said, "you can't get a hall so easily, even if you pay. They won't rent one!"

"What do you mean?" I blurted. "Who won't rent one?"

She looked queerly and quizzically at her husband, clearly asking him with her eyes about something. He just shook his head.

"Who won't rent you a hall?" I repeated, looking from him to her.

She took a deep breath, looking pained, and said, "The Jews."

"The Jews!" I exclaimed. "What have the Jews got to do with it? What do they care whether you get a hall or not?"

"They hate MacArthur!" she said, and started to say something else when I interrupted her.

"Hate him? That's silly! I suppose some of them do, but certainly not all of them, and certainly none of them hate him enough to stop you from hiring a hall for a MacArthur rally!"

She took another deep breath, looking hurt. "It's true," she said. "They all hate him! Look at this, for instance." She handed me a copy of The California Jewish Voice. There it was: "MacArthur Approaches: Hitler Enters the Chancellory!" The paper went on to rave about how General MacArthur was a threat, another potential Hitler! I couldn't believe it.

"That's only one paper!" I countered. "It's probably just an extremist sheet. I'm sure the Jews don't imagine MacArthur is really another Hitler!"

She showed me another Jewish paper. Its tone was more dignified, but same message was there. She showed me still other Jew papers. In most of them were vile pictures of Joe McCarthy, terrible charges against him and MacArthur and unmistakable venom for both these men.

This is the experience which awaits every honest American, but is usually hard to come by, as might be imagined. I had suddenly been exposed to a whole secret world which the average American never even imagines and never sees: the world of the Jews. In the same Jewish Voice I saw the headlines by the editor, Sammy Gach: "Thank God!" -- the day the Soviet Union got the A-bomb!

I saw hundreds of similarly treasonable items, but our people are too insulated and easy-going to look into this Jewish press. Sooner or later, no matter how long the average American is kept in the dark or keeps himself in the dark by imagining that discovering treason against his country and people is 'bigotry', he will find the naked evidence of this unified, alien, fanatical Jewish world in the midst of his own people — implacable, hateful, spiteful, bitter and diabolically clever at appearing to be only a persecuted religious group.

The whole thing, however, still didn't register with me. It was too fantastic. I felt sure there was some misrepresentation, somehow. But the lady gave me some books and papers to take home to study and I left.

When I got home, I looked at the first paper. It was called Common Sense and the headline was "Red Dictatorship by 1954!" I figured right away that I had found the source of this monstrous 'Jewish scare' which the lady had told me about. The story was all about a Jewish world plot and I couldn't finish reading it. It seemed too silly and disgusting for an intelligent man to waste his time on. But in the few lines I did read, Common Sense gave what it claimed were startling "facts" about the jewishness of Communism and the 'Russian' Revolution. It listed as the sources of some of these unbelievable facts, The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia and various official U.S. Government documents.

This seemed like an excellent opportunity to spike such a fantastic idea as that of Communism being Jewish and I decided to check out these supposed "facts". I went over to the San Diego Public Library in Balboa Park and dug around in the volumes mentioned in Common Sense. Down there in the dark stacks of the library, I got my awakening from thirty years of stupid political sleep, the same deadly sleep now closing the eyes of our people and making them cooperate with their enemies in their own destruction — all in the name of 'good citizenship', 'brotherhood' and all the rest of the shibboleths of 'nice' people — the same hypnotic sleep which we are breaking up with our calculated and dramatic Nazi tactics!

I found that Communism was not only Jewish, but the Jews boasted about its Jewishness in their own books and papers! Rabbi Stephen Wise, for instance, the acknowledged leader of American Jewry for many years, openly and arrogantly laid claim to the Jewish nature of the Communist doctrines with his oft-repeated statement in regard to the Jewish religion: "Some call it Communism; I call it Judaism!"

I found, in unimpeachable documents and intelligence studies by our own U.S. Government that the Russian Revolution was not 'Russian' at all, but almost wholly led by Jews! In the Overman Report to President Wilson, for instance, it said: "...out of 388 members of the first Soviet Government, sitting in the Old Smolny Institute in Petrograd, 371 were Jews and 267 of these Jews were from the Lower East Side of New York City" ! Not even Russian Jews, but New York Jews!

I learned, from the article called "Khazars" in The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia, published by Jews, that most Jews are not even Semites or descendants of the Hebrew people of Palestine, and thus of Christ's people, but mostly the descendants of a semi-oriental tribe in central Russia called "Khazars" or "Chazars", whose king, Bulaban, in the sixth century after Christ, ordered his people en masse to become "Jews". I discovered that these 'Jews', called 'Ashkenazim' in the 'trade', as distinguished from the real, Semitic Jews, called 'Sephardim', constitute the bulk and the leadership of the people we call "Jews". It is swarms of these 'Khazars', with their oriental heritage, who are pushing us around, forcing integration on us, degrading our culture with their filthy 'art' of chaos and pornography and, worst of all, spreading the disease of Communism — all the while hiding in the robes of the Jewish 'religion'.

I went on to find, in old copies of The New York journal American, that Jacob Schiff, then head of the gigantic financial empire called "Kuhn, Loeb & Company" and grandfather of the woman who now owns the super-left-wing New York Post, "...sank over twenty million dollars in the Russian Revolution", financing another Jew, Bronstein, alias Trotsky, in the murder of the masses of Christian and anti-Communist White Russians!

Most surprising and revealing of all was the often invisible connection between a seemingly pure Gentile Communist and the inevitable Jew, lurking just behind. Lenin, not a Jew, was married to Krupskaya, a Jewess. Stalin, also not a Jew, was married to the sister of Lazar Kaganovitch — Rose, a Jewess. Stalin's son married another Jewess and it turns out that Khruschev was the protege of this same Jew, and married another Jewess in the Kaganovitch family!

The pattern was the same in the United States: Alger Hiss, a non-Jew, was the protege of Felix Frankfurter, a Jew, of course. Elizabeth Bentley was the mistress of Jacob Golos, supposed to be a 'Russian', but actually another Jew. Fredrick Vanderbilt Field, the Gentile millionaire Communist, again, was married to a Jewess. Whittaker Chambers, another Gentile Communist (who recanted), married to still another Jewess!

In the satellite countries, it was the same. More Jews! Even that sacred 'friend of America', Tito, is the protege of Moise Pijade, another Khazar Jew, who does the 'suggesting' for the strutting Mr. Tito.

In the U.S.A., the F.B.I. was catching hordes of Jew spies: Rosenberg, Greenglas, Soble, Coplin, Moskowitz, Weinbaum, Fuchs, Golos — the names — alone were unmistakable, although some were changed, as in the case of John Gates, editor of The Daily Worker, whose real name turned out to be Israel Regenstreif! But the pictures of these camel-like faces were more than enough to identify these Jew spies!

Out of forty-one workers with Communist records at our secret radar laboratories in Fort Monmouth, thirty-nine turned out to be Jews! Out of fifteen Americans convicted of espionage for the Soviet Union since 1946, thirteen were Jews. Out of twenty-one convicted of Communist conspiracy to destroy the U.S. Government by illegal force and violence, eighteen were Jews. When the F.B.I. nabbed the "Second-string Politburo" of seventeen, fourteen of the traitors were identified as Jews! Out of the "Hollywood Ten" who took the Fifth Amendment when asked if they were Communists, nine were Jews!

I looked into The Daily Worker and found the atmosphere to be strictly 'kosher'. There were touching "In Memory of" ads to "Our dear Mother" from Bernie, Abie, Izzy and Nathan Ginzberg; notices of picnics at "Weinbaum's lovely Grove", etc.

In Russia, where I had understood anti-Semitism was running rampant, I found the Jews boasting that the head of Soviet propaganda was a Jew: Ilya Ehrenburg! With all the Jews being caught red-handed as Red spies, is it surprising that the Jew, Ehrenburg, head of Soviet propaganda, wishes to spread the idea that the Communists are "anti-Jewish"?

Even in Japan and China, I found the early planters of the Communist seeds were Jewish. In Japan there was an Anna Rosenberg, and guess who turned up in China as advisor to Sun Yat Sen? Good old George Sokolsky, our 'conservative' columnist!

To an intelligent man, the facts were undeniable. They might be explainable, but they were simply undeniable. Communism was Jewish! And the Jews in the United States were almost unanimous in their venomous hatred and suppression of anybody who so much as asked about this fact. Even noticing the number of Jewish Communists and race-mixers brought the unfortunate victim an hysterical campaign against him as a "hate-monger"! The same people who screamed the loudest for 'academic freedom' to preach Communism were the ones who were most merciless in their campaign of suppression against anyone wishing to discuss the Jews in anything but the most fulsome and disgusting praise. The Jews were unanimous in hating McCarthy and MacArthur, with one or two negligible exceptions — which I later found were planned so there would be exceptions, such as Joe McCarthy's "Rabbi" Shultz.

I found this exciting, interesting and frightening, but also very depressing. Far down in my soul I could feel the cold dread of our fate, if what seemed to be going on was going on. I, too, had been brought up never to say the word "Jew" right out, but always "Jewish person" or "person of the Jewish faith", because of what the Bible calls "fear of the Jews." I could imagine the result of my own temperament and my reaction to a challenge if I were to find out that there really was a Jewish plot against my country and my people!

I went back to the papers and books the lady had given me and read them carefully. The tone of the articles, in most cases, repelled me. They were loose in their charges, poorly gotten up, and full of rabid sensationalism, but they kept revealing new pearls of fact, which I found checked out. And when I put all the facts together as best I could, there was no question about it: There was a Jewish plot of some kind or another and it definitely involved Communism and moral subversion.

I went back to the lady and we talked some more, with me doing the listening this time. She was mixed up and confused in many ways, but she knew there were dark forces at work to destroy her country and our White people, and she had the fundamental ideas right. She asked me if I wanted to go hear a man named Gerald L.K. Smith. I remembered the name vaguely, as some kind of horrible radical or other. But she said he was a great American patriot and a great speaker, and gave me a ticket to a speech he was making in Los Angeles.

I was afraid to go, since I was in the Navy, and the whole thing seemed so wild and radical and dangerous. I went to the F.B.I. office and asked to see an agent. I was ushered into a private little chamber and seated opposite a handsome, Nordic-looking man. I told him about Smith and asked if it would be all right to go to his lecture.

"Yes, if you don't participate," he said.

So I went to the speech, and what a thing that was! Few Americans today have ever heard an orator. They have heard talks, speeches, even ravings, perhaps, but it is doubtful they have ever heard an old-fashioned, roof-lifting, earth-shaking, soul-shattering oration. Gerald Smith is the master to end all masters of the human voice. Whatever else he may be, he can seize you by the lapels of your soul, jerk you out of your seat and hold you helpless and spellbound as long as he wants. He does not just roar and bellow. He whispers, he sighs, he wheezes, he coos; then he blasts with the power of a locomotive roaring through a tunnel. He laughs, he cries, he howls, he cajoles, he mimics, he screams, he begs, he goes back to whispering, sneers, leers, yells, bursts into hysterical laughter, then whimpers some heart-rending bit which leaves you limp.

I sat in the balcony, literally on the edge of my seat. If Smith had said suddenly, "Jump!" — I think I would have done it.

I have not heard him for almost ten years, now and he is perhaps losing his steam. He will have nothing to do with me any more and hides under an assumed name in the Congressional Hotel when he comes to Washington, D.C. But he is still the grandest master of the spoken word alive today, and I would walk twenty miles to hear him again.

But it was not just the way he spoke which captivated me — it was what he said. When you peeled away all the emotional overtones of his speech, and got down to the raw meat, you found the basic elements of recognizable truth, beautifully put together to show, at last, the clear pattern of what it is the Jews are trying to do with their conspiracy.

He had books for sale, among them The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. These I studied carefully. The Jews howl bitterly that they are a forgery, but this is as irrelevant as claiming that a man did not commit a murder with one particular knife, but another knife altogether. It matters not which knife was used. The fact is that somebody did a murder. The Protocols, first put in the British Museum at the turn of the century, long before World War I or II, set forth with horrible clarity exactly what some group would bring about in the way of world wars, inflations, depressions and moral subversions; how they would do it and to whom they would do it.

Sixty years later, not one word has failed of fulfillment exactly as set forth in The Protocols, if they are "forged", then it was done by a genius who knew exactly what the Jews of the world would do for sixty years, with not partial, but perfect accuracy. The Protocols alone, of all knowledge on this earth, give one the power to predict successfully historical events, as I have been able to do since studying them. A theory which enables scientific, calculated prediction is not the mark of a fraud, but always the mark of a realistic theory.

Henry Ford Sr. said of The Protocols, thirty years ago, that they were being ruthlessly fulfilled, which was enough proof for him of their genuineness. Adolf Hitler ten years later said the same thing. Any man who takes the trouble to read these astounding documents will find the same thing. If they were not written by a Jew, they were written with devilish accuracy about the Jews. They enabled humanity, for the first time, to understand what before seemed impossible chaos. All the chaos, the mad 'art', the Communism, the moral filth, the control of the press and entertainment, the development of world wars, the insane setting of la- bor against capital and vice versa — all these things become calculated elements of a steadily-progressing plan by a nation or race, masquerad- ing throughout the world as a 'religion' in order to accomplish this awful work of destruction under the cover of 'religious tolerance'.

When history is examined, we find this nation steadily and surely pro- gressing toward its goal as "God's Chosen People", who are destined to quietly conquer and subdue the world under the bloody, old-testament despotism of the "King of Zion".

As I researched into the subject of Zionism, I found the Jews not even bothering to cover up this aim of world domination. With the most mon- umental disdain for the boobs they call goyim (non-Jews), they openly declare that they spurned offers of much better national "homes" for the Jews than Palestine; places where it would not have been necessary to exile and make homeless a million helpless Arabs, but the Jews arro- gantly demand Palestine "because it is the center of the world" ! Not be- cause it is a biblical promise, but because it is the cross- roads of all the earth between three continents, and their chosen seat of eventual world power.

I am aware as I write this of the outrage upon reason of such state- ments. I myself suffered this outrage when I first considered or heard of the ideas. But I can assure the reader that I would not lightly set these things forth in such a permanent thing as a book, which will be around a long time to haunt me if I am frivolous or in error. For ten years, now, since I read The Protocols, I have observed the world not going of its own accord, but being steadily and inexorably pushed down the exact paths set forth in these supposed "forgeries" written more than half a century ago. With the election of Kennedy now almost sure, as I write this, The Protocols are rapidly approaching total and final fulfillment.

Wide awake now, after reading and studying all I could, I began to think realistically for the first time in my life, instead of according to the slogans to which I had been trained since babyhood; slogans I had never even thought to question, such as "you mustn't judge people by groups, but only as individuals."

When you come to think of it, the latter is madness! We sank German, Jap and Italian subs during the war without asking which ones of the crew were Nazis, Militarists or Fascists. We sank them all. I hated Roosevelt, but the Japs and Germans were not too careful about shooting at me, along with the New Dealers who were so anxious to get into the war.

When you see a nun, you do not inquire as to the health of her kids, nor do you invite 86-year-old men on a parachute jumping party, even though a few of such age, like Bernard MacFadden, may sometimes do such things. You might fairly expect a Chinaman in a small town to be in the laundry or restaurant business, and a Sicilian member of the Mafia to be mixed up in some kind of crime. Nor is it sensible to insist that skirts are not an indication of females, just because Scotsmen are found in skirts, too, although they are called "kilts". Nobody would be considered mad for presuming a member of the Ku Klux Klan to be a racist, nor a member of the Americans for Democratic Action to hate the Klan. By the same token, simply because we base our views on the weight of previous evidence, we are not crazy or 'hate-mongers' when we presume that any given, unknown Jew is a Zionist or a Communist. The probability that he is one of the two and at least sympathetic to Communism is overwhelming.

About the only way we can and do judge people, until we get to know them extremely well, is by the group to which they belong. If that group has proved over a long period of time, by its actions, that it is hostile to us, it is not 'hate' or 'bigotry' to consider unknown members of that group also hostile, unless and until we learn differently about the particular member who is an exception to the rule.

The Jews have calculatingly deprecated this utterly necessary rule of daily living and cultivated the opposite, insane idea that we must presume every individual to be a 'blank', no matter what the evidence of his being a cannibal or a Sicilian or an Irishman or a Swede, all in order to keep people from noticing that a devilish lot of Jews are Communists and therefore traitors!

Once one has realized that the Jews are not just a religious group' and a pitiful, persecuted one at that — but a racial and nationalistic group in our midst — then one can see the obvious fact that most of the individual members of this group can be expected to be certain things, namely, Communists, Zionists and race-mixers. This does not mean, of course, that all of the group must be a certain thing, any more than all Germans are Nazis and all Italians are Catholics.

The Jew-Communist-Zionist-traitor situation is much like that of the Mafia. Everybody knows that the Mafia is mostly Italians and mostly gangsters, but that does not mean that all Italians are gangsters or all gangsters are Italian. On the other hand, the principle the Jews want to suppress is that a member of the Mafia is probably an Italian and proba- bly a gangster. Only madmen would put a member of the group called "Mafia" in charge of their police department. Yet, this is exactly what the United States has 'strangely' done with its deadly atomic and hydrogen bomb. From Lillienthal to Strauss, we have put almost nobody else but Jews in charge of atomic weapons and programs, although Jews have constituted over 80% of our atomic spies and Communists! Lillienthal, Oppenheimer, Teller, Strauss, Rickover, LeMay, Isadore Rabi, etc. — al- ways more of the same deadly pattern. We are not to judge Jews as a group, although their group is somehow always in control of the key spots!

As Winston Churchill pointed out, the driving power and leadership of the Marxist forces is Jewish, and most Jews are at least sympathetic to Communism in one form or another, and they cover-up for Communists by screaming "hate-monger" at real anti-Communists. But by no means are all Jews Communists, nor are all Communists Jews. The scientific truth is simply that, on the basis of undeniable statistics, an unknown Jew is probably, but not certainly, pro-Marxist, whether he be a Commu- nist, Trotskyite or just a race-mixing liberal.

As I studied and thought my way further into the chaos of our national madness, I began to wonder why we had gone to war on the side of the Bolsheviks who had openly bragged for a hundred years of their plans to destroy us by force and violence, lies and subversion; while we com- pletely wrecked Christian Germany, which never had a single highly -placed spy in our country and no practical chance of conquering the world, as I had believed they were trying to do. I wondered about Adolf Hitler and the Nazis. I had learned he was right about the Jews. It might be worth reading his book to see if he had anything else right, too.

I hunted around the San Diego book shops and finally found a copy of Mein Kampf, hidden away in the rear. I bought it, took it home and sat down to read. And that was the end of Lincoln Rockwell as the 'nice guy', the dumb 'Goy' and the beginning of an entirely different person.

Mein Kampf was like finding part of me. Chaos and disorder and mental 'grayness' are immensely frustrating to me and I had suffered for years trying to fathom the bottomless philosophical, social and political mess in the world and the even messier explanations offered by religions and sociology. Over and over I had said to myself, "There must be some sense, some logical causal relationship between social and political facts as to how they got that way!" But no person, no book, nor my own mind had been able to discover head or tail to these things. I simply suffered from the vague, unhappy feeling that things were 'wrong', without knowing exactly how and that there must be a way of diagnosing the 'disease' and its causes, and making intelligent, organized efforts to correct that 'something wrong'.

In Mein Kampf I found abundant 'mental sunshine' which bathed all the gray world suddenly in the clear light of reason and understanding. Word after word, sentence after sentence stabbed into the darkness like lightning bolts of revelation, tearing and ripping away the cobwebs of more than thirty years of darkness; brilliantly illuminating the heretofore obscure reasons for the world's madness.

I was transfixed, hypnotized. I could not lay the book down without agonies of impatience to get back to it. I read it walking to the squadron, I took it into the air and read it, propped up on the chartboard, while I automatically gave the instructions to the other planes circling over the desert. I read it on the Coronado Ferry. I read it into the night and resumed the next morning. When I had finished, I started again and reread every word, underlining and marking especially magnificent passages. I studied it, thought about it and wondered at the utter, indescribable genius of it.

How could the world not only ignore such a book, but damn it and curse it and hate it, and pretend that it was a plan for 'conquering' the world, when it was the most obvious and rational plan for saving the world which has ever been written? Had nobody read it, I wondered, that people went around saying it was the work of a mad "rug-chewer"?

How could sensible people get away with such monstrous intellectual fraud? Why was it so hated and cursed? I could see why the Jews would hate and curse it, but why my own people?

I reread and studied it some more. Slowly, bit by bit, I began to understand. I realized that National Socialism, the iconoclastic world-view of Adolf Hitler, was the doctrine of scientific, racial idealism, actually, a new 'religion' for our times. I saw that I was living in the age of a new world-view. Two thousand years ago there had been a similar rise of a new approach or world-view, called a 'religion'; a world-view which shook and changed the world forever.

I realized that this new and wonderful doctrine of scientific truth applied ruthlessly to man himself, as well as to Nature and inanimate matter, and that it was the only thing which could save man from his own degradation in luxury, self-seeking short-sightedness and racial degeneration. The doctrine of Adolf Hitler was the new 'Christianity' of our times, and Adolf Hitler himself was the new 'savior', sent by inscrutable Providence recurrently to rescue a collapsing humanity.

Hitler's and Germany's 'crucifixion' was all according to the inevitable workings of this unknowable Scenarist. Even the eleven hanged disciples in Nurnburg were not without significance! The most hated and dreaded idea two thousand years ago was Christianity, and the most hated and cursed man on earth was Jesus Christ. His followers were bitterly persecuted and murdered by the 'good', 'sensible' people who could see that anybody in his right mind recognized Rome and the Empire as the solid, substantial reality. I realized that today's Marxist-Democratic world is another sprawling 'Roman Empire', and today's Nazis the early 'Christians'. What is going on is far more than a battle for political supremacy in the present social and political situation, it is the utter smashing and destruction of a society which has become so rotten that it will tolerate and even love its own Marxist destroyers, just as it hates, despises and fears the slowly-growing Nazi society which will replace it. Such mighty, awesome thoughts come to a man but once in a lifetime, if ever, and when they do, that man changes for all time.

At once, a great weight lifted off my soul. I knew that I had found my way to the sun at last and the days of mental darkness, searching and endless frustration were over. But at the same time, an immensely heavy burden replaced it, but in a different, even satisfying way. I knew that I had to, I must do what I could, to spread the new and wonderful idea and secure its victory in the collapsing world — no matter what it cost me, or even if I were to become a 'failure' to be 'fed to the lions' in the 'Colosseum'.

I was as sure then as I am now that it will be done. Nothing can stop the victory of what is now a historical necessity, determined by events beyond our control. The Marxists have pretended that they too are historically determined, but they are out of time-phasing. They were fated to rise to the top, and they have. They have had their victory. Now it is all over, no matter how mighty and terrifying their power and their 'Roman Empire' may appear to be.

Today, they are in the Kremlin and the White House, wearing different masks to be sure, but nevertheless grinding the whole world under the brutal heel of the Marxist doctrines of "mass" and "equality" and racial defilement. Their 'Roman Legions', of which I was so long a part, march and destroy everything which dares oppose them. They 'crucify' the whole German Nation and the daring apostles of the Great Man when they speak one word about his genius. But the Marxists themselves have spoken their funeral oration when they said that each thing contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. They, too, are victims of this perfectly valid law and their destruction is now ready to burst from within themselves in a furious catastrophe. Even their 'legions' are disintegrating under their own Marxist race-mixing doctrines.

WE are the new 'barbarians', forged to iron-hardness in the fires of their hate and persecution. All over the world, we wait to pounce on the arrogant, strutting 'emperors' of Marxism when they have over-extended themselves just a little bit more. They can shore up their confidence with the belief that National Socialism is 'dead', that they are on the march to final 'world revolution' and Jewish mastery of the world under their King of Zion — whether they call him "Commissar", "Secretary General of the U.N." or "Premier of Israel". I know today that there are millions of us, everywhere. Nothing can stop us!

But in 1951, I felt alone with my Book and my inspiration. I did not - even know any 'conservatives', let alone Nazis. And I dared not mention the subject openly to anyone. Even to my wife I did not betray the truth:

That I had become an all-out NAZI, worshipful of the greatest mind of two thousand years — ADOLF HITLER!

Chapter VIII

Living from day to day when you are on fire with a gigantic idea is not only hard on you, but on those who must live with you. The rest of the time in San Diego, I was a loving, but hard-to-understand husband. I cared nothing for the eternal cocktail parties of the Navy set and ruined those I did attend by turning them into McCarthy rallies. I read and studied every spare minute and my wife had a hard time promoting a few evenings out to dinner, etc. I tried to apply my writing and drawing talents to sneaky attempts to push The Idea, and came up with The Ducks and the Hens, which has been stolen wholesale and reprinted all over the world by some of the very people who disdained it when I offered it back in those days. One of these individuals is Ron Gostick of Canada who preaches that I am a Communist agent-provocateur.

In spite of my preoccupation with politics, I was well-liked in the squadron and we had many 'good times', as the beer and blab sessions are called. I tried mightily to control my desire to 'McCarthyize' everybody I met, but I am sure I seemed pretty odd to a lot of officers and their wives who ran into me in the alcoholic haze which suffused these cocktail parties.

The crushing ignorance of even the 'best-informed people' concerning the terrific ideological struggle going on all around them — the battle for the life or death of the Western and Christian Civilization in which they lived — appalled me beyond words. From admirals to presidents, bankers to butchers; all of them, I discovered, accepted words and slogans in place of facts, just as The Protocols had so coldly calculated! Whatever was repeated over and over in 'reputable sources' like The New York Times, Harpers, Life, etc. or by oracles like Edward R. Murrow, was simply IT.

Any attempt to question the 'holy dogmas' of 'Democracy' and 'Brotherhood', no matter how overwhelming the argument or the facts, was greeted as just short of treason against America. Although I often heard the 'emancipated' and 'liberal' wives of important men use filthy language at cocktail parties, — these same women would recoil in horror at the words "race" or "McCarthy"! And, although, our Nation is supposed to be a Republic, not a Democracy, as pushed by the liberals and pinkos and Jews, any demonstration of the similarity between so-called "Democracy" in America and the same product with the same name in Communist countries was attacked by these 'advanced thinkers' with all guns blazing! I could not even get the men I considered intelligent and open-minded to so much as discuss these forbidden subjects, even though they would talk knowingly about 'the battle for men's minds', one of the stock slogans emanating from 'the best sources'.

I began to despair of my fellow human beings ! I felt like a sheep being herded to the slaughterhouse who had suddenly discovered what was ahead and was trying desperately and vainly to get my fellow sheep to realize what was happening and what had happened to our fellow sheep in Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany and a dozen other Soviet slaughterhouses ! But they were either too busy nibbling the luxuriant grass in the pasture or too scared of the intellectual sheepdogs snapping at their heels to pay any attention. It just made them angry to be forced to think about such a nasty, 'controversial' subject.

Somehow, in spite of the emotional and intellectual cataclysm within me, I managed to go about the business of living with some success and greatly enjoyed my family life. Little Phoebe Jean Rockwell was born in the San Diego Naval Hospital and the five of us made a fairly 'normal' family. There were the marital battles which I found to be 'usual' in most 'modern' marriages. I moved into the Bachelor Officers' Quarters once and prepared to get a divorce, but somehow, we kept patching things up. I hated the very idea of divorce as much as almost anything in the world, having been brought up in the middle of one, and still hate even the word. I dearly loved and love my kids. They worshiped me, too, and I was willing to suffer almost anything to try to keep the family together, but in 1952 I got orders to report to Norfolk, Virginia, for further assignment, so the family had to be uprooted.

We made the transcontinental trip in our Nash with the sleeper-seats. All five of us slept in the car, with the baby on the floor in the front. The whole family enjoyed it hugely, as we meandered across the United States, camping in the magnificent National Parks, sight-seeing every-where and devouring the indescribable glories of this beloved America. I made it a point to go through Appleton, Wisconsin, Joe McCarthy's hometown, and practically worshiped the ground where this great Amer-ican grew up and lived.

When we got to Norfolk, I walked into the Navy assignment office while the wife and kids waited outside in the car, anxious to learn our 'fate'. Where would my next duty be? My 'sentence' sounded fatal: Ice-land! I had hardly heard of the place, I imagined, like most people, that it was a land of polar bears, ice and Eskimo. Worst of all, I knew it would be an impossible strain on our already creaking marriage. Families were not permitted in Iceland and the minimum 'sentence' to this outpost was one year!

Although I protested weakly, Judy decided to move right next to her mother in Barrington, Rhode Island, so I duly deposited her and the kids with her mother. Then I went to Westover Air Force Base in Massachu-setts to catch a plane to Iceland — the end of the world!

When I arrived, I found the base at Keflavik (pronounced "kep-la-veek", in spite of the "f") a little more civilized and a little less icy than I had imagined, but not much. There are a few dozen stunted trees in the whole of Iceland, but none within thirty miles of the huge and utterly barren U.S. air base. The Gulf Stream runs around one end of the island and the icy, Arctic currents sweep around the other, so that the extreme difference in temperatures regularly produces winds of over a hundred miles an hour. These gales roar across the volcanic ash and bare ground of Keflavik out of the Atlantic Ocean, unopposed.

I was detailed as executive officer of a fleet aircraft service squadron equipped with patrol bombers. Our working squadron area consisted of a few Quonset huts and the rudest possible facilities. We had only half of an old World War II hangar in which to work on our planes, the other half being crammed with old jeeps and trucks, so the men had to work and live in the bitter arctic weather much of the time. It is dark almost all winter and the wild wind, the sweeping, stinging, freezing rain along with the eternal darkness are infinitely depressing. It is not cold, but actually warmer on the average than Norfolk, because of the Gulf Stream; however, the duty up there at Keflavik is as close to a prison sentence as you can get outside the walls. There were consolations however. Liquor was unbelievably cheap — a dollar or two for quarts of the best stuff — and women were something else altogether. They were and are beautiful! They are the purest of Nordics, with perfectly handsome faces, lovely figures and charming dispositions. The social customs of Iceland are particularly entrancing to visiting males in this respect, as sex is not the sternly-regulated affair it is everywhere else. The attitude in Iceland is pretty much that sex is like hunger or thirst. When you are hungry, you eat. When you are thirsty, you drink, and when you feel like sex in Iceland, you satisfy this need, too.

Many couples just move in together, not bothering about formalities unless a child appears. Even then the wife does not take her husband's name, and the children take only their father's first name plus "son" or "dottir" (daughter). And even after formalities, instant divorce by mutual consent is available. Further, either party can 'ditch' the other simply upon demand, without proceedings and without any cause — a horrible situation for a loving spouse and parent, as I have learned to my own anguish.

There were few unavailable girls at the airport. Most of them worked for the administration one way or the other, but none of them ever realized that they could make money other ways. They were having too much fun being generous. In fact, unbelievable as it may be, one of my officers almost got murdered by a very pretty little girl, for kicking her out of his bed.

She had spent long hours with him before she was turned out into the snow — so he could get some rest for a morning hop. She did not like being sent away, so she went and 'borrowed' a .45 from a sergeant she 'knew' in another barracks, stuck it through the window of the lieutenant's room and started shooting. He and the other two officers in the hut scrambled madly, first to get out of the way and then to catch and disarm her. The squadron dentist, a Jew, by the way, hid in the closet during this 'fire-fight' and the boys had endless fun afterwards at the Jew's expense — not without justice. In the lieutenant's fitness report, I could not resist reporting that he was cool and courageous under "combat conditions" and "heavy fire", which raised eyebrows back in Washington, D.C.

It was not at all unusual for girls to take their boyfriends home and upstairs with the tacit knowledge and understanding of the folks. One ensign even lived with his girl and her folks for months, only moving out when she got pregnant.

Parties at the base were more like orgies, with all the free liquor and the even freer girls. I am sorry to say that many of our top, most senior officers succumbed to the enormous temptations of all this and conducted themselves in the most disgraceful and un-officer like manner. An Army commander, for instance, seduced and betrayed, not one of the cheap girls at the base, but the daughter of one of the best families in Iceland, in the most shameful and dishonorable manner. A Navy captain publicly 'shacked up' with a divorcee in his quarters and drove her around in his big Navy sedan. The whole atmosphere at Keflavik International Airport was evil and unwholesome, depressing and disgusting.

I reacted by almost total asceticism. There was no half-way about it, as could be seen all around me. I refused to touch a drop of liquor. I went to only those parties which my position in the squadron demanded. I ran over a mile a day and exercised to keep in condition and I devoted myself wholly to study, thinking and writing.

After two months or so, the Navy decided to send me back to the States to visit a big 'Fasron' to get some ideas for the improvement of our work. I was ordered to Quonset Point in Rhode Island, only a few miles from my family, for two weeks.

When I arrived, I found what I had feared. My wife picked me up at the airport at Westover and promptly informed me that she had learned to be "independent", which was certainly true. It was like coming back from the Pacific all over. She took me to the lovely little apartment she had gotten, and I tried to imagine that it was good to be 'home', but there was no overcoming Judy's new 'independence'.

There were scenes over my giving orders to my own kids. There were scenes about whether or not to open the windows. There were scenes about whether I should "bother" her with kisses while she tried to "get things done". There were groans about me taking the car to work at

Quonset, now that she drove and was used to having the car. It was a generally uncomfortable, difficult and unhappy visit. She made it endlessly plain that I was a 'fly in the ointment'. She wanted to run the place alone. I "spoiled everything", as she put it.

I must, of course, take 'credit' for not being a thoughtful husband in San Diego and not being a good provider before that. But there was not much sense in her actions on this visit. She had simply gotten to enjoy her status as head of the household and possessor of the car, without any husband 'under foot' - and she was unhappy with me there. I slept on the couch. When it came time for me to report to Westover to fly back to Iceland, her relief was painfully obvious, and when I got the word that the flight was postponed and would not go for a few more days, her reaction was: "Jesus! More?"

I was hurt, deeply and miserably. Then I found out that she was also angry at me for being still in my own 'home' when she had arranged for a visit from her Aunt Polly and a cowboy with whom the aunt was living. I got out and went to Westover, where I suffered utter loneliness and misery for three or four days in the barracks, only a few miles from my wife and dear little children. She never called.

Back in Iceland, I redoubled my dedication to asceticism, my studies and my writing. There seemed to be nothing else. I banished the agony of losing my family in the hardest kind of mental and physical exercise. I became interested in the culture and history of Iceland, and in particular, the racial purity of the Icelandic people.

The officers living in the quarters used to get together and hire Icelandic girls to clean up, make the beds and do the housekeeping, and the girl in the quarters to which I was assigned used to bring a crew of her little brothers and sisters and sometimes a girlfriend to help her. She would not only give orders to these other Icelanders in Icelandic, but also make what I was sure were all kinds of remarks about Americans in general and, when she felt like it, me, in particular. With the curiosity my father taught me and the consequent interest in everything, I resolved to learn Icelandic, at least well enough to surprise this sassy young Icelandic maid some day.

I had long ago, when forced to study French in high school, come to the conclusion that languages are 'difficult' to learn for adults because of the way they are taught in school - mostly because you do not concern yourself just with the language, the way you learned to speak English - by speaking it - but you must also learn a whole mess of artificial garbage called "grammar" and rules. I reasoned that it made no difference how many mistakes I made, so long as I could learn quickly to communicate, which is the basic purpose of a language; first, by learning a small basic vocabulary and then by talking to Icelanders, no matter how they laughed at my foolish mistakes.

I frequented the little Icelandic grocery store on the base and began to 'shoot the breeze' with them in my impossible Icelandic. They thought it immensely funny to hear an important American commander making such a linguistic ass of himself, but I kept at it, until one day I could understand and make myself understood, about like the owner of a Greek restaurant uses English in America: It ain't poetry - but it works.

I waited innocently in the apartment one morning for the sassy maid and her crew, then listened carefully. Soon enough, they started the Icelandic wise-cracks. I suddenly turned, after I heard her say in Icelandic: "He is lazy and stays home today." I replied: "Nej, thadth er thu sem er latur og Vill ekki vinni! (No, it is you who are the lazy bum - who won't work!)"

The electric effect was well worth all the effort. She had no idea, of course, how much more I might have understood previously, when she had discussed me with her girlfriend and she turned red and blushed! From then on she was more careful, but she also began to take a pride in my ability to speak Icelandic. She would not speak English to me, as she did to the other officers, no matter how I struggled and stumbled. At Christmas, she captivated me with a little present she gave in return for the bonus I gave her - she curtsied! What a charming, lovely custom that is for young girls.

In Reykjavik I now began to enjoy myself conversing with the Icelanders. Even the most anti-American were impressed with an "Ami" commander who would take the trouble to learn their language, the language of the ancient Vikings, spoken by less than two hundred thousand people in the world today. But that was not my only reward. I learned wonderful things about our ancient Nordic heritage from our mighty, bearskin-clad ancestors of the far north. I learned, for instance, that the

Icelandic word for a German is "Thodthverdthur", which means "People's Defenders" - stemming from the tribal memory of the times when it was the Germans alone who stood between the White men of Europe and the savage hordes of Genghis Khan for many centuries - as they stand now, between us and the same savage hordes.

I reread Mein Kampf a dozen times, annotating it and indexing the main ideas. I wrote endless commentaries and plans for organizations. I drew cartoons which were designed for mass consumption, for the millions of boobs who will not read more than a paragraph and have to get their ideas in comic book form, in order to transmit the facts I had learned about the Jews. I drew for the same boobs now lapping up the Jewish comic books, television programs, newspapers, movies and other propaganda media which presently pass for 'public information and entertainment'. I began to correspond with people whose names I found in conservative publications like The American Mercury and Common Sense. I even corresponded with Conde McGinley and Major Williams.

I commenced the writing of a 'great book' to be a compendium of almost all knowledge - the knowledge left out of my college education - the knowledge of life and Nature and the real laws of society and human affairs. But I found that I could never get started on the ambitious project, only the introduction. The subject was just too vast and too disorganized in my mind to allow me to get into the 'meat' of it. Endlessly I wrote and rewrote introductory chapters.

After several months of this monkish existence, I was invited to a diplomatic party in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, thirty miles away from the base by the worst kind of dirt road. I had met the American wife of the first secretary of the Norwegian Embassy in Iceland, Cathy Amalie, when I had given her instructions in a silk-screen class as part of the leisure program. Her husband, Egil Amalie, the Norwegian first secretary, and I had become friends. He was a tiny dynamo of a man, full of culture and rough masculine charm, which I liked and admired.

At the party in his lovely home, all sorts of Germans, Dutchmen, Norwegians, Americans and other people in the military and diplomatic set were singing and talking in several languages. I was watching a group singing, when I saw a tall, impeccably dressed man appear in the door, with one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. He was introduced to me as the First Secretary of the German Embassy. Somehow, I got the idea that the girl was his wife, which immediately saddened me. She captivated me instantly and completely, so I was greatly relieved and happy to learn later that she was not the wife of the German, but an Ice-landic girl named Thora Haligrimsson.

Tall, blonde, aristocratic in looks and bearing, she had the face of an angel and the figure of a French model. I asked her to dance in a perfect swivet of excitement. She melted to me as we danced and I knew in my soul that I had met THE woman in my life. We talked and I found she spoke perfect English, although she had spoken Icelandic only until she was eighteen, just five years before. She had been educated in England, had traveled the continent and had even gone to school in Hack-ettstown, New Jersey. She was subtle and intelligent, yet feminine be-yond any woman I had ever known. There is no question but that I was then and there desperately in love with this beautiful Thora!

I told her of my broken marriage and my kids, but mostly about my book, beliefs and ambitions. I did not, of course, tell her I was a Nazi, yet, but I did make my racism and other Nazi ideas clear from the very first evening. She seemed fairly cool and handed me her engraved card when I took her home and said "Good night" at her gate.

When I got back to the base, fate took a hand in the affair. I got sick and broke out with red spots. The doctor diagnosed it as chicken pox, a disease I thought I had left behind with my roller skates and marbles! It is impossible for me to imagine that this improbable disease, coming at this particular and improbable time was not another of the inexplicable strokes of destiny I have now come almost to expect. Thora, too, had been intrigued and was unable to understand my failure to call her for all that time. So, as I learned later, she took action.

I got a call from the wife of the political officer of the American Lega-tion in Iceland, Mrs Roland Beyer, inviting me to a Christmas party in her home in Reykjavik. I hardly knew the lady and was at first puzzled. Thora later told me that she and Ruth Beyer had cooked up the party mostly for my benefit! When I arrived at the party, there was Thora again, so lovely that I could not keep my eyes from her. It was Christmas Week and they were playing "The Messiah" on the hi-fi, but I did not even hear this, one of my favorites. I covered my face with my hand, ostensibly absorbed in the music, but actually peeking at the tall blonde. I later learned that even this was noticed by the conspirators and added to their calculations.

We talked some more and I learned that she had been married before to a man she said was a drunkard and a philanderer of the worst stripe. She also said she had a little boy, and I managed to make arrangements to take some pictures for her of the boy at her home. Fridthrik, her little boy, was a problem, to say the least! He had been brought up Icelandic style, with almost no discipline and nothing but 'permissive' and indulging love. He ran around wildly in the house, knocking things over and off tables and generally behaving like a spoiled brat. But what a handsome, adorable little brat! He was a baby Viking — blond as the snows on the Icelandic glaciers; bold, with a certain Nordic dignity and arrogance reminiscent of his furclad forebears. He was the perfect, scientific specimen to set next to a half-ape African black boy, to banish at one look the damnable 'equality' lie. The very noble bearing in his stance even at two years of age and the unbreakable will shining out of his sky-blue eyes simply cannot be found in the inferior races, nor can it be explained as purely the result of the 'cold weather', 'luck' or 'the Point Four Program'. I loved this little brat, despite his atrocious behavior.

I began to call on Thora regularly, whenever I could plow my jeep over the back-wrenching thirty miles of dirt and icy roads between Keflavik and Reykjavik. I spent many enchanted, tender hours with her alone in her private drawing room. She was not only charming, intelligent and lovable, but she also knew how to be loving. For the first time, I realized what a marriage should be like, and resolved to put an end to the 'marriage' which was nothing but a shaky business partnership which put a terrible cloud over the kids, who used to cry, listening to Judy and I in combat; a 'marriage' from which I had been kicked out for being 'under foot'.

I wrote and asked Judy for a divorce. She promptly and curtly replied that she would give it to me provided 'only' that she would be assured of steady and plentiful alimony: Four hundred dollars a month was what she demanded!

As soon as I realized how serious were my feelings, I also told Thora of what I planned to do in the world. I told her that I would be either a bum or a great man, and I honestly didn't know which. I assured her that I was not a 'normal' person and would never give her a 'normal' life. She replied without hesitation and with the utmost warmth that she didn't care what I did; she would follow me and love me even if we had to escape civilization and its rules on a 'banana boat'! For years, 'banana boat' were secret code words with us when things looked too tough - which was most of the time.

Nothing could quench the blazing fire between us, and after a passionate and wonderful courtship of only five months, we were married in Icelandic in the National Cathedral in Reykjavik, where her uncle is the Bishop of Iceland, on October 3, 1953.

For our honeymoon, we went to Berchtesgaden, Germany, which has been made into a U.S. recreation area. It is also the site of the "Obersalzberg", the home of the Fuehrer in the fairy-tale setting of the Bavarian Alps. I was appalled and disgusted to discover that the authorities are so fearful of the rise of Adolf Hitler to sainthood - a rise which is inevitable and which I have gotten well started - that they have razed the "Obersalzberg" to the ground and daily run bulldozers over the site to pulverize over and over again the tiny fragments from which they fear Hitlerites will one day make relics, as they do anyway!

Thora and I were blissfully happy together, although nothing like as happy as we would have been if we could have enjoyed such a trip after we had got to know one another better and love each other as deeply as we did later.

I was immensely proud of my wife as we strolled about in the storybook scenery of Bavaria. We had days and nights of unmixed fun on that honeymoon - playing like kids. We spoke Icelandic between ourselves in public, which hugely puzzled the guides who imagined they'd heard about everything. It was our private, secret language and we could discuss and make insulting remarks about everybody around us like two naughty kids, as we smiled sweetly at them in their ignorance.

This was not an unmixed blessing, however, for when we had a squabble over something, to keep it private, it was in Icelandic that we argued. She had a terrific advantage over me then, as my vocabulary is most rudimentary and I kept getting lost for words as she steam-rollered over my halting arguments. But even these rare and petty squabbles were fun, because of the 'making-up'. These were some of the most tender memories of my life.

Thora enjoyed being a woman; gloried in it, swam in it, and it brought out the best in me, as Nature intended. I learned at last to know what a female was supposed to be like, and it made me bitterly sorry for my first wife, Judith. I made the mistake of telling Thora this and thus discovered her only real fault: jealousy. She could not bear to hear sympathetic re- marks about any other female, even little ones! I later found I couldn't even pass a cute little girl on the street and pat her little head, without my wife making remarks about it and asking why she was not getting patted.

Back in Iceland from our honeymoon, I requested and received an- other year's duty at the base. They were tickled to find anybody who wanted to stay up there, so I got one of the rare assignments to a family apartment at the base. I had been made commanding officer of the squadron and our apartment was directly below that of the commanding general's. It was very comfortable, if not luxurious.

Thora and I settled down to making a working marriage out of a love affair, a task which all couples face in the first year of marriage. It is usu- ally difficult, the more so because it is usually unexpected. I had to learn that she could never get enough of being told how dearly I loved her and how beautiful she was; while she had to learn by rude experience that I waken rather violently, ready to 'fight', when anybody turns on the lights abruptly while I am sleeping. This habit grew from wild nights in Navy barracks. There were a million other petty things we had to learn about each other, many the hard way, so that the first year of marriage is far from being a poem or a dream.

Even with the usual petty annoyances, it was a rich and rewarding experience to be married to such a complete and loving woman. She taught me how to feel and behave like a male with females, overcoming my training in American ways for men, which always seem to involve an inferiority complex for husbands and fathers. The latter are always de- picted in movies, television and comic strips as stumbling, humbling blow-hards who are so incompetent that they have to be constantly res- cued, babied and swindled into survival by their patient and all-knowing 'help-mates'. The carry-over is inevitable and American husbands tend to be far too timid and self-effacing. This behavior in turn further aggravates the tendency of wives to be far too aggressive, businesslike and unfeminine.

On the other hand, having been brought up Icelandic-style, with almost no conception of discipline and duty, Thora could not understand my instant obedience and respect for my superior officers. Once, my immediate superior kept me talking almost an hour after work at the squadron, so that the lovely dinner my wife had hot and tempting for me became cold and greasy by the time I arrived. She was very angry and demanded to know why I was late. The explanation that "the captain kept me" sounded like a lame excuse to her. I should have been able to excuse myself and come right home! We had quite a scrap over that, in fact, just about the worst battle of the year. She simply could not fathom that I had to do anything whatsoever my superior ordered, outside of murder, and even that in certain circumstances. He could have kept me there all night, as he did once or twice, later.

There was the time we had an engine fire over the Atlantic as we were searching for survivors of a storm, and I had to land on a little bit of rock called Vestmanneyja, which stands in mid-ocean and has a landing strip only a few hundred feet long, with cliffs at both ends. I had to reverse the good prop just before touchdown to avoid dropping off at the other end, and we had to stay at a little Icelandic inn in the tiny fishing village there. There were, of course, fishermen's daughters in that village. Thus did I have a devil of a time trying to convince Thora that I had not fallen victim to the wiles of any of these willing damsels while we were so cold and lonesome, awaiting rescue from the mainland.

Sending the huge amount of money demanded by Judy every month made life a little tough for us, but we managed. In May, my wife gave birth at the base hospital to my first son, Lincoln Hallgrimmur, whom we came to call "Grampaw". I was overjoyed! After three daughters, at last a son.

At the end of the year the Navy had begun a severe cutback program. My first wife had gone to my senior, state-side commander and raised some hell about me, which didn't help my request to remain on active duty any longer, so I got 'riffed' out with only a month to prepare to carry the enormous financial burden of the $400 per month alimony, plus the expenses of a-new and growing family - starting from scratch!

Chapter IX

I had observed that the wives of servicemen were being shipped all over the world and being constantly moved and transferred into wild and strange surroundings with no advance knowledge of conditions. Their problems were totally different from ordinary housewives, especially as America began, unofficially to police the world. There were magazines for ordinary wives and mothers, but none for the millions of service wives. Here appeared to be a market unserviced - the ideal opportunity for a free-enterprising businessman in any field.

But in addition to the business possibilities, I realized that such a magazine could have a powerful political effect. I had carefully observed the technique of sly propaganda - always in the form of entertainment and information - in all the Jew-dominated papers, magazines, books, etc. and I believed that I could reverse the process with my magazine for servicemen's wives. I would have to be very subtle, of course, but I could, as months went by, begin to drive out the filthy ideas of Marxism, mobocracy and racial defilement and replace them with ideas of republican government and racial self-respect. I envisioned, for instance, the publication of pieces on the style of Mark Anthony's funeral oration, in which I would sicken the ladies with disgusting pictures of Negroes and White girls - perhaps their daughters - dancing and hugging one another, along with an overdone text praising such 'brotherhood', 'tolerance' and so on, coupled with pictures of the inevitable Jews who were usually responsible for such vile mixed affairs. There would be such fulsome 'praise' for 'brotherhood' that the Jewish advertisers I must win to survive could not complain, but the result would be quite the reverse of what the Jews wished to see.

I realized that no ordinary job I could find would produce the income I must have, with my ex-wife threatening dire action if I failed to send the gigantic alimony payments and my present family needing all I could pos- sibly earn. Only through the creation of a job and a business for myself which would pay large sums of money could catastrophe be prevented. Desperate effort was required! To this effect I began surveys and studies concerning such a service wives' magazine, deciding on the name U.S. Lady.

I had some certificates printed up as pledges to buy stock and made up a little art-work 'dummy' of the magazine. With these I went around to servicemen's families, including the officers I knew in Iceland. I got $8000 worth of these certificates signed and began to write to U.S. out- fits inquiring about printing and distribution. Once again I received a dose of the tune I have heard so often: "It can't be done!" Publishers, printers, everybody told me I would need millions just to get such a mag- azine launched. Worse, service sources told me that many others had tried the project, some with the millions, and all had failed. Mrs George Catlett Marshall, for instance, with all her influence and money, had failed to get one going.

We arrived back in the U.S.A., as I had at Brown University, in a hurri- cane and I received my detachment to inactive duty at Brunswick, Maine. Thora, Ricky, "Granpaw" and I took a little cottage on Bailey's Is- land, at the height of a roaring gale, and I set about methodically prepar- ing to publish a full-color national magazine. We had exactly $300 to our names.

I presented my idea to the armed forces at a meeting in the Pentagon of the admirals and generals heading public relations for each of the ser- vices, and I got a hearty vote of confidence from them. Service morale was sinking fast under the lash of integration and the withdrawal of dig- nity, respect and privilege, all being dumped upon our fighting men by Anna Rosenberg in the name of 'democracy'. The disaffection of thou- sands of wives was hurting re-enlistment. U.S. Lady would obviously help to keep the service wives satisfied, and the Defense Department assured me of every cooperation.

A retired general's daughter, Jane Brownlow, wrote me and said she had heard of the project and was very interested in helping. I met Mrs

Brownlow at the Icelandic Embassy, where we were living with my wife's uncle, the ambassador, and she became even more enthusiastic. She proceeded to gather information and assistance for us as I finished being mustered out of the Navy in Maine.

After final clearance, I drove down from Maine to Washington, D.C., obviously the only place such a magazine as U.S. Lady should be published. After staying again for a while at the Icelandic Embassy, we rented a lovely old Virginia plantation home sixty miles out in the 'hunt' country south of Warrenton. We got the place for a $100 a month, since it was so very far out. It was really luxurious. There were bathrooms with fireplaces, chaise lounges and oil paintings! But commuting 120 miles a day in my little Plymouth station wagon was extremely difficult. I began to sleep some nights in the tiny office I had rented in the Walker Building, a block away from the White House.

This situation was terribly hard on my wife. She hated being removed from all social life and people and also being deprived of her husband. I was working feverishly, day and night, and hardly saw my family, but there was no choice. I was 'under the gun' economically and it was succeed with U.S. Lady or starve and be ruined. Another extremely unhappy element came into the picture: My wife just couldn't believe I was as deeply in love with her as I was, or that I could not resist what she imagined was 'temptation'. For whatever reason, she began to be jealous of Mrs Brownlow with whom I spent so much time in the office.

Eventually I found a little apartment on Connecticut Avenue, right in D.C. and we moved there in the middle of the night and a howling blizzard.

Meanwhile, I had been driving ahead to one goal after another. I called in all the stock promises and got an amazing half of the money paid in. Then I had to go through the Securities and Exchange Commission and discovered what a hateful, arbitrary and tyrannical bureaucracy we have in D.C. Time after time I would go down with my statement for filing under Regulation A', only to be thrown out for some newly-invented 'discrepancy' ! I hired a CPA to make up the financial statement and even this was thrown out. It was heartbreaking. The Icelandic Ambassador, Thor Thors, watched all this going on and generously offered to do what he could to help, but there was no way to help with these officious bureaucrats. One simply had to bow down and wait until their childish natures were satisfied with the humiliation and exasperation of people who were trying to produce something.

I got advertisements made up, inserted them in a few newspapers and sent out hundreds of thousands of circulars to military wives' clubs all over the world. The planning took months and endless midnight and early morning hours of heartbreaking work, but at last, the results began to come in. Our ads and advance sheets were so effective that we did the impossible: We managed to get thousands of military families all over the world to send us $3.85 for subscriptions to a magazine which was still only an idea! I knew, of course, that subscriptions would not finance such a tremendous undertaking, so I planned to sell stock in the enterprise, which was the reason for my dealings with the S.E.C.

I also knew we had to write a prospectus to sell stock, but I knew little more than this of official stock exchange requirements. So I sent Mrs. Brownlow out to pick up some sample prospectuses from other businesses and she came back breathless with excitement. She told me she had run into a man just next door in the Union Trust Building who had wanted to be a publisher and who was now a big financier and stock broker! Thus I invited this 'great man', Landrum S. Allen, together with Mrs. Brownlow, out to my place in Virginia to see what we could work out.

We spent a dreadful afternoon and evening. It was impossible to make head or tail out of this man's conversation. The best I could get was that he wanted to publish a magazine to be called On The Avenue in Polish, Swedish, Sanskrit and other languages. When I tried to ask him what his market was - an absolutely vital fact for a publishing venture, obviously - his reply was "for warm-hearted people" and that is all I could find out. He wanted me to do up covers, sample pages, etc., and then move into his offices, so we could publish together. I declined this 'golden opportunity' and endeavored to get him to help sell the stock of U.S. 'Lady, but he was as skittish as a blind mare.

We launched the stock sale ourselves and began to do quite well. The big job, however, was getting a magazine together and getting it printed. By skillful maneuvering and playing 'hard to get', I managed to give an impression of booming success, which in a way was true, and we got the big printers competing against one another for our business. Their salesmen regularly took me to sumptuous luncheons and I began to bargain for the big job of printing. With the blessing of destiny, I am sure, I 'allowed' Ransdell, Inc., to sign a contract for the printing - which, in effect, meant that I had secured $23,000 worth of credit, with no capital at all!

Throughout all this, my wife Thora showed herself nothing less than a heroine. She was pregnant again, but she pitched in with the typing, the filing and making of address stencils at the same time that she was trying to make a home out of our dingy apartment and a living out of the pennies we had left after sending the money up to my first wife. She even got a job taking a radio survey, door to door. Pushing a baby carriage containing "Grampaw" and leading naughty little Ricky by the hand, she earned a few pitiful pennies by asking the usual listener questions up and down the street. We had no fun, no pleasure, no pause in the desperate scramble to survive and get the magazine on its feet. But Thora had the faith of a saint. Even when I would get discouraged and felt almost sure my gigantic struggle would come to naught, my brave little wife would put her arms around me, look me in the eyes, tell me how she believed in me and trusted me, and I would fairly burst with new drive and determination. She knew the age-old secret of women: how to inspire and fill a man with power he could never have alone, just by laying a gentle, warm hand on his cheek and letting him feel her faith flowing outward. How I loved her! I can never repay her loyalty and devotion.

I was not able to pay salaries to Mrs Brownlow or the others, but was nevertheless able to gather a staff of almost thirty people, just by enthusiasm and leadership. I was getting the training which is enabling me now to accomplish the far more difficult task of organizing men into the most persecuted organization in the world: My men have to give up everything of fun and profit in life and then pay to stay with me. I learned how to get people to create miracles just because of something they believe in - a far more powerful force than the mere desire for money. But I was having some fearful problems with my females.

It was inevitable that a women's magazine would have a lot of women on the staff, even if it took a man to get it together and ramrod it. The women necessary for such a task had to be creative, and therefore, more than usually temperamental. Furthermore, since I wasn't able to pay them, I had to keep them working and organized by wheedling, cajoling, promising and threatening, by the sheer power of personality and psychology. But such methods cannot keep a business organization going forever without money, cold cash. And cash I was chronically short of, even when thousands of dollars began to come in every week.

The stock was selling quite well and, when I succeeded in coming out with the first issue of U.S. Lady in full color and distributed 150 thousand copies all over the world, we received over 1500 requests to buy shares in the company. Figuring I had it made, I again approached a lot of stockbrokers and tried to get them to take over the stock sales on commission, since I was in the business of publishing a magazine, not selling stock. But none of them would gamble with it, except one: Landrum Allen, the man who had come to dinner out in Virginia. He said he took it only because he was still in love with the idea of being a publisher. He figured he could eventually wangle U.S. Lady away from me, as he later tried hard to do.

So I signed a "best efforts" deal with Allen. He was supposed to sell my stock, while I published the magazine. He was to receive one of every five dollars in shares which we sold — a handsome commission — and I expected that, with all the inquiries we were getting, he would sell out the issue in no time, and that the struggle would be over. But I reckoned without human greed, pettiness and intrigue.

My unpaid and rambunctious women began to buck and kick in the traces, and appeared to resent almost everything I did. Every one of them seemed to feel that she knew better than I how it should have been done, and there were always two or three of them a day weeping and having hysterics in my office. The magazine, however, was coming out regularly, was looking better and better and receiving acclamations from all over the world.

Mr Allen had his plans, and the women had fallen in with them. I discovered that there were regular 'rump' executive meetings of my women and Mr Allen in his financial office, two blocks up the street on Vermont Avenue. Today, I would act like lightning to put a stop to such conspiring, but then I was still too green in business and too distracted by a million other things to take effective action. The atmosphere of 'mutiny' grew like a cancer.

One of the things distracting me was an effort by a gang of reds to gain control of the magazine. I can imagine the scoffing of the 'liberals' at this, but the records of the FBI and Jane Brownlow, who was in on all of it, will bear me out. I was approached by Frank Bryer, from Army Times, who took me to lunch at the George Washington Room, where he told me that "big interests" were considering supporting me and wanted me to put out a companion magazine to U.S. Lady to be called U.S. Officer. He described a magazine like Fortune, a fabulous publication, which he said would cost a dollar. I told him that wouldn't begin to cover the cost of the kind of magazine he described, considering the small readership it would have.

Bryer was drinking martinis one after the other and, as I pressed him to explain how this magazine would be a financial success, he kept saying his "big interests" had plenty of money to cover it. I explained that such a publication would lose millions permanently and asked where in hell they would get money like that. He was obviously flushed with the gin and drew me close. "From the Soviet Union," he said - without kidding me. I pretended to laugh and let the subject drop. I returned to the office and told Mrs Brownlow of my conversation. We figured that he was, perhaps, too drunk to know what he was saying. But Bryer followed it up. He told me that the "interests" were in Texas and were ready to pay my fare and expenses to go down there and talk over a deal. I wanted nothing to do with it, of course, and told Mrs Brownlow to say nothing to anybody. But she did anyway. Her boyfriend at the time was an Army officer who did some shooting at a range with an FBI friend. She told the officer, who told the FBI friend. So I was visited by FBI agents and told them the story when they asked me to. They suggested I go and see what it was all about and implied that there would be agents around in case it was dangerous, so I agreed to investigate the thing.

There had been a moment at home with my wife, when I saw how she and the kids had to live, that the temptation to take the deal was almost overpowering. I knew by then how the reds operate, and knew that I could assure a happy and successful career for myself the rest of our lives, with luxury and security, just by going along with these people and pretending not to notice what was going on. It is obvious that dozens of other men before me have 'gone along' with this filthy red moneypower, but once again, my dear, brave wife agreed with me that we must scorn this nasty deal and fight our way through by ourselves.

I went down to Dallas and met the 'contact'. I was taken to a millionaires club and listened to the proposition. They wanted 51 % of the stock - control - in return for fat financing and there was talk of printing the magazine on the presses they owned in Texas. The millionaire was the last person in the world I would expect to have anything to do with Frank Bryer, the man in Washington who broached the deal. He was the soul of conservatism, and seemed to know little of what was going on. We came to no agreement and I flew back to Washington.

Then the FBI double-crossed me - unintentionally, I feel sure now. I had told them that Bryer was with the Army Times, an outfit which could have ruined me in the service publishing business, and I did not want him to know I had given the story to the FBI. But they interrogated him anyway and let him know that they were looking into the "Soviet Union" bit.

Bryer telephoned me in horror when the FBI left him and I had Jane Browntow listen in to witness the incredible call. He said he was 'hot' and would have to clear out of town, and was going to "hide out up in Philly" for a while. I managed to convince him that I couldn't imagine who had 'squealed' and he suggested that I, too, "lie low." Then he blasted the FBI unmercifully, said he gave a speech about FBI tyranny and snooping at his Methodist social action group - and left for Philadelphia.

Those who imagine this is 'propaganda' or lies may reflect that the names are all printed here and any of these individuals can sue, if these statements are not true. If they are true, which they are, 'liberals' might reflect further as to the pinko content of so many of our national magazines and other publications. Perhaps some men prefer millions to patriotism.

Landrum Allen, the stock underwriter, suddenly stopped selling stock one day and announced that he could not, in good conscience, continue selling until I changed my management methods, and so forth. He was backed up in this high-handed maneuver by four of my women who came to be called "the big four" by the rest of the staff, most of whom were fanatically loyal to me.

I was to give up a lot of authority and do this and that, demanded by the ladies. Ordinarily, I would have sent Mr Allen scurrying from the office, but in this case, he had the exclusive contract to sell the stock and he refused to do so. Without stock money coming in, there was no way to catch up on the expenses incurred from launching the business, and he knew we would collapse. This was exactly what Mr Allen counted on. He and the women began to interfere with my promotional plans for the magazine. Knowing nothing of promotion, at which I was a professional, they forced me to abandon the highly controversial 'advisory board', which I had set up, comprised of the wives of the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Defense Departments, plus the wives of top admirals and generals. More important than this, they wanted me to drop my Federation of Service Wives - a red hot issue, which, had I been able to push it as hard as I had started to do in the first issue, would have made U.S. Lady the center of a political storm and sold it like hotdogs at a football game. But the timid ladies were sure the Defense Department would "close us up" if we went against their policies, so they got Mr Allen again, and I had to back down.

Without cash money, I learned, a man is nearly helpless in the business world, no matter how clever, how dedicated, how right, how-hard-working he is or how worthwhile his contribution. Without cash, you are 'forbidden' to contribute to our society, except as a muzzled and chained 'hired hand'. This is one of the things we shall change. Things must be arranged so that free enterprise and investment are respected, of course, but also so that genius and talent are not crushed and enslaved by the brutal, ugly power of money.

As there are government facilities for the encouragement of health and welfare of even the slobs of the world, so must there be some kind of government facilities for the protection, growth and development of human genius. Nothing is more valuable to the world than the contributions of its geniuses, yet our Stephen Fosters, our Robert Fultons and other great creators must fight the whole brutal and ugly world of money in order to force their gifts on a blind and greedy world, And often, even after they have been successful in contributing more value to the world than any millionaire since the beginning of time, they are allowed to die in misery and poverty! Why must a man be first an expert at the Jewish money game before he is allowed to survive and paint or write or think or build or organize or reform? Even if only one out of a thousand brilliant minds produced anything great for society, it would be well worth the little it would cost society to establish creative institutes where the finest minds in the population, regardless of other considerations, can be fed and clothed and housed, with nothing asked of them in return except the results of their creative effort. Who knows how many symphonies have died in the poorhouse, how many great philosophers or statesmen have perished in our gutters, how many immortal paintings lie buried in our potter's fields?

Allen and the conspiring ladies were able to overwhelm every move I could make, for I simply could not pay my bills every time he stopped selling the stock. Finally, he stopped so long, negotiating and arguing, that the bills got past the point where they could be handled. There were creditors' meetings and talk of bankruptcy, but nobody wanted to see such a good property wrecked. Even Allen didn't want to go that far. He hoped, I am sure, to gain control in the struggle and thus become, at last, a publisher.

But somehow the news got around and, from as far away as New York City I received calls offering to buy the magazine. This is something I don't think Allen counted on, as his attitude showed when I sold out, lock, stock and barrel one afternoon to John B. Adams of Washington, D.C. Allen sulked at Adams and tried to give him a hard time — forcing him to go to court several times — but Adams had the hard cash to kick Mr. Allen's nose right out of the business, and that is just what he did.

Adams is now publishing U.S. Lady very successfully in Washington, and Readers' Digest published two pieces from it last year. Once again, I had created what I had set out to create, but lost the fruits of my labors because I lacked capital.

During the last desperate weeks at U.S. Lady, our third child, Jeannie Margaret, was born in the George Washington University Hospital in the District of Columbia, but I had hardly seen the little angel. I spent almost all my time in the office or in a state of collapse at home — exhausted. So, with $4000 in the bank and the nightmarish pressure of the magazine, the women, Allen and the creditors suddenly gone, I relaxed at home with my family for a week or ten days to catch my breath before making another scramble for a living — two livings!

Since I had been unable to keep the vehicle I intended to use for political reform, I decided to go directly into politics, provided I could somehow find a way to earn two livings at the same time.

By this time, I had had plenty of opportunity to look over the activity of the 'right-wing' - the conservatives - and had come to the conclusion, in my total ignorance of the real nature of the case, that all they needed to succeed was an organizational drive to get them 'together', with a businesslike plan. I had found that there were dozens and maybe hundreds of very rich men, like H.L. Hunt of Texas and Robert Welch of Boston, who felt much as I did and who, together, could pool enough money and resources to swamp the Marxist-Zionist Jews and left-wingers. There seemed to be plenty of talent and ability, and an actual majority of our people over on my side of politics, so that common sense seemed to force the conclusion that it was only a lack of determined effort to put this together which permitted the left-wing minority, sparked by the sub-minority of Jews, to keep winning victory after victory and thereby send America down the path to Marxist socialism and racial disintegration.

The 'conservatives', as I saw the problem, lacked any real national and popular medium of expression. With the demise of The Washington Times Herald, there was no longer any nationally read 'conservative' newspaper, and I decided that there was a hungry market for such a journal. I carefully planned a national paper to be called The Conservative Times and still think it would be successful, if the people on the right who are still 'nice', unlike me, would finance it.

I learned from surveys that, in Washington alone, the market for such a paper - where the only voices heard are stridently 'liberal' - was large enough to support it. Many people in the area would pay then and would still pay now a premium price for a real right-wing newspaper, even if advertisers were hard to get. And with a newspaper, it would be easy to organize and even discipline the splintered and squabbling right-wing into a cohesive, effective organization. I realized, even then, that talking and educating are silly and useless unless they are directed at the only worthwhile political goal: POWER! The newspaper must first give our side a voice, then help it organize by effective communication, then discipline it by withholding or granting recognition and praise, as is necessary to produce a sense of responsibility and direction in the movement, as the Jews now do with our entire machinery of communication.

and entertainment. When any public figure goes the way the Jews wish him to go, he is lavishly praised and built up in the press, and when he displeases them, he is greeted by dead silence, no matter how newsworthy his statement or action, or he is smeared and blasted until he slinks away with his tail between his legs. With a newspaper, we could gradually begin to do the same thing on our side and I set about the task of applying my ability and experience toward the development of such a newspaper, and eventually a strong conservative organization aimed at POLITICAL POWER. The John Birch Society has appeared, since this was written, to do what I planned then.

But I reckoned without any knowledge of the human content of the 'right-wing'. From the millionaires to the scared little people who attend the endless, pitiful 'conservative', '100% American', 'old-fashioned', 'constitutional', 'states' rights' meetings, I learned by bitter experience that the human material of the right-wing consists 90% of cowards, dopes, nuts, one-track minds, blabbermouths, boobs, incurable tightwads and - worst of all - hobbyists, people who have come to enjoy a perverted, masochistic pleasure in telling each other forever how we are all being raped by the "shhh - you know whos," but who, under no condition, would risk their two cars, landscaped homes, or juicy jobs to DO something about it. Knowing nothing of this, however, and being full of my usual enthusiasm and drive, I paid for a series of radio spots before and after Fulton Lewis' show, announcing a Washington meeting to organize the right-wing.

The response seemed to be gratifying. Hundreds of people called and I arranged with one of them, Sam Jones, the correspondent of Bill Buckley's National Review, to use his lovely old Virginia mansion in McLean for our first meeting.

Of the hundreds who called, only about fifty showed up at the meeting, including John Kasper and an Arab friend. I addressed the meeting in the best 'conservative' style, lecturing 'nicely' on the need 'to get together' more than anything else, during which I received little flurries of polite applause. Ugh! How I shudder now to think of all that feeble, useless, stupid 'niceness' - while Our Race and our whole world are being brutally destroyed!

From time to time somebody in the audience would ask "What about the Jews! " and there would be snickers and shifting around of feet, like grammar school kids when somebody mentions the word "sex". Then I would scold this 'bold' character for such a 'disgusting display of prejudice', making my righteous love of the 'wonderful' Jews very clear, and even sharing knowing winks with some close friends in mutual appreciation of my 'clever' deception.

The Jews would not have disturbed such a meeting for anything in the world. We, like a million other 'conservatives', were indulging ourselves in the illusion of 'fighting' treason, subversion, communism and race-mixing - in other words, the Jews - without DOING anything and without hurting the enemy himself. If we did NOT have such silly little secret meetings, we would eventually build up such a pressure of frustrated patriotism that we just might have done something forceful, and therefore effective.

My wife took up a little collection, we passed out membership cards and then stood around babbling, as is the inevitable custom after such 'battles' with the enemy. Everybody congratulated everybody else at this new and terrible assault on the "Eskimos", as John Kasper called them then, and we went home all aglow with the great 'success'.

I became friendly with this unknown John Kasper and he often stayed at our home in Vienna, Virginia. He ran a tiny right-wing bookstore in Georgetown which was frequented by a Bohemian set of odd-balls, dope-addicts, poets and patriots. We confessed to one another our dedication to Adolf Hitler, whom he called "The Saint" - but he had an even greater love: Ezra Pound, the famous poet and broadcaster for Mussolini who was locked up as a nut in Saint Elizabeth's. John Kasper led a circle of worshipful admirers who sat at the master's feet there in the ward full of raving madmen. I attended one of these sessions with my wife one Sunday, and it was an unbelievable afternoon. There was a barefoot lunatic pacing up and down beside the group seated around Pound, loudly giving hell to an invisible companion. There was another man crouched in eternal terror in a windowsill, and still others giving the most threatening looks. Meanwhile, the group was at the feet of Ezra, who wore shorts, sandals, a loud shirt and a beard. The worshipers included a lady dope-fiend, an artist, a beatnik who said he was a poet, John Kasper's hefty, blonde girlfriend, Nora Devereaux, John Kasper, Pound's almost silent wife, my wife and myself.

John Kasper worked almost entirely at the direction of Pound when I first knew him and, although I don't know it for a fact yet, I feel sure that John's activity in Clinton and elsewhere was largely inspired, if not directed, by Pound. When I once went down to Alabama to see if I could help Admiral Crommelin in a campaign for election as senator, it was John who asked me to come, and it was Pound who was sending almost daily letters of instruction. The letters themselves I thought were nutty, but John treasured them and seemed to obey them to the letter. Fortunately, the Admiral was much too strong-willed and self-willed to be influenced much by either Pound's or John's more ethereal ideas.

I poured out my time and money in an all-out effort to organize the right-wing 'nicely', under the aegis of the American Federation of Conservative Organizations, and published a national conservative paper. We held meetings in the best meeting rooms in the Statler and Mayflower hotels. I had beautiful stationery engraved in gold. I used all my skill in art, writing, organizing, promoting and leading - the same skills which are now serving the American Nazi Party so well - but my best efforts were useless. The basic premise of conservatism was wrong.

Although it is made to appear so, the battle between the 'conservatives' and 'liberals' is not a battle of ideas or even of political organizations. It's is a battle of force, terror and power. The Jews and their accomplices and dupes are not running our country and its people because of the excellence of their ideas or the merit of their work or because they have the genuine backing of the majority. The Zionists are in power in spite of the lack of these things, and only because they have driven their way into power by daring minority tactics. They can stay in power only because people are afraid to oppose them, afraid they will be socially ostracized, afraid they will be smeared in the press, afraid they will lose their jobs, afraid they will not be able to run their businesses, afraid they will lose their political offices. It is fear and fear alone which keeps these filthy left-wing sneaks in power. It is NOT ignorance on the part of the American people, as the 'conservatives' keep assuring each other - "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" - when the truth is that any slave knows the truth - that he is a slave - but he is not free in spite of knowing this truth, unless he can somehow obtain the power to force his way to freedom. It is not the truth which will make us free in America, because millions already know the truth and hate bitterly what is going on, but they are afraid even to admit they know the truth. Ten million signed the petition for Joe McCarthy and they are not all dead, although they might as well be, as long as the right-wing spends all its time and money trying to 'win' another ten million instead of getting the ten million we already have to stand up! We have plenty of people, money and facilities to take America back from the traitors tomorrow morning if all the people who already know what is going on were not afraid anymore and would stand up!

As long as the right-wing confines its fighting to being 'nice', the great masses of the public will bow down like the sheep they are to the left-wing which is NOT nice — which uses smear, economic persecution, legal harassment and finally, physical terror to maintain its domination of our national life and culture by force. The force is disguised, of course, in checkbooks, judges' robes, rigged party conventions, etc., but it is still force or the threat of it which has America down and afraid. No amount of papers and pamphlets, were they all masterpieces of propaganda, and no amount of talk and meetings can stop this growing left-wing force and power, and the fear it inspires — much less drive it back and destroy it.

But in 1955, I still imagined we could 'sneak up' on the Jews, like the my sissy friends. We would build a great 'grass-roots' membership by not mentioning the Jews at all, or even praising them. Then, while they suspected nothing, we could become stronger and stronger and finally, one fine day, we would wipe the smiles off our faces, spin around on the surprised Hebrews and let them see just what we had in mind!

I found this coward's dream being promoted everywhere I went. Every 'conservative' I met would draw me aside and groan about the latest outrages and treason of the "you-know-whos" and describe to me the latest plans to sneak up on the tormentors. I was as much beguiled by this childish illusion as anybody else. I spent hundreds of hours discussing the methods for this super-sneaky revolution and the only thing I gained from it all was the final discovery that it was and always has been impossible to unseat the terrorists by talk. One must dislodge such evil usurpers by the same weapon which got them in: POWER! Theirs was and is secret and disguised. Ours, by nature, must be open, legal and honest, but it must still be power, not talk or pamphlets or sneaky dreams. Thus it involves risk.

I also grew to know the people my wife and I came to call the "die-hards", for some obscure reason I can't recall. These were the perennial 'patriots', the eternal attendees of meetings, the inexhaustible babblers, the super-clever know-it-alls who are going to 'throw the election into the house this time' and the disgusting hobbyists who discharged their pent-up 'patriotism' once a week or so in the masochistic orgasm, they seemed to obtain by flagellating themselves with the latest outrages of the Jews. These people seemed to have been 'fighting' the Jews all their lives, decade after decade. Their standard reaction to anything they didn't think up themselves in the way of new schemes for sneaking up on the Jews was, "I was fighting this thing before you were born, son." This was supposed to send the upstart packing, as if people who had spent forty or fifty years fighting so unsuccessfully had any business opening their mouths at all. These "die-hards" would insist on bending one's ear endlessly and at all hours of day or night. Any attempt to escape from them was taken as a personal insult. My wife and I grew to dread the sessions with the "die-hards", who were not interested in doing anything except talk and were World Champions at the pastime.

Our meetings were better and better attended, but there was no result at all. Nothing was accomplished. As the months wore on and we began to see our small savings diminish with no signs of any real progress, I began to come down with a case of 'desperationitis' so common to the right-wing. I had begun to meet a large, unorganized, but regular circle of 'patriots' which exists everywhere, with whom, I discussed all kinds of tricks for 'spilling the beans' about the Jews, all at once. There were endless plans for dropping 'the whole story' out of airplanes on top of the public, while the helpless Jews watched in impotent rage as the millions of leaflets fluttered down, out of the sky. There was talk of a plan to raid a TV station of one of the major networks and hold the personnel at gunpoint, while one of us - nobody cared to discuss who, exactly - would present to the breathless millions the documents and facts on the jewishness of Communism, which we have in such abundance, but which mean so little as long as we reach only one another. There was even a scheme for sending aloft huge signs on balloons, tied to inaccessible places, which would 'squeal' on the Jews from the sky, while they scrambled madly to get them down. These wild ideas are actually being discussed, right now, as you read this, by otherwise intelligent people somewhere, people who are simply too overwhelmed by their own timidity and ignorance to understand that even if they played these nasty tricks on the Jews, there would be no result at all.

Just two weeks ago, as I write this, the Jews used two or three minutes of one of my speeches to introduce a long program on behalf of race-mixing on a national TV network show. Mine was the only voice for the White man in that dreary hour of Jewish race-mixing propaganda. The Hebrew media-masters even used the section of one speech in which I explained that the Jew Communists were organizing the colored races of the world in a mass assault on the White Man. The Jews imagine, in their own ignorance, that my speech, delivered to a howling mob in Washington in all its naked passion and ferocity, will repel people - which is just as wrong as the "die-hards" with their silly idea that 'spilling the beans' will somehow 'wake up the people' and attract their support. Neither is the case. People are more inert than it is possible to believe, even after you discover their inherent inertia, it takes an incredible quantity of propaganda, repeated over and over and over to move them even a little bit. This is one of the reasons Joe McCarthy told me that he wouldn't even attempt to tell the whole truth. "They'd simply put me away as a lunatic," he said, "and the public would forget what it was all about." And he was probably right.

The idea that there is anything easy that can be done which will send the Jew traitors scurrying for Israel like rats, while we walk triumphantly into the White House, is one of the worst self-delusions which has been keeping the right-wing babbling and conspiring while the Jews have been laughing at us and trampling all over our Constitution, our rights, our traditions, our dignity and our White Race.

Anybody, when he first discovers what is going on, might be forgiven a certain period of nourishing this delusion and hope, but when he sees the Jews starving the families of his fellow hopers who lose their jobs, who get railroaded into jail, shipped to 'mental health centers' and are smeared and blasted for just the slightest attempt to stand up to Jewish power, he ought to get the idea in no more than a few years. Any man who spends thirty or forty years pretending to imagine there is such an easy way, while our country and our White Race go down and down is not a dreamer, nor is he ignorant. He is a coward!

'Conservatives' are the world's champion ostriches, muttering to one another down under the sand in 'secret', while their plumed bottoms wave in the breezes for the Jews to kick at their leisure. They are fooling nobody but themselves.

One of the conservative leaders I contacted was William F. Buckley, Jr, the publisher of National Review. My friend in Washington, D.C., Sam Jones, was his correspondent and we got together at a meeting in New York. It was an, intellectual thrill, just talking with Buckley and his staff. There is more pulsating brain-power and genius surrounding Buckley than in any place else on earth, where I have ever been. Bill, himself, is personable in the extreme and brighter than all the rest, but his staff includes three or four Jews, one of them particularly Jewish-looking, and the atmosphere there is different than with other 'conservative' groups.

Buckley is extremely cagey on the Jewish Question and even when you get him alone, it is difficult to elicit information as to his awareness. The best you can get are guarded implications from which you are at liberty to infer what you want. I have since learned the reason for this: Buckley's millionaire father had a major interest with the Jews in Israeli oil, and the result, even today, is that Buckley's anti-liberalism and anti-Communism stop at the borders of Israel and the doors of Zionist meeting halls.

At the time I, too, was playing this silly 'I've-got-my-eyes-closed' game, so I felt that much could be accomplished by helping Buckley. I agreed to promote the National Review for him and he deposited a thousand dollars in a Washington bank to my account. So I started on a project designed to get mass circulation for National Review in colleges and universities.

At the time, however, I was heavily involved in my own effort to launch the A.F.C.O. and the newspaper, and I am ashamed to have to admit that I did a rotten job for Bill. I made some efforts, but they were without the drive and full enthusiasm necessary in such a promotion and nothing happened. I returned the money to Bill, less expenses, with a guilty conscience. Outside of being too cagey on the Jewish Question, which is, of course, his privilege, Bill Buckley was 100% square as a man and unlike the situation with other right-wingers with whom I have worked or tried to work, my failure to accomplish anything with Buckley was entirely my fault.

During this time, my wonderful wife and I were enjoying our marriage as I am sure few couples do the institution of matrimony. She pitched in loyally on everything, helped me with meetings, collected donations, even gave little talks. I forgot to get Christmas presents for her, forgot birthdays, gave her political lectures, hardly ever took her out in the gay society she loved, cut her off from 'nice' people who would have nothing to do with us now that I was a professional 'McCarthyite', and I generally gave her damned little in return for the steady devotion and warm love she showered upon me. Often, even as far back as this period of my political career, I would tell her that I knew some day that I would have to go to jail, in all probability, not for doing wrong, but for standing against Jewish treason. She never flinched and I never doubted for a moment that she would wait faithfully for any number of years. The only time she would cringe and be silent for a moment was when she would ask if she and the kids were the most important thing in my life. I would tell her they were loved the most, but I felt I had a more important duty to do what I could to save my country and my Race. I told her many times that this duty would have to come first, as I had told her before we were married. Women may judge the quality of wifely devotion which could stand steadfast in the face of such a declaration from a husband.

On the other hand, let no one imagine that it was easy to say this to a person I adored as much as my wife. It was tempting to lie or cover up the burning drive within me which I knew could not be deterred by any other desire or need or loyalty I might have. It took all the courage I could muster to hold such a dear, warm person in my arms, look into her deep, loving eyes and answer that silent devotion by telling her I might some day have to do what I felt called on by duty to do, even at the risk of hurting her. I continued to widen the circle of my right-wing acquaintances all over the country. I was serving my unavoidable apprenticeship for what I am now doing, although I didn't know it then, of course. I still cherished the hope that we could save ourselves by some easy means, even though I am sure I knew deep in my subconsciousness that I would someday lead the fight to do it the only way it can be done, as, I am doing now.

As I reached the bottom of the bank account, with no prospect of any real success, I made one last, desperate attempt. I planned a new "Declaration of Independence" for the Fourth of July and invited congressmen, generals, admirals, important and influential friends and rich men to a big meeting in the Mayflower to set it up. Congressman Ralph Gwinn of New York was helpful, and I also had the help of Dom, of South Carolina, Wint Smith of Kansas and several others. Fred Maloof, a Lebanese millionaire, came and almost ruined the entire meeting. With all the congressmen, generals and other important people squirming in their seats, he 'came right out with it' and gave a violently anti-Jewish tirade! But I managed to quiet him and get out my presentation and my carefully worked out plans. Then I sat back and hoped these great personages would see the sense of 'getting together' and help to do the job with a will.

The result was absolutely nil - nothing. There were a good many compliments and pleasant remarks, but no real progress or offers to help build such an organization. Sam Jones, a faithful and understanding friend, took my depressed wife and me up to the lounge in the hotel lobby above and we discussed the defeat over drinks.

I really felt low. I knew my plans were excellent and everybody agreed they were. I knew I had the drive and ability to make them work and everybody agreed I did, I knew the situation for Our Nation was desperate, and everybody agreed that it was. But nobody would do anything. No matter how hard I tried, I ran into a solid, blank, silent wall.

Sam cheered us up and even got us dancing a bit. Then we went home and I lay awake a long time, trying to figure things out while my blessed wife stroked my head and mothered me like a spanked boy. I had failed with the American Federation of Conservative Organizations, The Conservative Times, and it seemed also with my political career.

Chapter X

The catastrophe of my big meeting in the Mayflower seemed complete. I had put all I had into that final effort, including money and thought, time and work. And it had been just another session of talk, like all the rest, like almost everything else going on in the right-wing. But I reckoned without the hand of an inscrutable destiny which I have come to know and to trust.

One of the men who had come to that last meeting in the Mayflower was Robert B. Snowden, an extremely wealthy plantation owner from Hughes, Arkansas. He had heard of me through my friend, Congressman Gwinn of New York and then had called me to say he was coming up from Memphis for the meeting. Part of my humiliation at the meeting had been Snowden's speech. He had used the occasion to tell the group of his own organization and his plan to do exactly what I was proposing, in a different way. He had, moreover, plenty of money of his own, plus many thousands of dollars at his disposal from other wealthy Americans. He had the active backing of many congressmen and influential people and his organization, unlike mine, was 'in business' and seemed to be a booming success. With all this, he very understandably preached that the support I was asking would be much better put into his organization which was called The Campaign for the 48 States. It made sense. In effect, he simply stole my meeting.

But the fact that his proposals made sense was no consolation to me the next morning as I surveyed the wreckage of my political career. With no more money, no organization, paper or business, it was hard to figure a next move. Then the telephone rang. It was Snowden.

"Can you come over to the Congressional Hotel?" he asked bluntly.

"Sure," I said, having nothing to lose by talking to a millionaire.

"When?"

"Right now."

"Be right over."

I hung up the phone and scurried over to his suite in the hotel which was right next to the halls of Congress. He was in his BVD'S, drinking whiskey from a tumbler. He offered me some in his hearty, bluff manner and I accepted. I liked him. He was big, florid of fact, outspoken, even blunt, and he obviously 'knew the score', as it is termed among the loose mess of people called 'the movement'.

There was no "die-hard" old lady about Snowden.

"I liked your pitch," he growled. "You've got the stuff we need. I want to put you on the payroll. How about it?"

I felt like a man in the electric chair being offered a reprieve. Would have probably agreed to go on the payroll of Nikita Khrushchev at that moment, with two hungry families waiting for me to bring home some bacon and one of them with a warrant and jail ready if I didn't bring home some bacon. But Snowden had seen me at my best, in plush surroundings and knew my record of accomplishments, so I tried to keep cool.

"Doing what?" I asked. "And for how much?"

"Helping me organize the Campaign, raising funds and writing scripts for TV films."

"What's the payroll?" I repeated, trying to keep down my excitement at this offer of what appeared to be heaven plus a salary. Writing TV film-scripts sounded like the answer to my prayers!

"Eight thousand."

We gulped his bourbon and dickered. Several people came and went and he held court for them in his BVD'S. We liked each other. The job, of course, was my heart's desire, although I hid my wild elation over it for a decent period of time. We settled the details and it was agreed that I would stay right in my home in Virginia and write five half-hour TV shows to be filmed in promoting the five amendments to the Constitution which comprised the 'trick' of the Campaign for the 48 States in sneaking the government back from the usurpers.

Snowden got dressed and we adjourned to the bar below, where we met a friend of mine, Bill Evans, who had been kicked out of the Navy, despite his being a senior lieutenant and a graduate of Annapolis, because he pointed out the gross treason going on in the Korean War when he was aboard a destroyer. Evans knew more about the 'movement' and the people — which ones were phonies, etc. — than anybody I knew at the time, and I thought he might be able to help in the Campaign. Snowden didn't think Evans would be of any help, but felt so expansive and generous that he loaned Evans $800 on the spot to get his wife and children back from overseas, where they had been stranded, now that Evans was down in his luck after his bout with the pinko bureaucrats of Washington. Snowden's impulsive generosity I found attractive, but I was soon to learn another side of the man.

I used my last funds to get set up properly in my home in Vienna to write and organize the TV films for him, as ordered. I was to send him the scripts and layouts as they were completed.

But before I could get started, I received a hurry-up call to report to a big meeting in New York, where I was to help Snowden and Gwinn raise funds at a luncheon. Upon my arrival, I found the Campaign had been able to gather some of the greatest names in U.S. industry at this sumptuous private dinner. Snowden and Gwinn both made little talks asking for $495 from each of the assembled capitalists — the largest non-reportable contribution. The results of the plush atmosphere and the smooth pitch were excellent and I was very pleased to be part of the outfit — for a few minutes.

Then, as we parted for the day, Snowden suddenly informed me that he had hired a firm, which I later found was dominated by Jewish interests, to write the TV films and I was to move to Memphis to work in the office with him! This was an awful blow — creatively, financially and family-wise. I would not write the films I was working so happily on. I would have to sustain the severe financial strain of giving up our pretty little Virginia home and moving over 1000 miles into the South. I would have to rip up my family's growing roots and inform my wife of the new hegira, and my wife was getting understandably sick, and tired of hegiras. We had already moved four times in two years. But I was on the payroll, and working in politics, which was my chosen career, so there was nothing to be said or done except to move.

Thora and I, Ricky, Grampaw and Jeannie, the baby, piled into our Plymouth station wagon and we drove the long road to Memphis. On the way, I thought many hours about what might lie ahead and resolved to take out 'insurance' against any more of this total uprooting of my family. I tensed, with Snowden's sudden switch, the possibility that my political career, even on 'salary', might not be too secure. I resolved not to buy or rent a house or apartment, but to get a big trailer. If there were to be any more sudden moves, I would be ready to hitch up and go.

Snowden ran a miniature dictatorship in his Memphis office, ruling like a tyrant over his other assistant, Fred Rosenberg (German) and his secretary. It had been "Bob" and "Line" before, but when I walked into the office, I was ordered summarily to address the boss as "Mr Snowden". This did not bother me too much. I do not mind the boss exercising his authority or dignity. In fact, I insist on this myself, but his next orders did bother me.

Having come all the way down to Memphis, I found myself required to make out, by hand, little receipts for the $3.65 contributions which poured in from all over the U.S.A., thanks to the organization's slogan: "A Penny a Day." These receipts could have been printed and stamped, as they had been in my offices in two businesses. It seemed silly to pay a man $8,000 and have a thousand miles with his family in order to write out receipts eight hours a day. When he left for lunch, I asked my new associates about the foolish business.

"He's just like that," they said. "He's showing you who's boss."

It did no good for me to emphasize that I was happy to acknowledge him boss, call him "Sir" and obey his orders without cavil. Day after day I reported to work with my sandwiches and sat for hours scribbling out those eternal little receipts. While I thus 'occupied' my talents, I watched Mr Snowden swashbuckling around the office, commanding the other two in his imperious manner. I tried very gentle and extremely diplomatic gambits in offering helpful suggestions, particularly as to methods of cutting out a great deal of inefficient and useless paperwork, such as the endless little receipts. This only made him angry, so I gave it up.

Then one day he got the first scripts from his expensive New York deal. He read them with growing consternation. He did not let me look at them, but he showed them to Rosenberg, complaining bitterly about the deadness and stupidity of them. He wrote the firm, with whom he had an iron-bound contract, a nasty letter and received more lousy scripts.

I had already carried out my resolution to buy a trailer and I went home to this rather palatial, if compact, home and sat up all night writing the script as I thought it should have been written. The next morning I silently handed my effort to Mr Snowden, who accepted it with equal silence and read it. He said nothing and went out to lunch.

When he came back, he gruffly told me to get busy and write the scripts, so I put away my receipt book and returned to the work I could have been doing back home in Virginia, the work I was doing before he paid the other outfit to do it, only to discover, as he should have known, that only a dedicated, informed and creative right-winger could write those scripts. It annoyed him, however, to have me sitting there above his immediate commands, so he told me to go home and write them — a most welcome order.

I pitched in and wrote the shows which, I understand were finally used although I never saw them, but not without his 'help'. His blue pencil had to insert itself into carefully-written bits of propaganda, like a wrecking bar, to sledge-hammer it around to his own tastes.

In the middle of this, I was ordered by the Navy to take a couple of reserve squadrons from Anacostia, D.C. to Grosse Isle, Michigan, for a summer 'cruise' of two weeks' intensive flight training. I was commanding officer of Fasron 661 at Anacostia, flying a weekend every month in Washington, and now I was appointed task force commander of the training group. Thus I had to leave Memphis, my family and Mr Snowden for two weeks to serve in the Navy. During this period of my absence, Mr Snowden offered to take my wife and children for a visit to his sumptuous plantation at Hughes, Arkansas, where he had a lake for swimming.

It was on this cruise at Grosse Isle that I learned at last the full extent of the 'Jew-democratic' rot which has emasculated our fighting forces. My orders as task force commander were to take my own Fasron 661 and a scouting squadron attached to Grosse Isle Naval Air Station for two weeks of intensive drill and training to insure the combat-readiness of the officers and men. We were all drawing full duty pay and enjoying all the benefits of active service in the Navy, so it seemed to me that we owed the taxpayers of America everything we could do to insure the genuine battle-readiness of the squadrons, the officers and the men.

One of the most elementary necessities in combat-readiness is discipline, and discipline, in turn, requires instant obedience and respect. This is the reason for most of the saluting, the honors, ceremonies, dignities and services accorded seniors by juniors in all effective military organizations. I made the terrible 'mistake' of trying to include this most necessary element in the training program. I ordered all juniors to salute all seniors once a day, and all commanding officers to be saluted every time they appeared, except under active working conditions or when flying, and so forth. This is no more than standard procedure aboard ship where decent discipline prevails.

The result was that some of the officers and men complained to Anacostia, and I got chewed out thoroughly, almost receiving an unsatisfactory fitness report. I got a lecture on the new 'democracy' and the need to make 'pals' out of the troops, etc. It was hard to believe it was the same Navy I had been in when I was a catapult pilot on the old Omaha, sixteen years before.

In those days, the Navy still maintained its aristocratic fighting traditions, even though some of the troops might have had their 'democratic' feelings hurt by not being 'pals' with their officers. In fact, every effort was made to create a gap between juniors and seniors. There was a greater gap then, between ensigns and junior lieutenants, than there is now, between ensigns and captains! Before we got 'democracy', even a junior naval officer was assigned his private mess boy, as the privilege of a gentleman whose profession was war. This was before the Jews had managed to spread the idea that every admiral and general should wash his dishes and his dog and that it is beneath the 'dignity' of a Negro to do these tasks for a man whose responsibilities may include the fate of nations.

Rank really meant something in those days, and the other ensigns and I never thought of referring to a lieutenant, junior grade, as anything but "sir". There was even a 'head' or washroom for lieutenants and above, and once, when I was already one of the jg's, I got caught by a lieutenant using his sacred chamber between flights to save a long run up and down two ladders to my quarters in the 'black hold of Calcutta'. This dignitary of a higher world was not as popularity crazy as are today's officers, and very properly chewed me out in the saltiest tradition for thus intruding on the privacy of my betters. Even as few years back as 1941, American fighting men of all ranks could understand the simple fact that nobody can preserve the dignity of command and maintain the respect of large numbers of men when commanders and commanded all stand together in the most undignified of tasks in the most undignified of places, as they sometimes do now in the military establishments.

An enlisted man or a junior officer with the right attitude and spirit does not feel himself degraded and humbled by saluting, honoring and granting privilege to a good officer. But many of today's officers have become obsessed with a desire to be popular, rather than good officers.

Back in '41, I saluted my commanding officer every time I saw him and was damned proud to salute this fine, tough officer. I did not have the democratic 'privilege' of wee-weeing together with him, but I did have the privilege of following his leadership and of feeling real, solid, eighteen carat respect for an officer and a gentleman who would have unhesitatingly had me clapped in irons for any willful and flagrant failure to show such respect.

Sure, we had tyrants and bullies when commanding officers had the real power they used to have, but sometimes we learned that the tyrants had a purpose in their roughness and it paid off in combat. More often than not, our commanding officers were outstanding leaders. Today, a CO. is sort of a businessman executive and school-teacher who is expected, above all things, to be 'popular' in the cheapest sort of way, and then to be a technical expert and paper-shuffler. If he tries to establish the proper conditions of dignity and respect for effective leadership, which always involve the elements of privilege and fear, in addition to popularity, he is promptly accused of not being 'democratic'.

To add to this sour experience, my return from the two-week Navy cruise was the occasion for a new battle with Snowden, this time of a serious nature. He later settled the matter out of court and I agreed not to divulge the details of the affair, and thus cannot do so here.

After that encounter, things in the office were worse than difficult. In the interest of the cause and my job, I tried to be extremely, even formally respectful and helpful, but my boss redoubled his arbitrary tyranny. I tried to tell him I had established good contacts with Russell Maguire at Mercury magazine, and other contacts which could get us good publicity, but Snowden scorned these offers and hired a man he admitted knowing was a pinko to do the publicity, one of the jobs for which I was hired.

One morning I walked into the office to find Snowden there early. He asked me to look at a bill or something at his desk and, as I did, I could not help seeing a note reading "Fire Rockwell." I asked him what it was and he tried to hide it, but it was too late. We had it out, and I stamped out of the office, with him ordering me back to hear more, all the way to the elevator.

Thankful that I had the foresight to get the trailer, I hurried home with the awful news for my wife, who was beginning to feel like a badminton bird. We bought an old '49 Cadillac and I hitched up that 44 foot giant — bigger than a truck — and piled the family inside the dwarfed car.

Few combat flying experiences have been so 'hairy' as that first trip, hauling such a gigantic trailer, with a car full of wife and children. The thing swayed dangerously going down hills and there was one time when I saw a huge Greyhound bus roaring down a hill opposite as I roared down another hill toward the point at the bottom where the road narrowed to a tiny bridge over a creek! It was obvious that we would meet in the middle and the bridge was barely wide enough for both of us — less than a foot to spare! I waved my arm frantically to the bus driver to stop, since I couldn't stop, but he kept on with the usual elephantine speed of a bus. My fingers gripping the steering wheel in a clutch of deathly, cold fear, we shwooshed past each other on that bridge in a hair-breadth escape that literally exhausted my wife and me. The kids thought it was fun, of course! We also had a fearful time getting around tight corners in towns and my wife often had to jump out of the car to guide me around, while flagging other cars down.

On the way, our trailer hitch broke and we almost had a catastrophe as the trailer dropped with a horrible thud, but we managed to battle and struggle our way up to Washington, D.C., and finally pulled into the lovely park at Haine's Point, on an island in the middle of the Potomac — with a gigantic sigh of relief!

Chapter XI

I had already sold Russell Maguire, the publisher of Mercury Magazine, an article about U.S. follies in Iceland, so I now planned to propose further work for him. I called and arranged an appointment in his lavish Park Lane apartment in New York.

I had never met him and was happy and relieved to find him the opposite of my recent employer in Memphis. He was small, intelligent, unassuming and seemed utterly dedicated to the cause of America and the White Race. We talked over the 'movement', as patriotic leaders inevitably do upon meeting and agreed that what was needed was what he called a "hard-core". I told him I thought eventually we would need a Nazi Party, and he agreed, but said it would have to be done with extreme secrecy. At the time, I didn't know enough about it to argue him out of that idea, as I do now, so I went along with that, too.

Then he offered to put me on the payroll in his Fifth Avenue offices as his assistant, to help promote Mercury Magazine, his beloved project, and to begin quietly setting up the 'hard-core' he wanted. Even if this had not been what I dreamed of, I would have taken it at the handsome salary. Here was the opportunity praised for by many a young American I knew: getting paid for fighting treason! I reported for work almost immediately and had the trailer hauled by a moving company to a trailer park in Moonachie, New Jersey, just across the river from Manhattan.

For awhile, it seemed too good to be true. I 'broke my neck' for Maguire, and he seemed to appreciate it. He was willing to listen to suggestions and accepted them. It was heaven after the office in Memphis!

But then I began to get into the office intrigues, which go on in every office in the world and my position, which had no title, became difficult. Sometimes "R.M.", as the staff called this tiny multimillionaire, would send me over to pounce on all the mail at his Mercury office on 50th Street and search through it in order to see if the staff over there — including his own daughter who was the boss at Mercury — were filching from or messing up the mail accounts! This did not endear me to that staff, nor did I gain any popularity when I discovered left-wing sympathies in some of the editors and presented the evidence as was my duty, to the boss. Part of my job was also to filter the thousands of requests for financing which plague every wealthy man and throw out the scoundrels, the fakes, the boobs and quite a few decent people with whom R.M. simply did not want to be bothered.

Meanwhile, I was busily searching out and rounding up the talent for Maguire's 'hard-core'. In the process, I came across a man named DeWest Hooker. When I met Hooker, once again, my life changed permanently. Hooker already knew Maguire and Hooker had been the nearest thing to a Nazi since the Bund. He was a graduate of Cornell, exactly my age, with the same temperament, same ideas, and infinitely more experience. He was handsome, so handsome that he made money as a professional model, whom I still see in cigarette ads. His rugged, aristocratic face was framed by perfectly groomed hair, greying at the temples. His build was athletic and tall, and he walked with a bounce and spring in his step which is rarely seen among our beat people. He was a descendant of the Hooker who had signed the Declaration of Independence, with millionaire parents and a millionaire wife.

But, most important of all, Hooker was a Nazi! He was not a 'patriot' or a 'right-winger' or a 'conservative', but a fighting, tough, all-out-Nazi. He had gone into the streets of New York City and rounded up gangs of tough kids and potential juvenile delinquents, and converted them to fanatical loyalty to the United States, the White Race and Adolf Hitler. He called this gang of little hoods the Nationalist Youth League, and I was deeply impressed when I saw what leadership and guts will do to make decent, dedicated Americans out of little lost baby gangsters. Hooker had those kids worshiping him! He was an obvious aristocrat from a mansion in Greenwich, Connecticut, who wore a Homburg and a Chesterfield with supreme dignity, and he led those little New York gutter kids out of despondency to form picket lines against Jewish Communism, right in its filthy stronghold: New York City!

My first meeting with Hooker was on a Thanksgiving Day, when he was due at a family dinner, but we got so totally absorbed in our discussion that he kept his wife waiting hours, until she was very angry at him. As we talked, he told me one amazing thing after the other.

Wes explained the Jews to me more clearly than I had ever figured out before. He described, with dramatic gestures, how they operate like a snake with different skins, which they crawl out of or into as the strategic need may arise.

When Jewish Communism begins to get too 'hot', as it has here in the U.S., because of the millions who saw the parade of Jew Communist spies, they slide out of that skin and become Zionists. And when this also gets too hot, then they molt and become 'anti-communists' or something else. In the excitement, nobody ever seems to notice that it is always the same snake.

Even more enlightening, he gave me a sparkling clear picture of the mess I had come to know on my own as the 'movement' — the cowards, the loud-mouths, the hobbyists, the ADL agents, the 'prostitutes' who make money out of it — the whole depressing lot of them.

This energetic young genius then told me the astonishing and accurate inside story of Joe McCarthy, completely winning me with his way of fathoming and presenting the vital information about enemy operations which had so far baffled me. Every step of the way, he showed me documents, newspaper clippings and photostats to back up the story about how Joe McCarthy got started, rose, and was finally ruined.

He told me that Bernard Baruch had started it all, when too many Jew spies were becoming prominent. Baruch called Joe up to his New York apartment — here, Hooker showed me a clipping from The New York Times — and told him that there was need of an anti-communist crusade, but that there was an unfortunate idea getting around that Communism was Jewish, because of so many Jew spies. Would Joe conduct a good, exciting Red hunt, being a little 'fairer' by digging up some non-Jewish spies? If Joe would do this, Bernie would see that there was good publicity and advancement in it for Joe. McCarthy could smell the aroma of this deal, but, like many a shabbez goy before him, he imagined he could out-fox the Jew. When the time came, he would use the publicity and backing to drag out ALL the Communists, Jew and Gentile alike.

So Joe agreed to conduct the great hunt and began in Wheeling, West Virginia. He promised to identify the "master Red agent" in America, and made a lot of charges about Communism in the State Department.

Then he was approached by his 'good' Jew friend, George Sokolsky, the columnist, who warned him of the danger of being accused of an 'anti-Semite', because of the 'fortuitous' presence of so many Jews in the Communist apparatus.

"Why not guard against this by taking a 'good' Jew on as head of your staff?" wheedled George. "Then they couldn't say you were anti-Semitic!

Joe thought this advice was pretty good and George just 'happened' to have in mind the right Jew — Roy Cohn. The matter was soon arranged and Cohn the Jew became the organizer of 'McCarthyism'.

Then Cohn approached fighting Joe and suggested that, since they needed contributions and more help, and wanted to be doubly sure they would not be accused of 'anti-Semitism', it might be wise to hire a wonderful, rich young Jew friend of his, Dave Schine, for the staff. Again, McCarthy went along with this brilliant stroke.

When all was in readiness, McCarthy duly brought out his 'big red fish', as promised, which turned out to be a college professor named Owen Lattimore — a Gentile! Nobody had heard much of him, before or since, but in the middle of the trials of more than twenty Jewish Soviet spies, Lattimore was dragged back and forth in the press as the real red herring, a Gentile herring, with suitable screaming back and forth by both 'sides'. Bernie had done a fine job.

McCarthy, through all of this, figured he was smarter than his manipulators and, when a Republican got into power, he would then go after ALL the reds, Jew and Gentile, and let the chips fall where they might. However, for the moment, he rested on his laurels as the man the Jew papers and the Communist Daily Worker were screaming about, the man who had been set up by a Jew, advised by a Jew and staffed by two Jews.

The loyal and hard-working staff now set about displaying 'McCarthyism' to the world. Cohn and Schine, the two Jews, made a whirlwind tour of Europe, visiting libraries of the U.S. Information Service which are, as a matter of fact loaded with red and pink propaganda. But they did not do a responsible job exposing and stopping this rotten use of U.S. taxpayers' money to spread Marxism. Instead, they threw tantrums for the press, threw books on the floor and acted like two idiots. Nobody noticed that they were two Jews, but everybody came to equate 'McCarthyism' with insanity, thanks to the wide press coverage these two received!

The presidential election was now in full swing and McCarthy went to bat for Ike, dreaming sneakily of the day he would not have Truman to stop him — the day he could really dig out Communists, no matter how many of them were Jews! Sure enough, Ike was elected and McCarthy pulled the plug, floored the accelerator, touched off the boosters and let go with all he had.

He went to Fort Monmouth, to our most secret radar laboratories and discovered 41 people with atrocious security records and red backgrounds. Of these 41, 39 were Jews! Then he found a Jew dentist named Irving Peress, who had been caught red-handed committing perjury in denying his red record. McCarthy asked the Defense Department to look into it and report the circumstances. Instead of doing this, the Anna Rosenberg-dominated Army promoted Peress and mustered him out, beyond reach of court-martial — in one day!

McCarthy, righteously lusting for blood, went after Irving and demanded to know who promoted this Communist. He would have eventually found his way to Anna, the writer of articles for The New Masses and a member of a Communist John Reed Club. Perhaps the trail would have led him up to Secretary Marshall, who boasted that he personally disarmed the Nationalist Chinese with a stroke of his pen, thus turning China over to Communism.

So McCarthy's two Jew 'assistants', Cohn and Schine, went into action again. Schine was drafted into the Army and Cohn, in McCarthy's name, called and tried to obtain favors for him by influence. This corrupt action was a perfect red herring to take the heat off those who promoted a Communist Jew dentist, guilty of perjury, and who mustered him out before he could be court-martialed.

Once more, the two Jews who had created 'McCarthyism' and given it a bad reputation — not Joe McCarthy — were the source of dirty dealing which caused the downfall of a truly brave and great-hearted man.

When Hooker had finished this utterly devastating and unanswerable display of the manipulative genius of the Jews, and his own genius at figuring it out, I was staggered by the enormity of it all!

I discovered Hooker hated Maguire, for whom I was working. Maguire, he said, was rabid only on one thing, the Mercury, his pet project — and the hell with the cause itself. He told me that Maguire was utterly ruthless financially and would weasel out of any deal he could, if it cost him money. He even claimed that Maguire had tried to hire him, Bill Evans (for whom I had obtained the loan from Snowden) and another man to kill key Jews at $10,000 a head, but that he became so difficult to pin down on the money question, they felt he would never pay. In fact, some of the boys wanted to shoot Maguire instead. Hooker said Maguire would talk forever about his 'hard-core', but would never do anything.

Meanwhile, in our trailer in Moonachie, my wife and I were very happy, considering the restricted living-space. She was once more pregnant, but we had money in the bank and our family grew daily more loving and united. With the pay coming in steadily and Maguire promising me raises for a job I wanted very much to do, the future seemed ideal.

I spent a good deal of time with Wes at his place in Greenwich and in New York. He had been driven out of business and political activity by the Anti-Defamation League and Jacob Javitz who was at that time New York Attorney General. The Jews had even obtained a permanent injunction against him in New York, as they are trying now to do in my case. He had to move from Larchmont, New York, to Greenwich, Connecticut.

Hooker was convinced that the 'movement' would never succeed in the U.S. because, he said, "The 'fat-cats' are too selfish and greedy ever to support a movement the way the Jews support their boys." He was disgusted, and I couldn't blame him, after I heard the series of experiences he had had with the 'fat-cats', as he called them — experiences which I have since 'enjoyed' myself.

These creatures would pay any amount for some little pet project they had in mind, but they would not pay any money to the human talent necessary to get a fighting, efficient organization together, as the Jews do.

I still felt then that they could be persuaded to back a responsible plan and responsible people, and talked West into holding off on his plans to quit the movement and go back into business to make money, as he had previously done in TV, for instance, where he had made $40,000 a year. I told West I was working for Maguire with specific instructions to organize such a group. He scoffed and said Maguire would welch. I felt differently and stuck up for Maguire all the way. I felt sure I could bring these two good men together eventually, in spite of the wild talk and charges.

Hooker has the genius which is desperately needed by the dead right-wing, and I felt sure I could get Maguire to back him eventually as a leader. I had to run back and forth between them, as you would between two pouting school girls who had turned their backs to one another. But little by little, I got them closer together. Finally, Maguire agreed to a secret meeting between Hooker, himself, Fred Willis (Maguire's oldest and best friend), and myself at Maguire's Park Lane apartment.

Hooker put his full faith into the effort and came up with complete list of all the people and 'leaders' in the movement, their records, their potentials and their drawbacks. He also had an accurate list of the spies and agents of the Anti-Defamation League which had Maguire itchy-fingered. Although it irritated him and went against his nature, I even got Hooker worked up to the point where he called Maguire "Sir", as I did.

We presented a complete plan for a slow, secret Nazi build-up under Hooker throughout the U.S.A." using the personnel and leaders already so well known to Hooker, a front group with an 'almost' Nazi flavor and — financing by Maguire. Eventually, we felt that most of the other rich men would help, if they could see something first. Maguire seemed entranced with everything we presented. Hooker wanted to give him the complete list of ADL and other Jewish agents, plus the evaluations of all right-wing leaders, but I had suggested holding off until we got some kind of commitment. This tactic got results.

"All right!" said Maguire, with the air of a man suddenly decided on an immense step. "I'll back it! The country doesn't have five years left! We've simply got to do it! I'll put in a thousand dollars for the first year! "

Hooker looked at me with his mouth open. I looked at Hooker, then we both looked at Maguire's old friend, Willis. Here was a multimillionaire with over $80 million, sitting in an apartment which was costing him at least $1500 a month, to say nothing of his fabulous palace on the waterfront in Connecticut — and he was telling us that he was going to 'back' a national political movement of gigantic proportions to save America, with $1000 a year! And he was going to do this great thing because "we only have five years left!"

Hooker and Willis were all for giving Maguire hell right there and then. Willis was worse than disgusted and said so, but Hooker kept quiet at my request.

I tried again. I knew Maguire spent hundreds of thousands of dollars per year printing Mercury and reprints from the magazine, plus all kinds of material for his four or five offices. I reasoned that if he were too stingy to contribute, perhaps we could get him at least to trade with us as printers, and thus finance the movement. We had dozens of young men who would learn the printing trade overnight and work like horses for nothing — which would make all the printing profits pure gravy for the fight. Scrambling wildly in my mind to put this deal together while keeping peace at the meeting I made the pitch to Maguire and he accepted it. He agreed to give us the printing and the 'fabulous' thousand dollars a year!

We parted at the canopied door on Park Avenue. Willis seemed too disgusted to talk any further. After hearing Maguire moan and groan year after year about the utterly desperate situation of America and the White Race, after hearing him admit that the only way to save ourselves from the Jews was with a tough, hard core, it must have been galling in the extreme to see him sitting on his money bags and offer to toss us a few-coppers for going out into the streets to have our heads bashed in by tyrants.

Hooker and I went to his club (Cornell), right around the corner and sat in the library trying to calm down and get our bearings for further action. In spite of the setback, it seemed to me at the time that I had rescued things with the printing deal. I wanted to plunge full speed ahead with arrangements. Hooker was understandably sour and predicted that Maguire would simply welch again, but I wheedled him into going along on the deal. He admitted that I had had more success than anybody so far with Maguire, just by getting on the payroll and arranging the meeting. Maguire, he pointed out, usually refused to see more than one person at a time, to avoid witnesses. So, West had a flicker of faith in my own enthusiasm and we went to work setting up a printing plant.

We got a press, a little store, started the boys frantically reading manuals on printing, held meetings, planned financing, raised money and generally did all the things necessary to be ready to handle our end of the business deal. Then I went to Maguire and said we were ready to start with some small printing orders, perhaps office forms.

It is probably an insult to the reader's intelligence to state bluntly what happened. Men do not suddenly change their habits — Maguire welched. There was no printing to be had at any of his offices. Not only did he welch, but I now became a source of great discomfort for him. My presence was a silent, unspoken, even unconscious rebuke to him for his faithlessness. It was hard for him to go through the "we've only got five years left" bit with all his visitors, as he did every day, with me at his elbow.

Maguire had hired a fine young Catholic boy named Gridley Wright for Mercury. Wright was 100% pure in heart, and over at Mercury, he discovered the same incompetence and left-wing sympathies, as I had. He told me about some of the amazing and horrifying things that were going on over there. Three or four of Maguire's supposedly hand-picked staff were not only violently anti-Hitler, but were actually sneaky liberals. They would sneak an anti-Maguire article into his own magazine almost every issue. Once, we caught a pro-Negro article by a Black who was married to a White girl, and then an article by a Jew, promoting the red idea of universal equality in mental capacity. I duly brought these items to Maguire's attention, along with other evidence of disloyalty to him in his own offices. His reaction appeared to be favorable, but blood is thicker than water. Maguire's daughter was the boss at Mercury, and it was not long before I discovered an indefinable blockage to everything I tried to do in the office. I thought at first it was his daughter, Natasha, but found out that the old man himself was behind a few louse-ups. One day he called me from his office and told me to meet him two floors below. He didn't want us to be seen conferring. We met in the men's room and he told me that his wife was giving him a hard time about me. She was a White Russian, he assured me, and on 'our' side, but didn't want to jeopardize the luxurious life she had attained with her husband, nor risk the security of her children. It was the old story, but I never expected to hear it from a multimillionaire. Maguire told me his wife was so upset that he was taking her on a Caribbean cruise, a pattern I have since learned that he follows whenever things get too hot, as they did recently when the New York papers blasted him at the instigation of the ADL for being "anti-Semitic", which the sly little fox denied!

He told me his wife had heard of my efforts to organize a 'hard-core' for him, and was "terrified". He whispered on and on so disgustingly about the pressure on him, and kept referring to the possibility of "cutting the thread", meaning my employment, that I naturally offered to resign. He accepted before I managed to get the words out, assured me that he would secretly support me with cash, instead of the salary, to keep up my work, and "soon" would give us the printing business to launch the movement. Needless to say, none of this materialized.

He did, however, buy two of the articles I did when the Marine Corps was under attack by the reds for its eliteness and aristocratic, tough traditions. The Corps gave me free access to everything at Parris Island, where I spent a week learning how the little Brooklyn reds were coming down and raising all the stink about "brutality" and the mean old D.I.'s who were actually standing like iron to save the last bastion of our fighting manhood, the U.S. Marine Corps. But that was about the last I ever saw of Russell Maguire or his money. He is probably still telling people we have only five years before it is all over, so we must hurry and subscribe to Mercury! We are, I suppose, to beat the Jews to death with baled copies of this non-anti-Semitic journal. Since this was written, he has sold out altogether and run.

Many right-wingers are sincerely concerned, I know, about my battles with men such as Maguire, Snowden, et al. and my revelations of what they really are. "They are doing good," I am told, "why not let them go about their business their own way. They are helping. Don't hurt them."

I maintain that they are only giving the appearance of helping. They are the ones who are actually hurting. Before a mass of people will rise up and do anything effective and forceful about a tyrannical situation, there must be built up a certain emotional pressure. A firecracker has not the force of a rifle bullet because it explodes harmlessly in all directions. But the gas from a rifle bullet cannot escape, except by forcing the bullet out at terrific speed, because it is confined and directed into useful channels.

As long as Maguire and all the rest of his ilk, rich and poor, can give themselves the illusion of fighting the Jews by exploding the pressure inside of them verbally and harmlessly — in all directions — without hurting a single Jew traitor, they keep the all-important pressure from building up sufficiently so that we will get mad enough to fight. The Jews know this and so permit these hundreds and hundreds of harmless little right-wing organizations to spout incessantly and unheeded, behind the Jewish 'paper curtain' of silence. These organizations don't reach any significant number of people outside their own group and when they do, their approach is so feeble and wrong-headed that they recruit only a few odd-balls. They never, never get out into the public, into the streets, in order to reach the masses with an inspiring and driving, masculine movement, which alone can win their hearts!

If just one tenth of the cold cash which has been pouring for decades into such 'firecracker' movements were to be contained, directed, and channeled behind an ideological bullet in the form of fighting men with a fighting message, the Jews would stop at nothing to crush and destroy that deadly 'bullet'. Even without the large amounts of this figurative 'gunpowder', but with force and direction, the bullets we have been firing have earned the all-out attack of the Jews — the only sure sign that we are firing something far more effective than the usual right-wing 'gas' at them. The Jews know that our brand of sniping will eventually destroy their illegal, tyrannical power.

I do not mean that we must work ourselves up into a 'pitchfork and barricade' mentality or engage in violent revolution. This old-fashioned attack won't work, as our side learned at the Feldherrnhalle in Munich, but we must stiffen the backbones of enough people so that they prefer to lose their jobs, as we do; so that they prefer to be unjustly jailed and fined, as we are; be railroaded to the insane asylum, as we are; or even to be beaten, as we are — before they will permit Jew tyrants to advance one more fraction of an inch into our last bastions of racial pride and national freedom.

As long as the hordes of tricky little 'patriot' societies all over America allow our oppressed and harassed people to blow off the pressure caused by this filthy tyranny once a week in harmless 'wind' and 'gas', there will never appear in America that holy and awesome power of aroused masses, the raging fires of social upheaval, which alone have always toppled the greatest tyrants, and for which there is no substitute. There are plenty of people already awake in America, They are afraid and they are frustrated by their inability to do anything about the terrible evil which they see growing.

Mercury Magazine does indeed 'inform' a lot of people. But we don't need any more informed people who won't stand up and fight to oppose tyranny. Such things as Mercury also keep the 'steam pressure' of emotions down in millions of Americans who are already informed and who feel that as long as Mercury is published, 'something' is being done. Such Americans are also fooled by the constant advice to 'write your congressman', as if we can somehow petition or talk our way out of tyranny. But worst of all, Mercury, and a thousand other little projects like it, are financial leaks which keep the right-wing bled to death. There simply is no money for the battle, no money for the bullets and powder, because it has all been spent on firecrackers, uniforms, the band, pictures of the enemy, exciting rallies and bed-time stories for the troops.

It is impossible to get these myriad stamp-licking and squawking societies together, as I found out, and as every experienced 'patriot' knows. And even if you could succeed in uniting them, they would be worse hitched up together than they are squabbling separately. As Hitler puts it so masterfully, "eight lame men walking arm-in-arm do not make one gladiator."

The false right-wing, leaders who, for forty or fifty years have been preaching a million different tricks to avoid the desperate, dangerous fight, which is always the price of any victory, are approaching the end of the road. They cannot much longer pretend that we can save ourselves with their sugary nostrums and, when the patient feels the death rattle in his chest, as White America can feel it now, our people will become disgusted with the quack physicians and their sugar syrups and pill and will flock to us with our rough and tough, but powerful, medicine.

It is for political reasons, not personal animosity, that I consciously and calculatingly expose these political frauds. The doctor cannot cure as long as the patient is chasing after quacks and imagines himself 'getting better'. The patient, our White Race, is dying! The situation is desperate, and it is viciously criminal to be a millionaire and then take the dimes and dollars of sincere little people in exchange for sugar syrup!

The right-wing cannot be wheedled together, but it can be driven together. This is our naked purpose. We intend to make it impossible for the fakes to keep up their medicine show, no matter how they pound their drums next to our office. Sooner or later, our mastery of the right-wing is assured. We have faced and beaten the worst the Jews have. We will have little trouble conquering and organizing the feeble right-wing. Exposing the simple truth about such men as Russell Maguire is part of that cruel but utterly necessary conquest. No matter how we are cursed and hated by the short-sighted, we will win all sincere Americans and White Men, when they see that we have done what they have so long prayed for: united the right-wing and driven steel into its backbone. The process is never easy or pleasant, but we mean to save Our Country and Our Race. The hurt feelings of a few millionaires, hobbyists and incompetent leaders will not deter us from our holy mission.

In addition to trifling with a deadly danger, as these people do, the phony and feeble leaders and tightwad millionaire 'patriots' also have a fearful effect on the real leaders who might otherwise lend their talents to the effort to save ourselves. DeWest Hooker is now working in Italy with a bottling company. He is disgusted and discouraged. His experiences with Maguire and the others, the same experiences which have made life so miserable for me and my family, have driven him back to the arms of the Jews and their money. We can't afford this, Americans! Every day I am told breathlessly what an indispensable leader I am, and how the movement needs me, and how terrible it would be if anything happened to me. This is indeed true. To the devil with phony modesty! Without me, there would still be only babbling and whispering and sneaking and publishing and hoping in America, while the Jews counted their money, pushed the Blacks into your schools and homes and made token gestures of attack from time to time as such feeble 'anti-Semites'.

Three years ago, I wrote the prediction that a spearhead 'Nazi' attack would revive the whole right-wing, by giving it courage — and it has! The Jews are revealing that we have given them the 'heebie-jeebies' by spewing forth more anti-Nazi lies and hoaxes than ever before!

But Hooker is one of the men who could have led fighting young men, as I am, in a fight to save America! The 'nice' people who back such 'wake up America' 'patriots' as Maguire drove a great White leader into the arms of the Jew money-masters! How many more Hookers there are is a tragic, unanswerable question.

No, America, it is not wicked to expose and attack Maguire and his ilk. Such phonies have been wrecking the movement they are supposed to be creating for many, many years. Until these 'patriots' pitch in with their money, their brains, their guts and their blood, they are frauds, and I intend to drive them out of our way.

Our motto here is: White Man, stand and fight for survival with us, or stand out of our way!

Chapter XII

As I sat in our trailer across from Manhattan and contemplated another debacle in my political career, I realized that the chances of supporting two families, as I had been doing, while also working in politics were less than slim. I would have to find some source of business income immediately. At the same time, I had no intention whatsoever of abandoning my entire purpose in life. I wanted some job by which I could make the money necessary for the two families with extra exertions, and over short bursts of time, leaving me free to work toward my political goals.

While in Washington, I had met a Nazi sympathizer named Ed Strohecker who was in the management engineering business, and he had often invited me to join him. He described it as exactly the kind of thing I needed now, a business wherein I could earn substantial money without getting tied down to an office desk and support my two families by extra hard work over shorter periods of time. When Ed heard of my situation, he got in touch with me and offered me a job working under him for a New York firm of management engineers. I accepted.

The idea of the business is that most firms can save money and do better business by modern management engineering techniques which are not usually available or known to smaller businesses. For healthy fees, the company provides these techniques. My job was to walk into offices 'cold', ask for the president of the firm and then sell this dignitary on the idea of having a survey of the business done for $100. For this fee they would receive some suggestions, but the 'survey' was mostly a sales pitch for the expensive engineers to follow.

The reward to the management engineering firm, for almost no investment at all, is relatively astronomical. Consequently, competition among management engineering firms is terrific and the salesmen, therefore, operate more like wolves than businessmen. A lot of small firms are understandably cool to the idea, especially if they have had a 'survey' or two at a hundred dollars a clip. I was once thrown bodily down a stairwell by an outraged president when he discovered the true nature of my call. Thus did the management engineering salesman have to be far more aggressive and 'inventive' than any other kind of salesman, who is pretty aggressive as it is. Not only is the 'product' an intangible and often invisible, but the prospective client usually has been driven mad by hundreds of other such salesmen who have been at him almost daily, year after year, with the same pitch. Just getting to see the president, who is the only man you are allowed to have sign the sale, is usually a matter of master strategy and colossal impudence.

It will not be hard to understand that New York City and the surrounding area would be a bit tough for this kind of business. Most of the businessmen are Jews and the ones who are not Jews have fought their way up through the Jewish jungle. They have battled their competitors and the helpless public like a pack of ravenous and bloodied rats, so they are anything but 'softies'.

Strohecker and his company were happy to find a man willing to tackle this area, in which they had nobody. I went forth with blood in my eye and ten hungry mouths yawning in two homes, waiting for me to feed them. I forced, argued, sneaked and fought my way in to see those tough Jews. And I got in! I was able to see about two thirds of the men I went after.

And when I got in, I was able to sell! I discovered, as I had in door-to-door selling of vacuum cleaners as a kid, that such selling is not so much convincing as it is a battle of the wills of the opposing parties. You must make a convincing pitch, of course, but even then, in the closing, your prospective client wills not to buy and you will that he buys. The sale or loss of it depends on whose will is the stronger, not on your arguments. In a business like that, as well as in door-to-door work, you have to be prepared to be tough, mean, obnoxious, and literally impossible without the victim succumbing, so that he gives up meekly and signs, even if just to get rid of you.

I knew the psychology of Jews. They are mostly bullies and they are impressed and sold by a bigger and tougher bully. So I sold Jews! My first week, I went out and sold three of them! One sale of this 'product' is considered par and a living, but I sold three and earned $300. The salesman in this case receives the entire $100 for the survey contract, which is strictly the entree for the second salesman, the surveyor.

I discovered the deep respect these Jews have for forcefulness and for a salesman's willingness to do anything to get the sale, so I pushed them around arrogantly and unmercifully. They loved it, even while they groaned.

One greasy character ran a plastics factory in New Jersey, and he kept putting the contract form away in his desk drawer, telling me he would think it over. I kept opening the drawer in front of his fat belly and putting it on the desk in front of him again, with the pen ready. Finally, talking a mile a minute, he put the contract in a side drawer, locked it with a key and put the key in his middle drawer. I opened this drawer, got the key, opened the other drawer, slammed the contract down in front of him again and told him he was only putting off what he had to do. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "Son, I wish I had just one salesman like you!" He signed, saying that he wanted no part of the 'survey', but went along out of utter admiration for such unheard-of sales technique.

With things thus apparently going well, I devoted every spare minute in the day, including evenings and week ends, working on my political plans and writings. It was a wretched life for my wife. My mind was a million miles away from immediate affairs, and living in a trailer with three children running in and out of the inevitable mud, plus a baby, while I sat hunched over a typewriter the seven or eight hours a day I was home, and all day on week ends, was pretty discouraging for a thoroughly sociable young girl like my wife, but Thora was loving and encouraging. She even listened dutifully to my political lectures and the readings of my political treatises; She understood little of them, but always reassured me and showed respect for my opinions. She and I agreed that a good wife should not be a political battler. It was best if a wife was not a rabid politician. She believed in my politics because I believed in it. No man ever had a more understanding, long-suffering or loving wife.

I already had all the facts of the political situation I needed to think my way through to an organized plan of action. I knew most of the people in the 'right-wing' and through Hooker, I had a complete and revealing report of those I did not know. I knew the general scheme of the enemy's operation and most of the facts about his subversion, treason and secret tyranny. I knew the pettiness, the meanness, the weakness, the small-minded fanaticism, the bigotry, the stinginess and downright madness of many of the right-wing 'patriots' — and their worse-than-useless 'tactics'.

I knew that all the talk in the world meant absolutely nothing, that all the fine plans and schemes were empty words without power, without the necessary force to realize the plans and ideas. I therefore devoted every minute of thought toward the attainment of political power, the power vested in the legal government, which was being manipulated cleverly and secretly by the Jewish money-masters, the usurpers.

I saw with an icy clarity that the entire right-wing was proceeding on the fallacy that if enough people could become aware of what was going on in our national life and in our government, the evils would somehow stop. At the same time, I heard right-wingers whining that they were unable to reach the masses because they were being given 'the silent treatment' by the Jewish dominated media of public information. No matter what they did or said, there was no report of it in the press, radio or television — while the sly operations of the Jews and their 'liberal' tools were broadcast endlessly and brilliantly to brainwash the public.

I realized that the only reason the Jewish 'paper curtain' or 'silent treatment' was effective was because the victims never fought, never went forth into the streets with handbills, picket signs or speeches because they might be beaten, arrested or killed! The right-wing confined itself to 'safe' efforts in private, talking to each other endlessly — never forcing the Jews to notice or report their activities, because they were never sufficiently newsworthy to make it obvious to the public that the Jews were censoring the press, by not reporting some generally acknowledged activity.

I also noticed the pitiful financial situation of even the richest right-wing organization. The Jews have budgets of many millions of dollars for their 'Anti-Defamation League', American Jewish Congress and American

Jewish Committee. Even the richest 'champion' of our side, Gerald L. K. Smith, had no more than a half a million a year. And, were we to have five times the funds, they would never be sufficient to compete in a brainwashing battle with the multi-billion dollar propaganda network of the Jews. Using TV alone, the Jews could put on Edward R. Murrow, for instance, and forcefully, emotionally drive home a subtle idea to many millions of people in a single dramatic hour! Under such circumstances, it is madness to imagine we can distribute enough handbills, make enough personal public speeches or do anything else, ever, to influence public opinion significantly, with our own tiny facilities.

Only by forcing the Jews to spread our message with their facilities could we have any hope of success in counteracting their left-wing, race-mixing propaganda!

To do this, we would need two things: (1) A smashing, dramatic approach which could not be ignored, without exposing the most blatant press censorship, and (2) a super-tough, hard-core of young fighting men to enable such a dramatic presentation to the public, in-spite of the inevitable Jewish violence.

I examined the tactics of the Jews in dealing with all previous approaches to the problem, and found they had a sliding scale of increasingly vicious attacks on those who tried to expose and oppose them publicly.

The first and instinctive weapon of the Jew is economic. If you are an 'anti-Semite', then you and your family must starve, if it is in the power of Jewry to accomplish this — which it almost always is, since they supply, control or patronize all businesses. The whole weight of Jewish business is brought to bear on anyone who dares to oppose these lovers of free speech. Usually this is enough to terrify and reduce any man, especially one with a family, to humiliating and disgusting submission to Jewry.

But if that doesn't work, they go after his reputation and social life. He is smeared and blasted and lied about in the Jew-controlled media of entertainment and information. He is called a 'bigot', a 'hate-monger', a 'failure' and finally, when all else fails, he is damned as a 'Nazi'.

If there is still life in the would-be exposer of Jewish treason, they then reverse the field, for fear of giving him publicity, and give him instead the 'silent treatment'. His meetings, speeches, distributions and resolutions are simply ignored, no matter what he does. This is a particularly frustrating experience and usually discourages even the toughest battlers, with the mere passage of time.

If the rising 'anti-Semite' survives all this, they next try their jail bit. The police are pressured until they crack and are willing to harass and persecute the 'offender' for all sorts of 'violations'. And if the Jew-fighter persists regardless of the fines and other penalties incurred for not having a properly licensed dog, for distributing literature in a disorderly manner, etc., they prepare a 'frame' for him, as they did to Emory Burke in Atlanta. The patriot is found with dope in his possession, or it is 'discovered' that he has been giving 'kick-backs' to his employees, or his tax returns are not in order, etc.

Failing this tactic, the Jews hit their man with their newest masterpiece: 'mental health'. The patriot must be 'sick', so he is locked up 'for his own good' in the bughouse.

If this also should fail to stop such a 'mad anti-Semite', then the Jews resort to the eternal weapon of all tyrants: naked violence. The would-be opponent of Jewish treason and tyranny is beaten up by hoods, his place is attacked by fire and missiles, and he discovers that his life is in danger, unless he stops doing whatever it is that offends the Jews.

During all their direct attacks against the staunch patriot, the Jewish 'lovers of sweet reason' employ two equally dirty indirect plays: They build up sincere, but harmless anti-communist outfits, like the John Birch Society, by showering them with publicity to draw off the growing hordes of maddened Americans from any real and therefore dangerous activity and, secondly, they open up a heavy media bombardment of lies about Hitler and National Socialism, in order to destroy by discrediting 'Nazis' like ourselves, without giving us any publicity.

There is no question that a man who has survived all these attacks will be killed, if possible, by the Jews or their agents. The Jews have no choice. They are too guilty to permit anybody to expose them and organize any effective resistance against them. Traitors cannot survive such an exposure. With such as the Jews, it is kill or be killed.

That I could develop the organization and strength to take care of most of these tactics, I had no doubt. It had been done before, but the problem of the dramatic approach which would force the spreading of our propaganda by their media was something else. I was determined, of course, to set up a program which was essentially National Socialist — Nazi - but for a long time I toyed with the idea of 'disguising' it, as do most other right-wingers, by using some other name and a slightly different symbol. At that time, an openly 'Nazi' party seemed too fantastic even to think about.

But then I began to reflect that the ultimate smear of the Jews was always, "You're a Nazi!" And I wondered what it would be like to answer, "You're damned right we're Nazis, and we shall shortly stuff you Jew-traitors into the gas chamber!"

At once I had the answer! By being an open, arrogant, all-out Nazi, not a sneaky Nazi, but a Nazi with the Swastika, storm-troopers and open declarations of our intentions to gas the Jew-traitors (after investigations, trials and convictions), I would not only make an end of the filthy 'silent treatment' — for they could never ignore Nazis with Swastika armbands and talk of gas chambers — but I would also force the Jews to publish my propaganda in their press! Every time they would howl that I advocated 'gas chambers', people would be shocked, but they would also lose a tiny bit of their 'fear of the Jews' as the Bible calls the filthy terror inspired by these 'apostles of tolerance'.

If millions of people kept reading in the Jew press about a man who was not only an 'anti-Semite', but an open Hitlerite, a Nazi — and survived as such — the myth of Jewish invincibility would be smashed. The timid little people all over the country who have been silently and fearfully reading all this material designed to 'wake them up' all these years would begin to creep out of their closets. While the Jews were desperately busy combating me, the little fellows would become bolder and would begin to act more like their American forefathers.

By being a Nazi, with the Swastika, I would also gather the only kind of people I wanted around me: the tough, dedicated idealists ready to fight for those ideals and give their lives, if necessary. And even more important, I would automatically scare off the millions of blabber-mouths, cowards, fools and crackpots which infest the rest of the 'movement'.

The Swastika would probably not bring me many supporters, but those who came would be men.

The Swastika would bring me still another bonus: For years the American judicial system, including the Supreme Court, has been pushed, shoved and twisted for the benefit of the Jew-Communist subversives and traitors. One decision after another has been rendered, making it safer to preach treason and subversion. The American Civil Liberties Union has worked tirelessly and effectively to break down the resistance of our government and officials against the inroads of Communist arrogance, while the public has been taught to 'turn the other cheek' and be so tolerant that the vilest traitors must be accorded every 'right', including the right of spitting in the eye of Congress with their 'Fifth Amendment' impudence.

Thanks to the efforts of the Jews themselves, it is impossible simply to grab Nazis and throw them into jail without some kind of proceedings, otherwise they would expose their tyranny for all to see. The self-same court rulings which enable the Jew-Communists to drive their daggers closer to the beating heart of America enable us to preach and to organize the gassing of the traitors, according to law. Freedom of speech for Jew-Communist traitors means freedom of speech for 'Nazis'!

In addition to these overwhelming arguments in favor of open Nazism, there is the effect the Swastika has upon the Jews themselves. I had long ago come to the conclusion that most Jews are 'sick'. The standard symptoms of paranoia are delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution, and here was an entire race which made a religion of these classic symptoms of paranoia! They claim to be 'God's Chosen People', which Gentiles tend to take as a joke, but which Jews really believe in their hearts, even when they are not religious. In addition to this widely-held belief among the Jews are their wailings and outcries that "everybody hates them". These two beliefs the Jews have carried with them down through the centuries of recorded history.

It is notable that people once hated the Irish, the Scottish, the Slavs, the Italians, the Greeks, Chinese, Japanese and other minority groups as they arrived in America, but they all rolled up their sleeves, pitched in and managed to make their way in this country without making a fetish out of being 'hated'. It is only the Jews who are forever telling us that they are being made into 'scapegoats', when they are in reality holy and innocent little lambs. Everybody, they say, is 'discriminating' against them, persecuting and hating them unjustly! In an individual, such per- sonality traits would be a one-way ticket to the nearest madhouse. Think about it! But the Jews have made their paranoia the fundamental, if dis- guised, tenet of our so-called 'Americanism', and of our Christian religion. If you do not share the Jews' madness and deny that they are 'chosen', then you are a heretic. If you should go beyond this point and deny that the Jews are unjustly persecuted and expose their sins as you would the sins of any other group, you are then labeled as 'un-American', a 'hate- monger' and a 'Nazi'. In short, the Jews are nuts!

They display the usual brilliance and apparent rationality of the para- noiac. They are the world's champions at 'explaining' their madness as the most fundamental reality and the very proof of sanity. If you don't love the Jews, then you are nuts! But it is the Jews themselves who are flying in the face of reality, and the effort costs them more mental illness per person than any other race or group! They are simply mad, and the Swastika therefore has a special side-effect which is worth the whole ef- fort of using this dangerous symbol.

For fifty years, the Jews have been planning their attacks on our Amer- ica, our freedoms, our traditions, our culture and our people. They are ruthless, subtle, daring and brilliant in the fulfillment of their plans. They always count on the good-natured docility, the sheep-like tendency to follow, the ingenuous credulity and the liking for the underdog which are so characteristic of the typical American. Not until he has been goaded far beyond endurance will the average American 'look for trouble' or fight for his rights. Americans simply wish to be let alone in their enjoy- ment of the ordinary things of life. So long as they are not too seriously disturbed in their 'grazing' in the pastures of life, they do not overly con- cern themselves with the wolf which is sneaking toward them.

The Jewish wolf has seen his stealth rewarded. Not only has he left the sheep undisturbed while he stalks them, but he has been able to devour the shepherd and build a big fence around the sheep so they cannot es- cape his fangs when he attacks. He can do just as he pleases, so long as he is not too obvious about it.

The sheep continue to graze happily on their beautiful lawns, two cars, fine homes, hi-fi's, TV's, etc. The only thing which would cause them to raise their empty heads would be some kind of loud noise — the frightening sound of battle!

Under these conditions, the Jews have been able to derive a formula for success which has been so far infallible. Because they have the initiative, being the attackers, they are able to select targets and time their attacks for maximum advantage to themselves. Moreover, they have their opponents' tactics down pat, because they know in advance what we are going to do. Why is this? Because our side has been doing the same thing for fifty years, every time the Jews attack! Thus the Jews simply add to their plans an element designed to destroy their opposition in advance. As long as our opposition to the Jews is exactly what they have calculated, we are doomed to worse than failure. We are doomed to looking ridiculous.

As I have set forth, the Jews are brilliant and clever in their attacks, but they are fundamentally irrational in their paranoia. Knowing this, I reasoned that an attack upon them which was unexpected, unreasonable and terrifying to them, because of their treason, would produce reactions from them which would be involuntary. With the Swastika, we could seize the initiative for the first time and wreck their clever plans! Instead of them planning their attacks to include our stupid reactions, we would be planning our attacks — and taking into account their insane reactions! Even the grazing sheep would notice the wolf frothing, raving and baring his fangs.

Finally, of course, the Swastika is the Symbol of the White Man, and has been for thousands of years. It is also the symbol of the sun and of dynamic force — the force which has been stolen from our modern, Jewized Americans.

All these arguments occurred to me in deciding what course to take in launching my movement to oppose the downfall of Western Man. These are tactical reasons, but there is a far deeper reason for the use of the Swastika. Men cannot survive the cataclysms of history, the mighty ideological and sociological upheavals which move all men, without some kind of Polar Star, some sacred symbol, which becomes 'holy' and greater than any man. Religion formerly supplied these 'holy' things, but the day of general belief in miracles and supernaturalism is over. Millions of human beings on this earth today have no religion whatsoever, which is part of the cause of the current unparalleled chaos. Men are 'milling around' in the dark, without direction, without hope, without understanding. Only if I could succeed in restoring to our people some kind of rational 'Polar Star' could our people be saved. Only when I could make them see that the individual is not as important as the race — as Nature intended — could I succeed in terms of history and humanity, rather than immediate politics.

Therefore, even if all the tactical reasons for the use of the Swastika did not exist, I should still have decided to stand forth with that deadly insignia emblazoned on my shield as I hurled my challenge at the Destroyers of Mankind. I am, and must be, above all things, the Apostle of Adolf Hitler, who was the greatest world savior in two thousand years. I must, like Saint Paul before me, now spread what I once misunderstood, hated and fought. I must, like the early Christians, drive out the 'evil spirits' of materialism, greed, selfishness, short-sightedness and cowardice, and stand defiant, even in the midst of the 'lions of the Colosseum', if that be my fate, to give the world once more that 'Polar Star' of direction, purpose, hope, loyalty and love which can no longer be supplied by the infiltrated religions.

Adolf Hitler carried the baton as far as he could. Now it was my task, since no other would do it, to seize it up and carry it, in my turn, as far as was in my power.

I believe in my deepest being that it is not without significance that the Swastika has already proved itself the key to unlock the Jewish 'paper curtain' and thus give me the prestige and notoriety to enable the publishing of this book. That symbol has been baptized in the only 'holy water' of any potency in this world: blood. It is the only symbol which can destroy its opposite, the symbol of death and disintegration: the Hammer and Sickle.

With these thoughts, I began the writing of a book called Battle Call, a new book of Hitlerism, adapted for America and today's world.

My work with the management engineering firm demanded fairly long trips all over Pennsylvania, New York State and New Jersey. I now took along my typewriter, and after topping at some state park or camping ground for the night, setting up my jungle hammock and lantern, I would resume my writing, working far into the night. During the day, I would fight the Jews for money and at night, I fought them silently for survival and liberty. In those parks and camping grounds, I wrote the words and laid out the plans which were to burst forth upon America two years later in Arlington, Virginia, where the Swastika first flew in America after fifteen years of being trampled in the mud and slime of Jewish lies.

Chapter XIII

Although I sold well in the New York area, my income failed to rise according to my expectations. I was not earning enough to support my two families. The hundred dollar advances which I was earning were supposed, to be only the beginning. The major income was from the percentage received by the salesman from the engineering work sold to the client by the surveyors, which often ran into five or six figures. The $100 was to be deducted from these commissions, but there was a disparity between my selling and the follow-ups. I was selling too hard and it was difficult for the men who came in later to keep the client. The head of the company showed me that I had established sales records in New York, but that I had also set the record for no goes.

Out of twenty sales I had made in the area, the follow-up men or surveyors' had not been able to get a single 'go-ahead' from the client agreeing to the expensive engineering work, which meant that there were not only no commissions for me, but that I was a heavy expense for the company. This discouraging information kindled my desire to go back to commercial art and advertising, but my employer felt so strongly that it was only a question of the law of averages before my salesmanship paid off that he offered me the unheard-of inducement, in the management engineering business, of a $100 a week salary, sales or no! He showed me that they got 'go-aheads' on one out of three sales by even the poorest salesman and, with the jobs I had been able to sell, just one of these would pay both the company and me handsomely.

I mention all this here because of the recurrent smears of the Jews that I and my fellow 'hate-mongers' are 'failures' who turn to 'hate' as a racket when they prove themselves incompetent at everything else.

When the smear of 'mental illness' becomes untenable, the Jew 'apostles of truth' switch to the 'failure' angle. My performance in the management engineering business, as well as my experience as a commercial artist and businessman are all a matter of record. The records of the Cleworth Company in the Empire State Building, New York City, will bear me out in all I have said here.

Bill Brown, head of the company, suggested Pennsylvania as the opposite of New York. The 'hay-seeds' there should be easier for the 'surveyors' to get 'go-aheads', he believed.

In the meantime, my wife had had our fourth child, Evelyn Bentina, in the free clinic of the Hackensack Hospital in New Jersey. We were too poor to pay what with the other family to support, so my wife gave birth in a ward full of Negroes. Now, once again, I had to tell her we were moving, this time to Pennsylvania — with a brand new baby!

We hitched the trailer up to the old '49 Cadillac and pulled it over to Lincoln, Pennsylvania, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country between Lancaster and Reading. There we found a pleasant little trailer park and put Ricky, the oldest boy, in school for his first year. Then I hit the road, looking for the backwoods rubes'.

I learned another vital political and economic fact, almost immediately: The owners of the hat factories, plastics plants, paper factories, etc., far out here in the sticks, were the same Jews I had met in New York! There were a few Gentiles, to be sure, but everywhere, I found the same people moving in on our names, the names of hard-working Gentile founders and producers, but they were now in the hands of Jews who were foully exploiting the great names of the founders for all they were worth.

I worked as hard as I could on these 'gentlemen', but it was discouraging to know that, even when you did make the sale, there would most probably be no income from the follow-up. However, there were three or four 'go-aheads' from this area, which was a vast improvement over the twenty sales in New York which produced not one follow-up. I thus began to pick up hope, which was certainly needed, now that our financial situation was so desperate. For the first time, I missed some alimony payments to my first wife, and lived in dread of sheriffs and jail for non-support.

About this time, DeWest Hooker called me from New York and said he had been invited to speak at a meeting in Knoxville, Tennessee. He asked me if I would go in his stead, now that he was definitely going to Italy, having gained Nelson Rockefeller as a 'partner', to set up the bottling business there. West did not want to become involved just yet in a movement which would require millions of dollars, until he had become a millionaire in his own right. I agreed to go, as I was anxious to meet the Southern contingent of 'Nazis', who would be there, as Hooker assured me. However, I am ashamed to admit that I was so worried about the outcome of this meeting that I actually used the name "George Lincoln"!

It was at this meeting, in the summer of 1956, that I met Wallace Allen, Emory Burke and Ed Fields. Burke had launched an almost success-ful organization called The Columbians in Atlanta right after the war, but had his office infiltrated by agents of the Anti-Nazi League, dynamite planted in his garage, and had been then railroaded into a chain gang! Ed Fields was a young chiropractor and 100%, according to Hooker.

Wallace Allen was an amazing human being. He had been crippled in both legs by polio, but had such a superhuman will that he abandoned his crutches one night in Philadelphia, when some unspeakable louse stole them, no less. From then on, Allen walked without them, in the most unbelievable fashion. His mind, I discovered, was so keen that he could perceive what you were getting at almost before you had the words out. This was a refreshing experience for me, as I was used to the terrible struggle of making people see what should be obvious. A meet-ing with such a man is like being a racehorse which has been forced to work for years in harness with plugs, and then is suddenly freed to run on a track with racehorses. With Allen, I could let my mind and ideas soar freely, without the usual misery of back-tracking every so often to recapture the lost attention of the listener. Wallace Allen has the sharpest mind of any man I ever met and will one day show the Jews what it is like to feel the steel jaws of that spring-trap mind snap shut on them.

Since I had already formed the opinion that it was necessary to be an open Nazi, I tried to get the southern group to go along with this, and succeeded mostly in scaring them to death. There was no question of their sentiments, but they all felt that it was suicide to be open about it. They even tried to keep me from speaking the next day, but I forced the issue into the audience to some extent by speaking on a sissy presentation of part of our present Nazi program, which I then called "The Lincoln Plan" — the plan to transfer the Negroes back to Africa, as advocated by President Lincoln and most of our early presidents and statesmen.

I pointed out clearly to this audience of mostly Southern racists that, by themselves, as a Southern minority, they could accomplish nothing, no matter how blazing and heroic might be their Confederate spirit or how their rebel yells heated the blood. In fact, the more they appeared to the rest of the nation as being a fanatical and utterly different minority which lacked the mores of the majority, the more they would isolate themselves from the nationwide mass support which the White Man must have to throw off the shackles of the Jews and the inevitable race-mixing which is the result of Jew control. The Civil War is lost.

Most of the rest of our nation does not know the Negro as the South knows him — intimately, closely. The North, Northwest and West see the Negro as something of a rarity, often a 'doctor', 'lawyer' or 'teacher' when viewed close up. Their contact with the 'natives' of the 'colored section' of town is virtually nil.

Intellectually, the rest of the Nation pretends to love and cherish the blacks and they can kid themselves into this attitude only because the Blacks have not come close, as they have in the South. Whenever a Negro moves in on these non-Southern Whites, they become racists quickly enough, but until they have had a good dose of 'brotherhood' at real close range, the White Majority will persist in imagining that the only difference between Blacks and Whites is skin color, although they know better, deep down in their subconscious minds, where their instincts tell them the truth.

These millions of Whites and blacks — these voters — will have to be won if we are ever to escape from our present rotten situation of being frustrated and beaten babblers, with no power. To achieve power, we must win over the soft heads and liberals — plus the Negroes themselves — by proposing a constructive solution to the Negro problem. Such a solution, regardless of how it is smeared and laughed at today, is voluntary repatriation for the Blacks. For far less money than we now waste on foreign aid, much of which goes to Communist countries which hate us, we can actually pay our Negroes a generous cash bonus, buy all their holdings in the United States, build them a real industrialized area in the best part of Africa — where the ignorant Africans clamor for their skills and educated abilities — give them first class transportation to the new and far better living conditions over there, compared to their present slums here, and then help them get set up decently in business and agriculture. To those who say that it is impossible thus to move fif-teen million people, I reply that we moved far more under much more difficult conditions, and under arms, during World War II alone. It is only impossible to solve the Negro problem this way so long as people insist on not thinking about it and keep dismissing the subject from their minds. Repatriation is the only workable solution. Segregation has never worked in, all of history. As long as there is sex and as long as blacks and Whites are mingled in the same geographical area, no matter how strin-gent the rules for segregation, lust will have its way, and the society will wind up mongrelized, as did Rome, Egypt, Greece and a dozen other once great civilizations.

Once we have convinced the 'progressive', 'liberal' 'nigger-lovers' that this solution is fair and that it will work, we shall win not only the 'nig-ger-haters' in the South and elsewhere, but the soft-headed 'liberals' who are ashamed not to like Negroes and try to do it, but who would be far happier if some way were found for the Negroes to 'disappear', leav-ing them with clear consciences, satisfied that we had done right by the blacks.

For $50 billion, spread over ten years and pumped into our national economy with healthy effects, we can one day find not a single Negro in our major cities and, at the same time, know that we have fairly and squarely made up for the original crime of bringing them over here as slaves and selling them.

This was the gist of my speech and the audience received it with en-thusiasm, which fooled me into believing there would be a lot of support for the plan to sell the Blacks on the idea of voluntary repatriation to Africa. I also imagined that I would soon be receiving the contributions they all promised, which would enable me to begin work on the program and thus get back into politics.

Ed Fields, the organizer of this meeting, used the occasion to establish The United White Party, forerunner of his present National States' Rights

Party. I was unsuccessful in getting him to see that this could only be a stop-gap, at best, as it was strictly southern in orientation and reeked with compromise and weakness which would sooner or later destroy it, as such organizations have always been destroyed.

I left Knoxville, happy to have met Allen and Burke who were openly impressed with me. I was confident that I had sold my back-to-Africa 'Lincoln Plan', but as the weeks went by, I discovered that I had misjudged the 'hard-core' people at Knoxville, just as I had misjudged the 'patriots' and 'conservatives'. There was no reaction whatsoever, no support, no help. There was not so much as a word from these enthusiastic talkers, although I had been working hard at the printing of material, flyers, letterheads and so on.

The only encouraging thing was a call from Wallace Allen in Atlanta. I had let him and Emory Burke have the first proof sheets of Battle Call and the two Georgians were on fire! They raved and swore by the book, and Allen begged me to come down there, saying that Atlanta was the place to fight the Jews. There was damned little money in Pennsylvania, so I agreed to give Atlanta a try, but I did not want to move my family again, especially with my boy in school, so I went down there alone for a month or so to see how it would work out.

In Atlanta, I put in a few hours a day making phone calls, selling advertising in various booklets for Allen, and was staggered by the results! The first week, working less than I ever had before, I earned over $200! The next week was good, too, although sales fell off a bit as Christmas approached. But it was still just what I was looking for. I was staying in Allen's lovely home and working in my spare time on political plans. After four weeks of this, I flew back to Lincoln for Christmas and happily told my wife how things had gone.

It will not be hard to imagine her feelings at the prospect of moving again, but she was as loving and understanding as ever. I had the old Cadillac's valves ground. We hitched up and once again started off across the country, pulling that gigantic trailer — this time with four little children. We arrived in Atlanta on the coldest January day they ever had! It was bitter, stinging cold and, when we pulled into the trailer park where I had made reservations, we found it wasn't ready. We had to go back outside of town to a 'park' which would have been more aptly called a 'dump'. There was garbage all around and, with the bitter weather, the pipes in the entire camp were frozen, along with the sewers, so we had no water connection, no toilet facilities and no heat that first day! This was quite a situation for a mother with four kids, one a new baby, but Thora pitched in as usual and cheerfully did the best that could be done for all.

We lived on hopes at that time which were apparently well-founded on my pre-Christmas experience, so we suffered out the first freezing, miserable week with every expectation that things would get better. How little did we know that from then on our fortunes would go from bad to worse to impossible, to that awful day in Arlington, Virginia, when Arrowsmith the millionaire suddenly and without warning sent sheriffs and police to our home with a writ of replevin, and my wife and I actually had to defend our home physically as the sheriffs tried to push their way in!

I resumed work on the advertising sales, but suddenly discovered a great difference. We didn't know it, but we had hit the middle of the 'recession'. Allen's business was mostly with the big unions and auto plants around Atlanta and, when the 'recession' hit, the plants closed down or slowed down. Workmen couldn't pay their accounts to the tradesmen and the tradesmen cut out their advertising. I began to have to work very hard all day long to sell enough ads to make a living. Then it got worse. No matter how I plugged on that phone, the old customers just wouldn't buy. Their business was just too low.

At first, Allen couldn't believe that I was really trying to sell ads. Then he tried it himself and found that it was true. The 'gold-rush' was over. There was even a scrap with one of the union heads and relations all around became severely strained. Allen and I quarreled. I was desperate again, with a hungry family, far away from my usual haunts and business, and Allen couldn't help feeling somewhat responsible. He had a beautiful home, two cars, including a Cadillac and money in the bank, all of which he had beaten out of a very cruel world by his own guts and brains.

But at the same time, Allen felt that I was trying to pressure him out of some hard-earned wealth. However, he did what he could to give me a good deal on sales, letting me keep almost all the income of what I sold, so I drove to make sales with everything I had, but it was still no use. Even when I beat a man into agreeing to buy an ad on the phone, the collector would often find that he had changed his mind and would not take out the ad or pay.

While all this was going on, I had been corresponding with a man named William Stephenson in Newport News, Virginia. He was the publisher and editor of a handsome, well-gotten up little racist magazine called The Virginian, much on the style of Time magazine. I had written him a letter and found that he had heard of me. We compared mental notes and ideas and he seemed impressed. I sent him a suggestion for a series of cartoons called "Odd Birds" which made fun of 'liberals' and, in a sneaky way, Jews, by comparing them to birds. He liked the idea and we agreed to produce them.

When Stephenson heard of our predicament in Atlanta, he called and gave us some very wonderful cheering up. His call yanked me out of a very deep despondency which came from seeing the truly frightful living conditions suffered by my dear wife and babies. Stephenson invited us to come to Newport News, where he had a press and photo-offset equipment. I agreed to work with him, not on a salary, but on a sharing basis as we published the "Odd Birds" and other material. I was also to help him promote the magazine and so on.

We hocked my typewriter and camera equipment to put a few dollars into our purse and hitched up for the long, long haul back up north. You are not allowed to drive a trailer at night and we could not drive this huge vehicle on the roads at all without special permission, so we had to find some sort of legal stopping place, hopefully a good one, before dark every evening.

Late one afternoon, as we were nearing Cheraw, North Carolina, I felt the trailer give a disconcerting heave and then yank me over to one side. We wiggled and braked to a stop, and I went back to see what the trouble could be. One side was drooping way down with a blow-out! I had to jack up the multi-ton trailer with a small car jack, working in spurts and lifts, and finally set the axle on some chunks of wood which I found. Meanwhile, it was getting dark. The kids were hungry, tired and irritable and they were crying and fussing. My wife did what she could in these trying circumstances.

I realized that I would have to unhitch in order to drive into town and get the tire fixed some place, but I didn't know what to do about the trailer which was now illegally out on the road. At first, I thought of leaving my wife and kids with the trailer, but decided against that, far out in the lonely countryside, so I took them into town with me.

In Cheraw, we suffered another blow. There were no secondhand tires available in the little town and the only thing we could get was a truck tire which cost $50, more than we had altogether for the trip! I tried to hock various items with the service station attendant, including a ruby ring of my wife's, and even that would not work. Meanwhile, the state police were threatening to arrest me for leaving the trailer on the highway and I had to assure them that I was getting a tire and would be right back to move it.

In utter desperation, my wife called her cousin in Washington, the wife of the first secretary of the Icelandic Embassy, and asked her to wire $50, which she did. But the humiliation, the upset and the whole mess were too much for Thora. She cried almost steadily as we struggled through the rest of that nightmare — an almost unbelievable series of heartbreaks and misfortunes. We bought the expensive tire with the telegraphed money and started back to the trailer in the darkness, but with the weight of the trailer off the rear end of the car, the 'helper' springs which were inserted between the suspension springs and the axle of the car popped out as we drove past a swamp! Without the helper springs, we couldn't pull the trailer at all.

I had to stop and try to find them in the dark swamp. First, I had to crawl under the car to make sure they were both gone and then I started an inch by inch search in the filthy muck for those little coils! For hours, I hunted up and down, with my boy helping as much as he could, while my unhappy wife sat in the car, crying with the kids.

I was almost in despair myself. Then I felt my back pocket to make sure my wallet was still there. It wasn't. It was gone! Now we had no springs and no wallet. There was no money for gas, no way to move another inch! I discovered that the wallet had fallen out of a huge hole in my dungarees, probably when I was under the car, feeling around for the springs. I started to back-track along the edge of the swamp with the car, using the headlights to probe the darkness for both the wallet and the springs. It began to seem utterly useless, and I was tempted to sit beside my wife and cry along with her.

But then came one of those inexplicable events which convince me, even though I do not believe in a personal god, that there is some inscrutable destiny at work. A man and a boy in a farm truck drove up beside us and asked me what my name was. The blunt question annoyed me because I was certainly in no mood to play games. I asked the man who wanted to know, and he repeated the question. In addition to my exasperation, I now began to feel a little worried. Here I was, flat broke and far out in the country, desperately looking for my wallet and springs in a darkened swamp, with a car full of crying family, and this guy insisted on making me identify myself!

Finally, I burst out: "I'm Lincoln Rockwell. Now, what do you want?"

"Is this your wallet?" he asked, holding up this most welcome object!

I thanked him through tears of gratitude. He said he had seen the wallet in his headlights up the road, picked it up, and then started looking for the man who lost it!

This bit of good fortune revived my spirits and I dove into the swamp with renewed determination. Soon, I found the springs at the bottom of a slimy ditch and we returned to the trailer. I got the springs back on, the wheel on and headed for a parking area before we finally got arrested for driving after dark. At last, I pulled into a little park. After making the necessary payment to the landlady who had to get out of bed to wait on me. Sleepily, she directed me to the parking area, and I started over in that direction, only to bog down suddenly in a large patch of gooey mud. The wheels of both car and trailer sank in up to the hubs. Stuck where we were, there was no way to connect the utilities to take care of the kids for the night or anything else. I just had to get out of that mud.

For over an hour I struggled, moving the car forward, backward and every which way, rocking the wheels, pushing and heaving. My poor wife was out in the muck, pushing with all her heart, and I guess she was about ready to drown herself and the children, who were now — thank God — asleep.

Once again, the impossible happened. From a nearby cabin, a man appeared with a big chain. It was two or three o'clock in the morning, and nobody could be expected to get out of bed to help people who were stuck in the mud, but this man did! He hitched his chain to the trailer and then to his heavy car, which was on dry ground. I pushed the trailer with my car, he pulled with his and my wife pushed with her bare hands. The whole parade broke loose of the goo, and we moved onto dry ground. I hooked up the lights and water with the utmost gratitude to the man who had helped us and threw myself into bed, feeling like an empty, hollow shell. After depositing the limp, sleeping kids in their beds, my blessed wife collapsed beside me. For a long time, we were ac- tually too tired to sleep and lay there, discussing our fortune. My politi- cal career had led us into these bitter times, but we finally fell asleep, trying to believe that things would improve when we got to Newport News.

Two days later, we crossed the bridge leading into this peninsular city and were met at the end of the span by Bill Stephenson, Lacy Jeffries and Mrs. Stephenson. They were wonderful to us. Mrs. Stephenson com- forted my tired, nervous wife. Bill cheered me up immensely and Lacy gave us $20. We were flat broke, without a dime left. They helped us find a trailer park, Bill and Lacy paying the first week's rent for us. They also gave us a package of weenies.

I couldn't believe such goodness and finally asked Bill, "Why do you do all this?"

His answer I have never forgotten. It is a phrase which will soon be ringing all over this earth as the gospel spreads: "Because we are Na- tional Socialists," he said, quietly, a special, holy look in his eyes.

As long as there is a spirit like that in even a few men, our people will not perish. As long as the unholy, but burning faith of the Communists and Jews is opposed by an equally burning, holy and true faith in the hearts of National Socialists, the White Man will again dominate the earth and maintain Western civilization.

We settled down in a rather poor location in the park — it was flooded — and we had to walk on stepping stones to get to the trailer, but we were so grateful to be stopped and safe among good people that we hardly noticed this inconvenience. I resolved to dig in and help these good people, and to make the cause grow and flourish, right here. It seemed, at the moment, that this was it.

Chapter XIV

"Remove your feet!" I was commanded, in the imperious tones of a Roman emperor. William Stephenson does not like people to put their feet on chairs, even when the chair was worthless and broken, like the one I had my feet on. It is part of his character. He does not ask people to do things, he commands them. He is exceptionally brilliant, possibly a genius, and he expects this fact to be properly recognized and respected.

He also dislikes abnormally loud sounds, which includes my voice, so I was directed imperiously to lower my voice to a soft, gentle purr. In fact, although Bill liked me, admired my abilities and wanted me to work with him, I was banished to the garage out back as soon as I arrived, where my voice, my feet on chairs and other peculiarities would not disturb his creativity.

He is dramatic beyond all words. The first evening, he pulled a .38 pistol out of a drawer and told me that his life was in deadly danger. He then invited me out for coffee, ostentatiously tucking the weapon under his belt. However, nobody tried to kill him.

When we returned, he sat me down and kept me waiting in silence for minutes as he sat scowling behind his great desk. Suddenly, he leaned over and handed down an official pronunciamento: "I have a temper!" he snapped, in clipped, precise tones, like a Scotland Yard inspector. "I do not like petty annoyances! I want you to understand, no hard feelings, but I lose control. I am wild when I am in a temper!" He leaned closer to me and bored his eyes further into mine, scowling fearsomely. Then he snarled: "I kill!"

I accepted all this and more like it with good grace. Bill was only twenty or so and already making a mark in the world with an excellent publication. At the moment, I had not managed to do half as much politically. At heart, Bill was a first class guy, but didn't know. He was pampered and spoiled to death by his mother and Lacy Jeffries, his well-to-do and very meek, very silent partner. His slightest wish was tenderly and instantly catered to, and he seemed to have grown to expect everyone around to attend his every whim. In many ways he did deserve such homage. For such a mere boy to have matured so greatly and to have accomplished so much in so little time is close to genius. I was silently amused by the 'Roman emperor act', and I liked and respected Bill so much that it did not bother me.

We went ahead with the publication of the "Odd Birds" in high hopes that sales of the portfolio of drawings and commentaries, beautifully done, would bring in the income we so desperately needed. Bill advertised them in The Virginian and sent out a special mailing. Then we waited for results.

The results were miserable, wretched, heartbreaking. People loved them, but not enough to pay the dollar. Often the only thing we had to eat in the trailer was what Lacy or Bill would give us — a can or two, some weenies, etc. Bills piled up, as usual, and the family was almost at the end of its possibilities.

I went down to the Virginia employment office to see about getting any kind of temporary work: digging, construction, anything for pay. But they insisted on trying to get me a job according to my qualifications, and such lofty jobs were simply not available in the area.

I did manage to sell some free-lance art work and some writing, but the money situation was urgent. No payments had been made to my first wife for several months and I was unhappy when I imagined the situation with little Bonnie, Nancy and Phoebe Jean — to say nothing of my other four children. My wife's family wanted her to come to Iceland, but she didn't want to go, and I certainly didn't want her to go either. We decided to stick it out.

Meanwhile, The Virginian itself was coming upon hard days. Subscriptions and income dwindled. The publication's bills, like mine, piled up. One morning, Lacy Jeffries told me that it was going to be impossible to get out another issue.

They owed too much to the printer. I pointed out that it seemed foolish to pay a printer as much money as they were, when they had an excellent Press, an artist and a printer on the spot. I offered to help, but Lacy told me that it would probably irritate Bill to suggest such a plan. Stephenson was a perfectionist and would not believe that we could turn out a decent magazine on our press.

Shortly after this talk, I was approached by Bill Anderson, who worked for Stephenson as a combination bodyguard and clerk. He was a young boxer, a dedicated National Socialist and the kind of fighting patriot our race so desperately needs. He and his family had moved to Newport News from their home in Chicago on promises of pay, much as I had taken my family down to Memphis on a similar offer. Bill had been told that his pay would have to be reduced severely, although he had been on a pittance in the first place. He was also informed that he might have to be dropped altogether, and he was angry! Knowing his predicament from my own experience, I couldn't blame him.

I told him I believed we could save the situation and that we could put out the magazine by our own hard work, but Anderson said Stephenson would never let me do it. He was too worried that I would supplant him as 'Fuehrer'! This word I have grown to hate, when used in the American context. There was only one Fuehrer, and the use of this word in such situations affects me as it would affect a Christian to hear that some minister insisted on being called "Christ".

I agreed with Bill that Stephenson's high-handed methods were tough to take, and that the deal they were giving him was rotten, but I insisted that the situation was largely the result of Stephenson's fear. I have found something my brother once told me to be extremely valuable to remember in situations like this: People are not usually bad. When they do 'bad' things, it is usually because they are afraid. They lash out wildly and foolishly like terrified cats, scratching and biting everybody in sight.

I assured Anderson that if I could diplomatically and successfully help Stephenson get the business back on its feet, Harold Arrowsmith, Jr. — the financial angel of this venture — would calm down and all could still be well. But Stephenson, as Anderson had predicted, imagined that I was trying to usurp his position and refused to so much as discuss the matter with me.

Shortly thereafter, word arrived that Arrowsmith was coming for a visit. Stephenson called me in and told me that the millionaire was very nervous and touchy, and that it would be better if I stayed out in the garage all the time he was present. If I had to come in at all, I was to use the back door.

Several days later, I went into the kitchen — via the back door, of course — and encountered Arrowsmith sitting at the kitchen table with Stephenson, sipping cocoa. I was introduced in the briefest possible fashion and left. A day or so afterwards, as I was in my trailer typing out more of Battle Call, there was a knock at the door. I opened it and found Bill Anderson and Arrowsmith balancing on the stepping stones which stood in the pond surrounding our trailer.

Bill explained bluntly that Arrowsmith was disgusted with the way Stephenson had handled the many thousands of dollars he had put into the operation, and that he was planning to close it up and sell the equipment. Bill said that he had prevailed upon Arrowsmith to come and see me, after convincing him that I had the talents and know-how to do something worthwhile with the enormous investment already in the venture. At least I would be able to put the printing equipment to some good use in order to salvage something out of the mess.

I immediately proposed that we all go over to Stephenson together and have it out — in the open — in the interest of the cause. I have always hated intrigue and believe that the only way to succeed in the long run with any human undertaking is by the most open and honest way possible, even if sneaking might gain some temporary advantage. But Anderson and Arrowsmith rose excitedly when I suggested this and insisted they would have no part of such a deal whatsoever.

Arrowsmith said he had made his decision. He was going to close up Stephenson no matter what, and all he came to see me for was to decide if he might put the equipment at my disposal, instead of selling it for almost nothing.

Anderson was so angry at the two young publishers, Stephenson and Jeffries, for getting him to come all the way from Chicago with his wife and babies that he thought Stephenson should get his just deserts for his imperious, inexperienced foolishness which had wrecked such a wonderful opportunity for the Cause. Bill had grown up in the slums of Chicago.

He had been knifed, beaten and shot, and was schooled in the dog-eat-dog tactics of the gutter. Although Anderson was a pure Nordic of unimpeachable natural inclinations, his schooling had taught him to be ruthless. He insisted that the only way anything could be done was to pounce on Stephenson, whisk out the equipment before he could recover, and that would be that.

Arrowsmith, who looked something like the actor, Sidney Greenstreet, and who always gave one the impression of being frightened and cornered, agreed that it had to be done this way, and that I was not to tell Stephenson a word.

Nevertheless, in view of Stephenson's great help and decency to me only a few months before, I went to Lacy and told him that Arrowsmith was very disgusted and that unless they could come up with some definite and salable plan to win him back, it was all over. I did not tell him outright what Arrowsmith and Anderson had said, but I asked him, in the name of the movement, to try to talk some sense into 'His Divine Majesty', William Stephenson.

Lacy Jeffries, always gentle, meek, self-effacing and easy-going, agreed to see what he could do. I thought it best not to irritate 'The Great Khan' by going personally into his chambers, because of the possibility of an emotional blow-up which, upon reflection, he would wish he had not permitted himself.

But it was no use, When Stephenson heard the message, he came raving at me, ordered me "Out! Out!" in those exact words, and made it clear that he thought I had conspired to ruin him and 'swipe' Arrowsmith. I tried my best to explain, without betraying the other two, that I had no part of such a plan and was only trying to keep things together, not destroy what already existed. But words meant nothing to Stephenson. He was hurt and scared and play-acting like a little boy. Had I been his father, I would have grabbed him, given him a convincing 'argument' on both ears and settled down to cleaning up the messy situation. Once again, I learned the weakness and silliness of even the best of my fellow human beings.

Arrowsmith and Anderson reappeared at my trailer and berated me for having 'squealed'. It had all gotten back, somehow, and I caught it now from both sides, but Arrowsmith still wanted me to do what I could to use the printing equipment and confirmed his determination to cut Stephenson off immediately. If I could not come up with a plan to use it, he told me that he would sell it, then and there!

I could see no more use in trying to save Stephenson, especially after he and his wife came over and dumped some of my things at the trailer, including a lovely cashmere sweater my wife had gone to a great deal of trouble to get from England for his wife. There was no use letting the equipment be lost to the cause, so I agreed to think it over and talk to them both the next day.

I let Arrowsmith borrow my Battle Call proofs and he was very enthusiastic, except for the "Socialist" part of "National Socialist". He, as a multi-millionaire super-capitalist whose mother, as Bill had told me, was one of the owners of Dunn & Bradstreet, was understandably much against any doctrine stipulating that everybody in society had to produce something, by invention, management, labor or genuine risk — but not by speculation which is so hedged about by usury as to make it no risk at all. We, of course, as National Socialists, are against the speculative part of capitalism. But Arrowsmith, so far as I have been able to learn, never worked a day in his life, and has come to like this arrangement.

But the rest of the National Socialist program, especially the part about gassing the Jew traitors, he thought was wonderful. Arrowsmith objected to exempting any Jews, saying that none of them were human, but were sub-animals. I asked him if he could personally kill little children because they were Jews and he answered, "Of course!" and I almost, but not quite, believe him. He is too squeamish to eat meat, so it is a little hard to picture him in the bloody role of baby slaughterer.

The next day he came over in his rented car and drove me down to a deserted beach, where we parked and discussed the situation for many hours. He wanted to know what I thought should be done. I told him that the only place in the world where a strong movement could succeed was in Arlington, Virginia, right across from the Nation's Capitol. In every other place the Jews could put so much pressure on the authorities that any strong anti-Jewish effort would be ruthlessly and illegally crushed. But in Washington, the show place of America and the "free world", while they could hurt us badly, the usual Jewish-inspired gross violations of all justice and rights to silence exposure of Jewish treason would be too obvious, and thus impossible. Too many people would see and hear about it, no matter how they tried to cover it up, use the 'silent treatment' and smear us out of existence. Also, Virginia is still in the hands of decent White Men. Senator Byrd is no Adolf Hitler, to be sure, but he is also no Wayne Morse or Jacob Javits. The courts, largely set up by Byrd, were honest, I believed then, and have since proved that they are. Virginia is one of the last, if not the last state in the Union which is still governed somewhat in the manner intended by the framers of the Constitution. Virginia's officials, while afraid of the Jews at their worst would nevertheless not crawl disgustingly at the feet of the Jews, as do the officials of most other states and of the federal government.

Arrowsmith wanted to establish a center where we could print his thousands of revelations of the unbelievable, nightmarish confessions of the Jews themselves as to their treachery and treason. He was entranced by the idea of such a center right near Congress, which he loves to visit, and I had little trouble selling him on the idea of setting up in Arlington. He wanted me to work on an all-out anti-Jewish campaign in the open, publicly, which would lead to the eventual destruction of Jewry, while we also flooded Congress and official Washington with the incriminating anti-Jewish documents he had gathered in such abundance.

I told him that if he wanted me to work out in the open, as he insisted, I would have to have a safe home and living for my wife and babies. He agreed and said he would provide that, if I had the guts to come out openly and strongly with the whole story, to "spill the beans," as he put it.

He agreed that I would have a secure home with a print shop installed, using the equipment now in Stephenson's place, that I would be accorded the privilege of buying the house out of printing profits as I worked the equipment, and that I was to go all out against the Jews, printing documents as he required them.

He wanted to use the name "National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination", and I agreed to that. I must confess that in spite of my convictions of the Tightness of open Nazism, at that time I shared the illusion, still common in the 'movement', that any Swastika-displaying Nazis would be quickly jailed or murdered. The Jews just seemed too powerful, and I planned a gradual slide over to open Nazism from the "National Committee".

In our discussion of the matter of an office, I actually imagined that if I set up such an office, I would need bodyguards at all times just to go in and out of the place! Today, I go alone to our post office box, which is in the name of the American Nazi Party, and I realize how ridiculous such fear of the Jews is. But even three years ago, before I had found out the actual strength of the Jews and the loose nature of their conspiracy, I, like millions of other Americans, imagined that the power of these sneaks was total, that open defiance of them was somehow 'sure death'! Now, the very fact that I have learned the weaknesses of the Jews and can debunk their myth of invincible terror makes me too dangerous for the Jews to permit my continued activity, if there is any way under heaven — or in hell — they can stop me.

Once Arrowsmith was ready to go, he couldn't wait. He was actually fidgety, like a little fat boy waiting for a parade, and he insisted that we start instantly.

Stephenson had announced that he was a terror, of course, and that he would battle to the death to hold the equipment He told Anderson, not realizing that he was involved with Arrowsmith, that he would sabotage the press and other equipment before it went out. But Arrowsmith got a justice of the peace and was told how to get a writ, etc., and when Stephenson heard this, he capitulated. Arrowsmith went to get the stuff with a truck and Bill confined his 'fight to the death' to calling a policeman to have his former benefactor thrown off the premises.

Once again, I realize that there will be howls of agony from many in the right-wing at my revelations of all this foolishness and squabbling. "Why hurt these people now?" is the cry. 'It's all over! What good can it do?"

The answer, again, is that even as I write this with two black eyes, a torn mouth and a broken nose from a Jewish-organized beating, The Canadian Intelligence Service, headed by Ron Gostick, a good patriot in Canada, has just published a whole pamphlet and spread it all over the world, explaining in great detail, and with devilish, but perverted logic that I am a spy working for the Jews !

The petty jealousies, the selfishness, the ignorance, the meanness and stupidity of the right-wing has got to stop, and I mean to stop it, not by begging these people in the name of our dying race — I've tried that without success for five years — but by making it impossible for these fearfully small minds to keep wrecking the movement. Within a short time, it will be out of the question for sneaky, sissy 'Nazis' to set up in business and start the usual round of petty squabbling, spy-stories and sabotage of Our Holy Cause.

There is nothing like light to dispel darkness, and light is what we are going to spread all over the right-wing, where darkness, ignorance and fear lie, like a stifling black blanket over everything and everybody. As the story progresses, the reader will see the full villainy, cowardice and treachery, not only of the Jews, but of our own people. No talk, no logic, no sweet pleas on bended knee, no letters or prayers have been able to stop the tragic, heart-rending squabbling, bickering and sabotage by the peanut-souls of the right-wing, just as we cannot beat the Jews and their subversion by talk, and must build the force and power to depose them, so must we use all legal forms of force to bring order and direction to the right-wing. When chaos prevails, as it does now in the right-wing, it is inevitable that people get hurt when you apply that force to establish order, but the hurt to one or two people who claim to believe in Our Holy Cause will mean nothing later, when we have demonstrated, as we are doing, our ability to help even those we might now 'hurt' to win, beside which even a severe 'hurt' is nothing.

If we cannot win the most desperate battle for survival in the history of humanity, it will not make me proud to have been a 'good guy' and to have failed to bring order and victory to the pitiful right-wing. Even those who may be personally angered at the exposures here will know that they are true, and those with which they are not familiar are equally true. I have already made peace with more than one of the people already mentioned, and will one day make peace gratefully with all of them as soon as they give up their childish squabbling and buckle down to fighting, either on our side or by themselves, but not against the Cause.

Arrowsmith was almost frantic to start immediately. He wanted me to try to find some place to set up in Arlington by telephoning friends, even before we went up there to find a permanent place. I managed to find a temporary place in a friend's basement. Then we looked for a permanent place, and I got to know my new 'fat cat'.

Arrowsmith, was nocturnal, I learned — just the opposite of myself. I love the morning and like to go to bed seasonably, at night, but he would insist that I sit up into the early hours of the morning talking to him about the "eskimos", as he called the enemy. He also made it impossible for me to do anything else to earn any money, and then welched on his promises to pay me enough to eat while I worked for him. I had a very bad tooth and my face swelled up like a grapefruit, but I could not afford a dentist, and this multi-millionaire made me beg, night after night, sitting in my car outside of his hotel in Alexandria, for the small sum of money he had promised me to get set up. I was flat broke, the wife and kids had nothing to eat, and he treated my respectful requests for even a small portion of what he had promised as if I were trying to swindle him.

With my head throbbing and swollen with grinding pain, I had to sit for hours listening to this chubby mama's boy telling me of all the delightful projects he had in mind. I would beg him to get out of the car and go to bed, and let me get some rest and some aspirin, and he would just look hurt and say, "Yes, but the point is ..." and then launch into more lecture. One night, around five A.M., in spite of everything, in spite of my impossible financial situation, in spite of my wife and children, in spite of alimony jail and my other wife and children, in spite of all reason and sanity; in spite of my very instinct for survival — I had had all I could take. I jumped out of the car, ran around to his side, opened the door and told him to get out.

He wouldn't do it. He sat there looking as if he were about to cry, and pouted. He said I was cutting off my nose to spite my face and told me there was no point in being stupid, etc. I cooled off, somehow, and we went back to negotiating.

We found a lovely suburban home which seemed made to order. It was in the Williamsburg section of Arlington and was, amazingly, zoned 'commercial', which permitted us to use the house for the political headquarters and offices. We met with the real estate people and settled arrangements after a long conference.

Arrowsmith was to make the down payment of $15,000, plus settlement, and we were to make the mortgage payments with the principal accruing to us. We were also to pay Arrowsmith on the down payment loan from our printing profits.

There was to be a contract drawn up to this effect with the additional stipulations that I would have the use of the printing equipment to gain a livelihood for my family, so our security would include not only a home, but a business. On his behalf, I was to print his materials, including assisting him in the preparation of a book he was working on, and I was to make an all-out attack on Jewish Communism-Zionism with our National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination. The contract between Arrowsmith and myself would insure that neither of us would find ourselves left 'holding the bag' in such a risky, if not dangerous operation.

Arrowsmith was in a terrible rush to get to New York for something and left a check with a friend for $15,300 that afternoon, then disappeared. I had the contract drawn up by a lawyer who was also one of the officers of my squadron at Anacostia, but I could not find Arrowsmith to get the papers signed. I had arranged, through a friend in the White House, to get Arrowsmith introduced to some key political persons in New York in order to track down some information about Trotsky (Bronstein), who had got into serious trouble here in 1917, but who received all sorts of immigration 'favors' and finally left New York with $20 million in Jewish money to finance the Bolshevik takeover of Russia. But nobody could find the elusive millionaire, so the introduction was not made and the papers remained unsigned.

I could not stop to hunt him up myself, for I was involved in a mad scramble to 'keep all the balls in the air'. I had to sell our trailer, get the press going in the new place, move, find business, print sample propaganda material, get this out to our right-wing 'customers' and generally start things rolling. After a few weeks I was having some success in these tasks.

Arrowsmith suddenly reappeared one afternoon and said it was time for "action". He had set up the operation, he felt, and he wanted to see some results. To this effect he asked me what could be done to shock and wake up the world. To sum up my years of thinking and planning, I told him the only answer was public activity — in the streets — not any more pamphlets and paper-exchanging among people who already knew what the Jews were up to.

At the time, the Jewish line in all our newspapers was, paradoxically, that Egypt's Nasser was both another Hitler and a Communist. As a matter of sober fact, Nasser had outlawed the Communist Party and thrown his reds in jail, while 'our' Supreme Court was letting U.S. reds, even the spies, out. The only Communist party in the Middle East was, and is, in Israel, where these criminals constitute over one fourth of the citizens and members of government. There was a pro-Jewish puppet government in Lebanon. The enraged Lebanese Arabs, who had suffered and had witnessed over a million of their fellow-Arabs driven into starvation and misery in the desert so that the Jews could "take back a homeland" occupied by the Arabs for over 2,000 years threatened to take over their traitorous government and go after the international criminals who had butchered and banished their Arab brothers.

The U.S. Jews used their usual tactics — press distortion and secret pressure — to force 'our' government to send the Marines to 'defend' the Lebanese puppet regime against its own people. The Jewish liars told us our intervention was to stop Nasser's "communism", when the truth was that we were saving Israel.

I appeared to have a home, security for my family and a perfect chance to do what all of us had for so long just talked about: attack and expose the Jewish treachery in public! I suggested that we organize picketing and literature distributions in several cities, as well as in front of the White House, to expose this vicious use of American fighting men on behalf of Jewish international aggression in Lebanon. Arrowsmith was as delighted as a chubby kid who was being taken to a circus. He clapped his pudgy hands and asked how we could do it.

My years of apprenticeship in the movement had established contacts with other men all over the country. Out of these, there were some who I thought would cooperate. I had not been in Arlington long enough to build up any contacts with young fighting men and therefore had only 'conservative' whisperers and 'silent workers', so I told Arrowsmith that, to picket the White House, we would have to send for my boys — Hooker's boys — in New York. The total cost for signs, literature and transportation would be over $1000. Arrowsmith said to go ahead. He couldn't wait. I told him these arrangements would involve sizable telephone bills which I could just not afford, and he said that he "would take care of it.

I arranged with New York for a chartered busload of the boys, designed and silk-screened huge oil-cloth signs in fluorescent red and black, wrote, designed and printed tens of thousands of two-color leaflets, prepared detailed instructions for the pickets, telephoned all over the country and managed to get Ed Fields in Louisville and Wallace Allen in Atlanta to agree to picket simultaneously with us. In addition to these efforts, I made the thousands of other arrangements necessary to realize such a relatively large-scaled operation. Arrowsmith hovered over all this like a happy little boy, even helping silk-screen the signs in the cellar.

My wife took all the excitement and disruption of her home in excellent spirits, losing her temper only once. Arrowsmith got purple with fury one afternoon as he and I were discussing plans and the kids were laughing and playing in the next room. He had burst out: "Oh, dear! Can't you do something about those damned kids? Gas them or something!" My wife had flared up and scolded him for the remark, and he had turned away, pouting. I had managed to patch it up with both of them.

During these preparations, whenever I asked Arrowsmith about signing the contract, he would get angry and complain that I was trying to hold up the operation — he would sign it after the picketing, when he had the chance to catch his breath and look the contract over. I was thus about to learn my next-to-last lesson about human nature and how far it can be trusted.

The night before the great event, the busload of boys from New York arrived, and it was great to see some of them again. But they had with them a wild and woolly slob by the name of George Legget, whose first remark, as he drove up and observed that we lived next to a suburban bank was, "Oh boy! Let's knock over the bank!" I warned him again and again that our survival and eventual success depended on our being legal, super-legal. We not only had to obey laws they had, but laws they might have or pretend to have, just to get rid of us, but it was no use.

George went out with one crew to distribute our for-that-time bold anti-Jewish literature announcing the picketing, and I soon learned that he was crazy. He pasted stickers on cars, windows — and was about to stick one on an unobservant policeman, when the boys caught him and brought him back to me. I threw him out, but he wouldn't leave. We fi- nally convinced this fat nut that the New York police were wise to his leaving New York. He was on parole, or something, so we got him on a bus back up there.

Meanwhile, I was learning my first lessons in the ways of the Jewish conspiracy. I still imagined, at that time, that the power of the Jews was total, that the police were 100% in cahoots with the conspirators, and that I must therefore sneak out our papers, or expect wholesale arrests.

When our first crew was arrested, their literature seized, and the boys told "to get out of Arlington", I sneaked them back, instead of going openly to the police and demanding our constitutional rights first, as I al- ways do now. But at that time, we ducked and hid and scurried down back streets trying to avoid policemen, who, I have since learned, hate what is going on as much as we do, and merely do their best to be fair, neutral, and to obey orders.

Many in the 'movement' cannot understand how I 'get away' with what we do, unless we are 'spies', as they foolishly and cruelly charge. Until our arrival on the right-wing scene, it was believed that the police, the FBI and all other authorities are 'against' us and that we must 'fight' them. I have proved to my associates, over and over, that this is not true. To be sure, the money-power is in the hands of the Jews, and so is much of our administration. Some of our officials are either Jews or openly work for Jews, but the great bulk of our law enforcement officials are White Men and simply enforce the law, the best they know how. If any- thing, most of them, being by nature men of force, tend to see things as we do, and not as do the criminal Blacks and Jews. Although policemen and other law enforcement officials do their duty, as they see it, they have almost all been uniformly courteous and fair to me and to our open, brutally-frank anti-Jewish agitation.

I have found that police are as prone to follow the jungle instinct of pursuit as are any creatures: when you run, they chase you. But when you go to them first, explain your plans, your knowledge of your rights, and respectfully make clear your steely determination to exercise those rights, they respect you and often go to bat for you. When they see the outrageous pressure from the Jews to stop you illegally, unfairly, brutally and even criminally, you don't have to give them a lecture about Jewish methods for the police to be on fire with a sense of outraged justice. This is how we have won the hearts of entire police departments.

No matter what the Jews do on the upper levels, the policemen, FBI agents and honest officials who deal with us know we break our backs bending over to be fair and square — and legal — while the Jews resort to such vile and disgustingly obvious tactics to shut us up that the officials can't help but admire our calm and determined courage as we stand up to this kind of tyranny and terror, day after day, week after week, year after year.

I have had high-ranking officials and judges tell me privately that our public demonstration of Jewish tyranny and the pressure they themselves have experienced from the Jews has 'awakened' them to a situation that not all the patriotic literature in a million years could have made them see. Most of the right-wing's complaints of political persecution by Gentile officials is the result of their own mistaken strategy and tactics. I survive and will continue to survive because millions of people are beginning to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears what they will never, never read — another reason why the 'paper-patriots' have been failing so many years with their 'wake up America' campaign. But on those hot July days in 1958, I had not yet learned these tremendous truths, and wasted a lot of time and effort in 'hiding' and running.

Despite our self-imposed 'sneakiness', we got out a large number of pamphlets and prepared to picket the following day, Sunday. It is almost impossible for me to imagine it now, but we were all scared to death. My New York boys, tough as tigers, were restless and worried, and their 'leader', Luke Dommer, proved to be a complete coward. He told them they would all be killed by "three or four hundred niggers". After convincing the boys that they should all quit on me, Dommer shoved off for New York on a bus and left me with a mutiny.

I mustered the lads around me in the back yard and told them that I was going down there alone, if necessary, and that I never wanted to see any of the men who would desert me, again. I would especially never tolerate them calling themselves 'Nazis' after such cowardice. They listened to me in silence and after I stalked off and went back to work tacking signs onto sticks, I thought I would indeed be alone.

Then a Greek kid came up, started helping me with the signs and said he'd go, and the hell with the others. Another lad came over and silently began to push in tacks. Then another. Finally, they all came over. I thanked them with an overflowing heart.

When it came time to go, I left one lad to watch my family and held my wife, looking into her eyes a long time. I really didn't know if I would ever be back, as silly as it sounds today. Our signs, using words like "kike" and showing vile pictures of their hook-noses, were something never seen in public before, and we had received plenty of threats and warnings of arrests, beatings or killings. I was really very scared, as scared as I ever was during two wars. As usual, Thora was brave and inspiring, and I left determined to succeed or die that day.

We got out of our cars several blocks down the street from the White House and, with pounding hearts, marched toward the scene of action. As we approached the White House, we were approached by a solid phalanx of eight or nine policemen, a bulldog-faced, gold-braided captain marching in front. I was positive this was 'it'. We would all be arrested and I would be martyred before I started my fight.

But the rough-looking old captain was a man I have come to know as one of the finest old-line cops, and great-hearted human beings I ever met. He was Captain Mahanney of the Special Investigations Unit of the D.C. Police, and he growled at me that there were certain rules to be obeyed in picketing the White House. Then he showed me where we were to march.

I would have been relieved under ordinary circumstances, but there were still those "three hundred niggers" we had been warned of, to say nothing of the Jews and Communists! I looked around for them. There weren't many yet, but they were there and they eyed us with relish, like meat.

I stepped off, carrying the most outrageous sign: "SAVE IKE FROM THE KIKES!" This sign displayed a gigantic caricature of an ugly Jew holding a gun at Ike's head, and with this I marched to my fate. The boys stepped along behind me, and we soon had a line moving briskly back and forth between the two trees where thousands of pickets have marched on behalf of every imaginable cause, including Communism.

The ADL photographers were there and the Jews and their hoods began to gather at both ends of our line and across the street. We kept picketing and began to settle down a bit. So far, we were still alive. There were no huge mobs, such as I have since learned to expect and control, and the "300 niggers" had still not appeared to send us to the morgue in the meat-wagons.

As soon as things appeared somewhat stable, I began to distribute orange juice to the thirsty pickets. As I was doing this, a man walked past me and whispered "somebody wants to see you over behind the statue." He jerked his thumb in the direction of a monument in the park across the street. I knew who it was, of course. I could see his cherubic little face peeking out from behind the stones and he beckoned to me as I looked in his direction. I made several trips over there for 'instructions' from the 'general'.

Bill Stephenson also came by, wearing dark glasses. He completed the 'disguise' by pulling his collar way up, over his chin. In his usual dark and dramatic fashion, he muttered "hello," and moved on without giving further signs of recognition.

I was happy! I had dared the 'impossible' and had made it!

When we were finished picketing, the captain observed that there might be some pursuit by the howling crowd which had gathered. I had planned to drive to the police station if the mob had become too large and murderous, but we got a police escort to Haine's Point, where the boys were staying and the chartered bus was parked. We sent out for beer so the boys could celebrate and Arrowsmith appeared with an Arab he claimed was head of Nasser's intelligence.

I had warned Arrowsmith to have nothing to do with Arabs, since we were picketing on the Lebanon situation and I wanted no charges of being a foreign agent. He had nevertheless brought this intelligence officer into the house, where my wife and another lady met him, and he now gave him all our oil-cloth signs. He later told me that they were displayed to Nasser in Cairo.

I went home to my wife, wreathed in what I thought was glory. I had accomplished exactly what I had set out to do and what Arrowsmith wanted me to do. It all seemed too good to be true. And it was too good to be true!

In reality, I was on my way to a desperate battle for survival, as well as a struggle to hold on to my very sanity in the face of crushing poverty, desertion and attack by everybody — circumstances so discouraging as to be beyond description. For years I had been saying to my wife, when things got bad in my political career: "This is not the worst. Ahead lie far more difficult days!" She would never believe me, understandably, but now she was to see the stark truth of my prediction. I thank God that I didn't know what lay ahead. I am not that brave.

In a few days, we got the news that there had been trouble in the other cities where we had picketed. Ed Fields' group had picketed successfully, but had had people arrested for distributing literature. In Atlanta, our silent, orderly pickets were arrested in three minutes. There had been no crowd in Atlanta early on Sunday when they began and no disorder. But a police officer testified that he got a call from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith demanding the arrest of the pickets and threatening violence if the police did not arrest them. So, in a pattern we have learned to know all too well, the police did not seize these threateners of violence and kidnaping, but arrested our pickets and charged them with disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct!

The methods used in Atlanta were cruder than anything we have ever experienced in Washington. The pickets were held in close confinement, threatened and pressured to plead guilty. In one place in the transcript of their trial it shows clearly that one of the pickets was told by police that if they did not accept their punishment, or if they appealed, they would "be tied in with any bombing"! Those were the exact words of a police official, a few weeks before the bombing of the Atlanta Synagogue!

Our pickets refused to bow to such pressure and did appeal. After I called him, Russell Maguire, to his credit, sent $500 to Arrowsmith to help in the Atlanta fight.

Wallace Allen flew up for a meeting with Arrowsmith and me in his room in the Congressional Hotel in Washington, and he told us some unbelievable stories of what was going on in Atlanta. That city has become a stronghold of Jewry; worse than New York, in some ways, because people do not realize the Jewish domination as they do in New York, so Atlanta Jewry is able to get away with more raw methods.

Allen told us they had discovered a spy in their little group down there, a sneaky character named L.E. Rogers. He described to Arrowsmith and me how this Rogers had seized the confidential picketing instructions which I had packed with the signs, when they arrived in Atlanta, and had scooted off to his home with them. Allen and the boys had to go get them back. Later, when John Kasper was released from the Atlanta Penitentiary, and they wanted somebody to greet him, but didn't want the smears and publicity attendant thereon, they had cagily sent Rogers to do the public greeting, and he had not been able to get out of it. Allen thought this was pretty funny at the time.

He also told us that Rogers was forever suggesting dynamiting at the meetings they held in Atlanta. I have learned from this: Whenever anybody in our meetings even vaguely suggests bombings or anything the least bit illegal, we call the police or the FBI immediately. But the boys in Atlanta, while wanting no part of such illegal activity, hesitated to judge, convict and turn in a supposed 'fellow patriot' on such slim evidence. Everybody hates to be a 'squealer', so Rogers got away with his provocation, which I have since learned is one of the most easily recognized marks of the Jewish-paid provocateur. But I thought little of the story of Rogers at the time, except to laugh at Wallace's cleverness in sending him to welcome Kasper! The Jews were about to teach us a healthy lesson.

A few weeks later, on October 12, 1958, headlines all over the world the bombing of the Atlanta Synagogue! It made little impression on me, at first. My wife and I were lying in bed one morning, watching the early morning news on TV, when suddenly we saw Wallace Allen being arrested in the home we knew so well, with his wife and kids saying goodbye to him as he was dragged off to jail! They had tied our pickets in with a bombing, exactly as threatened. All of them were accused of bombing the Atlanta Synagogue! That early morning explosion had blown my whole life apart, forever.

Now, under Jewish pressure, the Atlanta police really displayed an illegal ferocity which was unbelievable! Our pickets were arrested without warrants, charged with vagrancy, held incommunicado, unmercifully driven and hounded to confess to a crime, about which they knew nothing. Spies and liars were placed in their cell, in hopes they would reveal something incriminating. They were charged under a special law which could result in the electric chair if they were convicted! The whole right-wing was 'investigated by FBI agents seeking national tie-ins with the 'bombers'.

Meanwhile, sure that I had no connection with all this, except to help Allen and the boys all I could, I had to push hard to keep my head above water in Arlington. No matter how I begged and pleaded, I could not get Arrowsmith to pay the huge phone bill he said he would 'take care of' and this, plus all the other bills, including money for food, were urgent. Then Arrowsmith disappeared again! I heard rumors that he was in New York and had contacted my boys up there, but I paid little attention. My mind was riveted on Atlanta and the deadly drama going on down there, as the Jews literally attempted to murder our people in the electric chair as a lesson not to oppose them.

But then the rumors from New York became more disturbing. Some of the boys called and told me loyally that Arrowsmith was up there, trying to buy the leadership of the best and fightingest bunch of men in America with his money. In addition to his offers of money, he also threw in the press and equipment he had pledged to me and my family for launching this desperate battle. He wanted to snatch the equipment from me, as he had from Stephenson, and ship it to New York. But I felt that I had him sufficiently committed before witnesses so that, even without the contract which he would never sign, he could not do such an unjust and immoral thing to my family and me. But I reckoned without the nature of the spoiled little rich boy, Harold Arrowsmith, Jr. He was used to getting anything he wanted, when he wanted it — with his money. You can always hire lawyers and buy people — almost all people.

I was down in the cellar, printing for a lawyer in Annapolis, when my wife came running down the stairs, wiping her hands on her apron. She said to me in Icelandic: "There's a man here with a truck and some papers to pick up the press and the other stuff!"

I shut off the press and went up to see about this. Sure enough, there was a truck out front from Baltimore, and a man with a 'Bill of Sale' at the door. He insisted he had "bought" the equipment and was going to remove it on the spot.

I called the police and they said I had the right to forbid the man to come onto my premises, and this is what I did, but not before I called Arrowsmith and tried to find out what it was all about. He pretended not to be in and had his mother say that he was out of Baltimore, but I had heard him and called back in a few minutes, using the name of the man with the truck from Baltimore. This time the sneak answered. For an hour and a half, on my long distance bill, he whined at me that it was my duty to turn over the equipment and move out of the house.

I told him that I would not move out in less than a year, since that was the minimum time specified, even in our verbal contract, and that I would not release the equipment he had pledged to me and the family. I did my best to make him see what a horrible injustice it would be to throw my wife and kids quite literally out into the streets, without a livelihood, even if I had done something wrong. When I asked the reason for his dissatisfaction with me, he couldn't come up with anything I had done which was wrong or unfair to him. The best he could work up was that I was a poor printer! I finally had to hang up on him to stop the phone bill. He kept saying over and over that I was to turn over the equipment and move out.

A few days later, the press and then the FBI called on me, within hours of each other. I was told of a letter I had written to Wallace Allen which I had signed off with a "Sieg Heil!" and was asked if it were mine. I truthfully answered that it was. They had discovered it when they seized Allen and searched his house. They asked me all about my operation and Arrowsmith's part in it, and I again told them the truth. We were all under suspicion of complicity in the Atlanta bombing and lying would only get us into serious trouble — conceivably to share the electric chair with the unfortunate pickets of Atlanta. Of course, there was no point in trying to conceal Arrowsmith's ownership of the house. It was on file in the county offices.

Within hours the country's newspapers emblazoned across entire front pages the headlines that there was a national underground bombing ring under investigation by the FBI, and that Arrowsmith and I were the Moneybags and mastermind, respectively! Arrowsmith scurried to the FBI offices, demanding protection.

My home became the target for unbelievable abuse! Cherry bombs were thrown from speeding cars, my kids were stoned, our phone rang constantly, and some of the callers had my wife in tears with the viciousness of their threats and abuse. A car swerved into a parking lot driveway in the dark, when I was walking home with a bag of groceries from the supermarket across the street, and nearly hit me. I escaped only by leaping out of the way so quickly that I sprawled, face down, upon the pavement.

My boy in school was the constant target of insults and hatred. A cherry bomb came into an open window and exploded in the bed of my sleeping little four-year-old angel, Jeannie. I doubt that she will ever forget the terror of that experience as she came, screaming into our arms. I will never forget it, or forgive the bigots, the stupid half-wits and the bullies who did that! One morning, we found a homemade bomb on the lawn, a huge piece of pipe, capped at both ends and loaded with explosives! If that had gone off, we would have all been killed.

And now, Arrowsmith really went into action! While we were trying to cope with this wild life, earn a living and keep the family going, my wife again came down to the cellar and informed me that there were two sheriffs and policemen at the door with a writ of replevin. Arrowsmith meant business!

I was determined not to give up without a fight, and checked with a lawyer friend in my squadron who had told me that they could not force their way in without a search warrant. But the sheriff told me they didn't need a warrant, and tried to force his way in a couple of times. I held him out. Then he sent for more men, more police, and the top-ranking Sheriff of Arlington County. I tried to call my lawyer or any lawyer, but they were all off on a legal picnic! While I was on the phone, my wife was trying to hold these pushing minions of the law at the door, and I heard her squeal in pain, "You're hurting me!" I went wild. I ran for my .38, ready to defend my beloved wife now, not just the house, but she knew what I was doing and screamed so piteously for me not to do it that I stopped. How I thank God for the presence of mind and heroism of that brave woman!

I later learned that the sheriff did have every right to knock us aside and force his way in. If I had used that gun, my career and probably my life would have been all over. I also owe a great debt to the sheriff who exercised most commendable forbearance when he recognized our desperation, my ignorance of the law — and the cowardly, miserable actions of Arrowsmith. The latter 'heroically' hid all this time over the top of a hill as he sent the paid officers to do his dirty work in the name of the law!

Our battle paid off, and when I finally let the sheriff in, he determined that it was too late to pick up the equipment, and that I had until the morning to get a bond posted and file counterclaims against Arrowsmith's blitzkrieg.

But it was a hollow victory. It was obvious now that I not only had little prospect of earning any money in any job, but that it was quite likely that we would have no place to live and no equipment with which to earn a living, in addition, the constant attacks, the threats, the painful notoriety for a sensitive, gentle lady, and the impossible life for the innocent little kids made it clear that I could no longer subject my dear family to any more of such conditions.

My wife's family in Iceland are very well-to-do. Mr. Hallgrimmson, her father, is the chief owner and director of Shell Oil, one of the biggest corporations in the country. They were eager for her to come up there, where she would be comfortable, economically secure and physically safe.

Few men have loved their family more than I worshiped my wonderful wife and our beautiful children, but because of that very love, it was clearly my duty to forego trying to be with my family, when they could enjoy a decent life in Iceland, while I fought my way out of the wreckage after the Atlanta bombing and Arrowsmith's treachery. My loyal wife did not want to go. Her folks came over from Iceland to help her and to see what could be done. My own heart was breaking at the thought of being alone in all that danger and mess, without the sweetest and dearest human being I had ever known, and my precious kids. But I realized she simply had to go, and I had to stay and fight.

I knew what could happen in a year's separation, even to people as much in love as we were, and warned my wife that she might get too comfortable and safe up there, and might not want to come back. But she seemed to have the faith of an angel, and I had to fight with her to get her to agree to go. Over and over she scolded me for mentioning the possibility that she would grow away from me up there, and that nothing on earth could ever spoil our marriage no matter how long I had to fight. Even when I told her I felt sure I would go to prison, she would not lose her faith. So I made arrangements for my family to go up to Iceland.

Her folks generously paid for packing and shipping her belongings as well as the tickets for Thora and the children, and they promised to send her back again, after no more than a year, by which time I should have been able to fight my way out of the present mess.

I drove the family up to Idlewild International Airport in New York. It was a terrible moment in our lives as I held that dear person close, looked into her tear-filled eyes and sent her out of my life for the worst year each of us was ever to face. I hugged all my little ones; Ricky, too excited by the airplanes to notice the tragedy much, fat little "Grampaw" who was fighting with his pixy-like little sister Jeannie; and tiny baby Evelyn. Then I drove away into the lonely, empty battle.

I had no money, no job, no possibility of getting employment; my house was to be seized by court order and I faced the most gigantic and vindictive power on earth. I expected to spend most of the year in jail, after the Atlanta bombing. It is almost needless to say that most of my 'friends' — the 'die-hards' — had deserted me. I truly felt alone.

Chapter XV

As I walked around the silent and empty house, my footsteps echoing in emphasis of the utter loneliness, I was tempted to assure myself that this was certainly as low as we could get in life. The sight of a little baby dress left behind, a one-armed doll in the kids' room, my wife's last half-consumed cup of coffee — these reminders of my loss very nearly overcame my self-control, and pushed me to the brink of sobbing, out of self-pity.

In my innermost being, however, I knew there were yet more agonies before I could safely imagine the worst to be over. One does not win a whole new world with ordinary sorrows and agonies, but only after enduring and surmounting the utmost of tragedies and agonies of truly olympian dimensions.

I spent Thanksgiving and Christmas alone and ostracized by the 'die-hards' and most of the 'conservatives' who called to explain that they would have liked to invite me to dinner, etc., but that I would 'understand' that it was 'too dangerous'. The utility companies grew discouraged about not being paid and the phone and lights were cut off. I was in court day after day, without an attorney, fighting desperately to keep the 'home' which Arrowsmith had guaranteed' us.

In spite of my notoriety and the fear inspired by my name, I was able to get some odd jobs here and there. Little by little, I paid enough on the bills to put the lights back on and even got my phone back. I boned up on the law fiercely, until I was one day able to face Arrowsmith's highly-paid attorney before the circuit court judge — and win an agreement to settle. The day I won the agreement should have made me happy. Victory in such an uneven and bitter battle should have been sweet. But when I went 'home' to that cold and empty house which had been so filled with noisy children and a warm, loving wife, my 'victory' seemed al-most worse than defeat. For the first time I discovered the brutal joke of fate in granting happiness which cannot be shared with somebody you love. Since then, I have won goal after goal, and have earned and re-ceived the applause of thousands of fine people all over the earth, but all their praise, all the victories — even walking into the White House — can never equal in human satisfaction the tender, blessed smile of my wife at even the smallest advance we shared together.

I, the supposed master of 'hate' in the world, since the demise of Adolf Hitler, am blessed or cursed with a soft, loving and love-craving na-ture. Since I have been without my wife, I have learned the full, horrible and indescribable bitterness of victory unshared, of triumph unloved. Sunday afternoons, this past summer, after I have come back from major successes against the howling mobs of Jews and won over the crowds with two hours of sustained oratory, which left me drenched and ex-hausted, but victorious — I have tasted the unutterable bitterness of coming back to the congratulations of my Party comrades, admiring women and friends — and my empty room. No physical blows I have re-ceived or will receive, no jails, no courts, no insane asylums and no smears can hurt me inside as much as the enforced lack of my beloved wife and family to share the successes I am increasingly able to wring from a brutal world. But seen objectively, my political battle was far from lost.

Behind me I had almost five years of rough, tough apprenticeship, dur-ing which I had made my mistakes and learned my lessons. I would not repeat these errors, and thus was approaching that state of technical vir-tuosity in the art of manipulating people and events which is the mark of the professional revolutionary. I had progressed from artistry with paints, paper and words to achieve at least the minimum professional ability in the highest form of art: politics. In all the other arts, one ma-nipulates a limited number of materials and ideas to achieve a very lim-ited aim. In politics alone does the art encompass the whole earth and all that is in it. In the battle of real politics, not the disgusting sham 'Poli-tics' of 'Democrats' and 'Republicans' — which are nothing more than struggles to shove the next hog from his place at the slop-trough — in constructive and therefore revolutionary politics, one's canvas is humanity itself, one's paints are the whole range of ideas, words, graphic arts, bluff and the minutest facets of human existence — while one's brushes are not only vocal chords, pamphlets, television and all the rest of the media of public expression, but one's fists, one's very life itself! It is not by accident that many of the world's great revolutionaries and politicians have been artists.

Unlike the millions of my 'fellow right-wingers', I had become a hardened and determined revolutionary, destined either to achieve the objectives about which they only talked, or die. As I sat alone in that empty house or lay alone in that even emptier bed in the silent, empty darkness, the full realization of what I was about bore in upon me with fearful urgency. I realized there was no turning back. As long as I lived, I was marked with the stigma of anti-Jewishness.

It was not an empty boast when ADL Chairman Meier Steinbrink, a New York State Supreme Court justice, snarled to his fellow Anti-Defamation League members: "We must never forgive them! [patriots] We must drive them into the sewers. We must fill our jails and lunatic asylums with 'anti-semitic' gangsters!" I could never again hope to earn a 'normal' living. The Jews could not survive unless they made an example of me the rest of my life, otherwise too many others might be tempted to follow my example. My 'Rubicon' had been crossed and it was fight and win — or die.

With these thoughts in mind, I went to the post office one morning and found a big carton waiting for me. It was from James K. Warner, one of our first supporters. Inside I found, carefully and lovingly folded, a huge Nazi flag, eighteen feet long. It was one of the strokes of destiny I have come to expect.

There was no doubt in my mind. I went home, drew the livingroom blinds closed and hung the beautiful banner completely across the wall. In the center I mounted a plaque of Adolf Hitler. Then I placed a small bookcase under it and set three lighted candles in front. I stood before my holy altar to Adolf Hitler, alone in the silent house, without a single soul knowing what I was doing — or caring. Then, for the first time since I had lost my Christian religion, I experienced the soul-thrilling upsurge of emotion which is denied our modern, sterile, atheist 'intellectuals', but nevertheless remains the force which has moved the human race for countless centuries: religious experience. As I looked at the stern face of the greatest mind in twenty centuries, I felt the unbelievable flood of 're- ligious' power pouring into me which would be easily understood by any savage Indian standing on a mountain top at sunrise and communing with the Great Spirit before battle, the very power which the so-called intellectuals have denied themselves because of their conceit that they can 'know' everything.

I recalled the words of the Leader: "When human hearts break and human souls despair, the great vanquishers of distress and care, of shame and misery, of intellectual unfreedom and physical duress look down upon them from the twilight of the past, and hold out their eternal hands to faint-hearted mortals. Woe to the people that is ashamed to grasp them!"

I was moved beyond the power of words to describe. Goose-pimples rose all over me, my hair stood on end, my eyes filled with tears of love and gratitude for this greatest of all conquerors of human misery and shame, and my breath came in little gasps. If I had not known that the Leader would have scorned such adulation, I might have fallen to my knees in unashamed worship, but instead, I drew myself to attention, raised my arm in the eternal salute of the ancient Roman legions and re- peated the holy words, "Heil Hitler!" — meaning every syllable with all my heart, mind and soul.

No longer was Adolf Hitler only a great mind to me. Now I realized the inscrutable power of the human soul. Now I knew why the power of that human soul for ten thousand years, again and again, has conquered the mightiest aggregates of physical force and tyranny, regardless of odds or possibilities! I had run the full circle from savage and childish animal instinct — the primitive stage of most of humanity — to conceited and sterile intellectualism — the stage of our convinced Marxists and 'liber- als' — and finally, I had, with the help of the Great Leader, found my way back to the natural understanding of the world given free to every dog and worm, every ape and man, of which the intellect is only a sort of re- cent development or 'trick'. I had found my way to that unconscious un- derstanding of eternal riddles which can only be called "wisdom" — the same perception of the essence of things which has, in different guises, formed the basis of the teachings of all great leaders in all times.

As the emotional storm subsided within me, it left me filled with the holy sense of mission which is the fundamental weapon and armor of a revolutionary leader. Where before I had wanted to fight the forces of tyranny and regression, now I had to fight them. But even more, I felt within me the power to prevail — strength beyond my own strength — the ability to do the right thing, even when I was personally overwhelmed by events. And that strength has not failed me, nor will it fail. It is the power beyond the atom, the force called "religious" by the non-intellectual, "psychological self-hypnotism" by the 'brains' of today, and the "unknowable" by those who have learned true wisdom. I knew with calm certainty exactly what to do and I knew, in a hard-to-explain sense, what was ahead. It was something like looking at a road from the air, after seeing only the curve ahead from the ground.

The world was obviously building up to an unheard of, unprecedented clash between the dark forces of massed ignorance, greed, envy, hatred and stupidity — mustered and led by the scheming Jew — versus the waning forces of Nature's elite — the White Man. The Jew, with his Marxist-Democratic idea of the supremacy of mere numbers threatens to overwhelm the White Man throughout the world by the sheer mass of the teeming colored, inferior races which outnumber the White builders of civilization by more than seven to one.

Adolf Hitler had shown the way to survival. It would be my task on this earth to, carry his ideas and his living example to total, world-wide victory. I knew I would not live to see the victory which I would make possible, but I would not die before I had made that victory certain. I had not long to wait before Destiny drew the curtain on the first act in my new role.

There was a knock on the door one evening as I sat, lonely and wondering, by the fire. I opened it and found a man named Eugene Collton standing there with two other men I had never seen before. Gene was a 27 year-old right-winger I had met only recently. He introduced one of the men, a bluff and very husky construction worker type, as J.V. Morgan and the other as Louis Yalacki — a deceptively good-looking little guy who was almost 'pretty', but who was tough as nails underneath.

Collton was not too surprised by my big Nazi banner and the candles, but the other two staggered back in disbelief and horror. They had not been prepared for anything like this! They were indignant at what appeared to them to be treason, as both of them were service veterans, 100% loyal to America — and were with Collton mostly because they hated niggers. Collton had told them he would take them to see a man who was really fighting the situation, but had not told them I was a Nazi or anything about his own Hitlerism. Morgan and Yalacki were undecided whether to fight or leave, or stay and listen, but finally Collton persuaded them to hear the story.

So they came in and, in the fire and candle light, I gave them an intense, fundamental little talk in earthy terms which they could understand. I explained that the Negro was too unambitious, unintelligent and good-natured to be causing all the 'nigger trouble' by himself, and that common, ordinary, plain old 'niggers' were often pretty good fellows when they didn't push. The two agreed. It was only when they were agitated, irritated and organized by other than Black people that the good-natured, laughing, easy-going 'niggers' became the aggressive, nasty, repulsive 'colored people' typified by the NAACP. Again they agreed. Then I drove in hard the evidence that both the NAACP and CORE are financed and led, not by Negroes, but by communistic Jews. This was a novel idea for them, but when I showed them the pictures of ugly Arthur Springarn, head of the NAACP and Marvin Rich, head of CORE, they began to understand the idea. Then I went into the rest of the Jewish picture and saw their minds following me stumblingly, reluctantly — but inevitably. The facts are simply too damning not to believe, once they are presented, even to uneducated Americans.

Then I told them how the Jews, using especially their money and domination of the news and entertainment media, were organizing the vast hordes of the earth's colored people, mostly with the help of Marxism, against the outnumbered and weak White Man, against whom they were using the weapon of 'democracy' in which there would be seven colored votes for every White vote. I told them that we could not survive by talk, but must fight for survival as did our forebears — and that the only way to fight legally and thus successfully, was as Nazis — tough, all-out White Men!

The result was that in the space of three or four hours, I had four Nazis, instead of just me. Morgan and Yalacki were all for total battle immediately, but Collton felt it had to be done more carefully and slowly.

They began to come to little gatherings every evening, and I slowly educated the two new men as to the appalling facts of our historical situation, always using the earthy terms they understood.

Then I decided it was time to stand forth and make our fight, and that the way to do it was to open the doors and big windows to the heavily-traveled boulevard so that the public could see our Nazi flag and altar, our candles, red searchlights, etc. I even got an infrared light for the banner itself, for the psychological effect of the heat it threw out, in addition to the eerie, red glow it cast. We have made it safely now, of course, but at that time, such conduct seemed mad and suicidal. Gene Collton sincerely felt that such a course would be wrong until we had at least ten men, and detached himself from the effort, but Louis and J.V. were, by this time, hard to hold back. They wanted to fight as much as possible and right away, anything and anybody, to defend the White Man.

We got ourselves brown shirts, armbands and leather belts. J.V. brought his rifles, revolvers and holsters. Consciously and purposefully we swaggered around the house in the most dramatic and provocative fashion, knowing that this would be too much for the Jews to stomach.

At first it was just kids who came to stare and hoot and throw rocks, but we were not discouraged and knew that, sooner or later, the Jews would be unable to ignore this challenge.

One night, a big, expensive car stopped out front to allow its occupants to appreciate our dramatic display of banners, searchlights and storm troopers. We could see somebody taking notes inside. A few nights later, we found out who it had probably been, when Drew Pearson let go at us with a smashing national broadside about the dreadfulness of it all: Nazis only a few minutes from the Lincoln Memorial, etc. This reaction was right in line with my reasoning that a calm, calculating Jew is dangerous, but a wildly angry and fearful Jew, raving and frothing about 'Nazis', is raw meat for our teeth. And it worked!

Instead of the intelligent and obvious countermeasures they could have used, via their controlled press, they panicked. If they had smeared us then, all over the front pages, with plenty of pictures and incited the mobs sufficiently, we would have been quickly finished off before I could have gained strength, but they could not bring themselves to 'give publicity' to a man they knew was openly announcing that he would force them to give it, so they put a tight blanket of silence about us in the papers. Night after night there were riots around our headquarters, with shooting through the windows, but the press was silent about it all. The whole area was alive with talk about us, but the press pretended we did not exist! I put out thousands of leaflets, door-to-door, pointing out to the citizens the power of the Jews to suppress such news, right before their eyes, and the effect was devastating. Even the soft-headed 'liberals' could see that if a minority could enforce censorship on the press on one issue, they could do it on another, on an issue about which the 'liberals' might not approve censorship!

Meanwhile, we had begun to gather recruits, exactly as I had foreseen, because of our fight. Best of all, these were not 'talking patriots', but tough workers, truck-drivers, etc. — fighting men who had enough 'niggers' and Jew minority tyranny. Hundreds and hundreds of people came to our headquarters every day to talk to me and to see for themselves what kind of 'creature' I was.

Once again, the Jew lies caused their own downfall, for I convinced more than three out of five of the simpering, supercilious visitors that I was not a monster, nor a liar, nor a fake — as the Jews insisted — but a most sincere and truthful White American patriot, fighting the only possible way to save us from catastrophe.

We began to win most of the high school kids to our side and we became the major topic of discussion in all the schools for miles around. The Jews forced the teachers to spread the wildest lies about myself, our headquarters and ideas — including the vicious story that my wife had left me, that I had tried to drown my kids, that I was insane and that we were a gang of criminals and traitors.

Our windows were all smashed out by large rocks thrown from speeding cars. Pies, catsup, paint and stinkbombs were regularly heaved in our direction, day and night, but our armed storm troopers stood guard out front and nobody dared attack us personally.

One day, several hundred people gathered down the street in a parking lot, and we knew we were going to have to face a pretty deadly mob. We were armed, but it would have been the end of the party to shoot or kill anybody. I had to figure out some way of stopping the mob, short of shooting. I decided to use psychology as our weapon.

I got my camera ready with an enormous electronic flashgun and, when the mob approached, I ran at them with the camera and started taking flash photos of the leaders. They got scared and turned their backs! That was all I needed. I jeered at them, letting everyone know just what cowards I thought they were. The mob dispersed and straggled away. The attack had been repulsed!

My personal life, meanwhile, was almost unbearable. I suffered an agonizing loneliness and heartache for my wife and children, and she suffered the same deprivation in Iceland. I got tear-stained letters and heart-breaking tapes from my wife, who was catching the very devil from her folks for having anything to do with me. Her sufferings were worse than mine, for I, at least, had an absorbing mission to keep my mind occupied. She had nothing but four squabbling little children to look after, no husband, nor social life and no money, except that which her father gave her, and for which she had to account for, penny by penny. But at least she was safe from the happenings in Arlington, and she would not starve, as I was doing. I was living on small parcels of food brought by faithful troopers and friends — stale bread, dented cans, etc.

Floyd Fleming, the man who had stood so staunchly behind John Kasper, came over to see what was going on.

He was at first repelled by the Nazi flag, but little by little, I was able to make him see that it was the only way to force our way through the Jewish press blockade and to attract the young fighting men we so desperately needed.

Daily the number of visitors grew. Many of them were beginning to come from colleges and universities, and I won their minds and hearts, too. Most of them came out of curiosity, but there was a good percentage who came determined to wreck the place, once and for all. One such 'wrecking crew' was comprised of seventeen large fraternity men from the University of Maryland.

They all came in and I made them sit down in front of me, as was my practice, while I kept a loaded .45 on the table at my hand. I had two armed storm troopers, standing in both corners of the room at all times, and another at the front door. Several times as I talked, one of them got up and went over near the big Nazi banner on the wall. He was courteously, but firmly sent back to his seat by one of my men. We later learned that these men were armed and that they had planned to give us a good 'lesson', beat me up, tear down the flag, burn the place and put an end to the Party.' Instead, they went back to the university and for two days, flew a Nazi flag from their fraternity house, until the university took a hand in the matter.

I began to learn the science of argument as I never had before. I particularly practiced my growing abilities on the hundreds of foul-mouthed Jews who called on the phone. I learned their standard 'arguments', their canned and unreasonable slogans and catchwords: "You can't condemn a whole group because of a few individuals," etc. and, within a few weeks, all of us became masters of such Jewish sophisms. Many at the time criticized me for 'wasting my time' with these hateful Jews on the phone, but I used them as jousting-posts and taught my men to parry their feeble thrusts and then drive home our facts and arguments in the way which always sends the Jews scurrying for their poisoned pens and their hired hoods.

Many of the characters who were attracted to us were pretty sorry specimens of humanity. One man arrived late at night with a caged bird and some kind of "sacred book". He wanted to join the Party because "the bolsheviks were ruining his sex life" and were always keeping him from having a girlfriend. He claimed that he wanted to "fight them" -- he and the bird, that is.

A lady arrived in a cab. She was festooned in ostentatious fur pieces and a crazy hat with a berry at the end of a stalk, and she insisted on telling me about the "Jewish underground". I told her I knew about it and that we were fighting it.

"Yes," she said, "but we have got to dig them out! They're down there now, grinding up the bones and the flesh!" She explained to me that the Jews had underground passages running from their "sin-agogs" which honeycombed the earth. In these wicked resorts, she explained desperately and passionately, the devils were mashing up people they plucked from society into a poisonous slime which they then secretly put into the food of the rest of us, to ruin our minds!

This woman was the wife of a one-time U.S. ambassador, believe it or not. I sent her away with as much sympathy as I could muster.

The nights were difficult for me, not only because of the crushing loneliness, but because of the attacks. At that time, nobody was living with me, and the troops all had to leave at ten or eleven. Sometimes, especially on Friday or Saturday nights, carloads of hoods would appear at twelve or one A.M., and I would have to hold them off alone until I could get to the phone to call the cops.

Morgan and Yalacki did yeoman work cooling down the worst of the hot-heads. They would sit in their high-powered cars with the lights off and, when a carload would go by hurling missiles, they would light out after them like hornets — even when the odds were five or six to one against them. I did not go on any of these wild, careening chases and cannot vouch personally for what happened, but I do know that the attacks slowed down and finally, almost stopped. We have gained such respect and mastery now, of course, that our present headquarters had only one broken window, and attacks are extremely rare. We have won most of the youth in our local area by our daring and dedication.

And, as we had planned, we put the Jews on the horns of an impossible dilemma: If they did nothing and continued the news blackout, they not only proved to the public that they were censoring the press, as we were preaching, but we continued to grow and gain thousands of young minds. On the other hand, if they pounced on us illegally and brutally, they would 'martyrize' us and give us the publicity we needed, the publicity which they were determined to deny us.

For awhile they compromised by attacking our employment. Yalacki worked at Capital Airlines and he had won a large circle of the workmen who were coming to the headquarters regularly and contributing. The Jews struck there first. Drew Pearson 'exposed' our progress at Capital, so Yalacki and the other men of the airline were told they would have to quit the Party or be fired. All but Yalacki quit. Louis, full of fight as a banty rooster, believed me when I told him it was necessary to prove that we could hold the jobs of our men, so he refused to quit the Party. He became more Nazi than ever, "Sieg Heiling" in the hangars and openly flaunting his Nazi beliefs. We were legal, honest, patriotic and for America, not against it. We were not totalitarians. There was no reason why we should be fired because of Jew pressure, and we wrote the airline management a letter to that effect and made it clear that if they fired Louis, we would give them all the legal trouble we could invent, from pickets to lawsuits.

Faced with the snarling Jews on one side and adamant, open Nazis on the other, the management decided to be fair. Louis did not lose his job! It was a major victory for us, and we knew the Jews could not tolerate such a situation.

They fell back on their old terror tactics — threatening Louis' kids and his wife, making filthy phone calls and applying every form of rotten pressure imaginable. We absorbed it all and laughed at them.

Late one afternoon I was alone at headquarters, printing more programs down in the cellar. Suddenly, the door behind me burst open and five or six men rushed in. I recognized a deputy sheriff and some county officials. They shoved a paper at me and told me it was a raid. There were more officials to be let in upstairs at the front door, they said. I went upstairs and discovered the place surrounded by police cars with red lights flashing, a huge mob, reporters, cops, sheriffs, etc. I opened the front door and greeted Sheriff Taylor and another horde of officials. Behind them were the newspaper reporters, a whole pack of them. I ordered these out and bid the officials enter.

There were fourteen of them, including the Captain of Police, the County Prosecutor, top detectives, the County Sheriff and other dignitaries. They searched everywhere, confiscated everything Nazi or conceivably Nazi, "for evidence" and presented me with a summons on a criminal charge.

While all this was going on, as they were probing every closet, the cellar and the attic. I was taking flash photographs and had them developed and printed before the raiding party departed. One of these photos was on the Washington area TV less than 45 minutes after the raid — along with a Jewish newspaper story that I was so "hysterical" that I had ran from "room to room" during the raid in fear and terror, screaming and shrieking! The Washington Evening Star paid me $10 for the print they used, and I photostated the check, expecting something like this Jewish lie.

A meeting had been scheduled for the Party that evening and, as soon as I saw all the cops, and before I learned that they were not going to seize me personally, I called the others on the phone and warned them not to come. A few minutes later, I heard shouting and yelling outside and then knocks on the door. It was my troopers, heroically coming to face whatever was to be faced with me — shouldering and fighting their way through the mob around the house! Morgan was asked for an interview by a particularly obnoxious little kike and roared at him: "Out of my way, you filthy Jew!" This tickled the crowd. As each man entered, he shouted "Sieg Heil!" at the top of his lungs, showing the caliber of our defiance of this latest Jewish pressure.

When the house was stripped, even of the magnetic tapes of music which I guess they suspected were secret codes of some kind, the raiders departed and I held a press conference with the reporters who had been straining at the leash outside.

Thus did we get a sudden flood of publicity, now that the Jews thought we were through. But we promptly got another Nazi flag, more lights, literature, etc., and opened for business again!

The Anti-Defamation League put out a whole article in their bulletin on us, however, and, with typical Jewish effrontery, analyzed and celebrated our 'demise'. They called this premature obituary "Fiasco for a Fuehrer"! How some of their contributors must want them to eat those words now!

Meanwhile, Negro groups throughout the country, and even in Africa, had been contacting us and thanking us for recognizing the sincerity and honesty of the vast majority of colored people. One leader of a group in Chicago, Mr SA. Davis, wrote that his group felt that I was the fulfillment of Bible prophecy -- that the Black Man would serve 200 years in another land and then would return to Africa with gifts and justice at last. Once, when I called him, his wife was so emotionally overwhelmed with gratitude and religious fervor that she fainted and had to be carried to a bed shouting, "Hallelujah!"

I discovered, as we had suspected, that millions of Negroes wanted to return to Africa — with fair treatment — but were being silenced and prevented from doing so by the same gang of Jews who wanted their cheap labor, the hockshop and instalment plan customers, rent-payers and voters which the Blacks were swindled into furnishing them. At the same time, the Jews were agitating viciously against both Blacks and Whites to mix and destroy our White America.

Most amazing of all, we discovered that four million Negroes, believe it or not, had signed a petition to go back to Africa, even without the de- cent program we propose, and this fact was suppressed and the leader of the movement, Marcus Garvey, thrown in jail!

I began to go to Negro hang-outs to learn at firsthand, on the Negroes' home ground, how they feel. I openly told them they were inferior biologically, that we were ready to fight to the death to stop all race-mixing, but that we owed them a fair shake. Indeed, I proved to them the sincer- ity of our desire to help them out of the mess of phony 'tolerance' and 'brotherhood' which was and is leading only to chaos and bloody vio- lence between our races. Since this was written, we have established contact with Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims, who will inevitably win American Negroes with their inspiring and much misrepresented move- ment.

With no funds for a lawyer, and no lawyer who would defend me if we did have the funds, I went to court, time after time, alone and fought the case against me inch by inch. I studied the law every spare minute and got invaluable training in the courtroom, facing the hot-tempered Irish prosecutor, William Hassan. I learned to disarm his impassioned oratory to the judge with humble, sincere and quiet statements. Observing the prosecutor's red-hot nature, which once led him to whack a lawyer in the teeth, right in the courtroom, I gently needled him with remarks which blew him into a puffing dragon. In particular, I continually apolo- gized to the judge for the prosecutor's miserable case and arguments, and explained that I understood that he was forced into this sorry pass by all the "pressure" from a certain group. At the word "pressure", the prosecutor would leap up, bang the table, holler, turn red, bellow, roar and threaten to attack me. I would draw back in 'surprise' and 'terror' at this display, and the judge would hide his face behind his hand for a smile he couldn't restrain.

As I won point after point, I also won the respect of the court, the judges and the officials of the county. I learned this for sure when the sheriff, the same man my wife and I had fought at our door, and who had raided me, called me into his office to help me all he legally could before my trial. I had proved what I had felt sure of, and that will win the battle for us eventually. Human courage, pluck — yes, heroism — is irresistible. A gang of sneaks and creeps such as now grinds our people under their heels cannot prevail against open and heroic determination and win. Even with all their money, power, media-control and brainwashing subversion, the Jews will fall before the pure, white heat of our idealism and devotion, no matter how tiny the flame seems to be now.

As all this was going on, the period of occupancy in the house I had won from Arrowsmith was drawing to a close, and my lads could not believe he would throw us out into the streets after the victories we had won, and with the promising future we obviously had ahead of us. They tried again and again to get Arrowsmith to agree to some kind of deal, any kind of deal, to keep fighting, but our 'fat-cat' hated me so much for defying and overcoming his peevish spoiled little boy's wishes that he appeared determined to ruin and smash me if he could. On June 15, the agreement ran out — and the Jews were jubilant. Drew Pearson gloated from coast to coast that we would soon be "driven from the banks of the Potomac." It looked like the end of us, to be sure. I was still facing the criminal charges in court; we had no money; all the printing and other equipment was gone, and now we were faced with no place to stay. To top all these losses, I received another lesson in human psychology.

With the increasing, arrogant attacks by the Jews on their employment and the apparently hopeless situation in regard to maintaining the headquarters, all but three of my troopers quit. No amount of shaming or pleading could get them to stand by their oaths and promises to go through hell itself with us to victory. It was hard for me to believe, and very bitter medicine.

Morgan, Yalacki and a non-member named Cary Hansel were my only faithful helpers in those impossible days, during which I had to borrow a truck and move out. We were unable to find any place to move into except a tiny shack far out in the back-woods of Fairfax County, so we took that. It had no lights, water, toilet facilities or anything else, but it did accommodate our boxes and piles of stuff, and it did have a bed of sorts. I spent the months of June and July out there alone, broke, roasting alive in the heat, without seeing another human being for three or four days at a stretch. The Jews discovered the place by following one of my visitors, so I had the added humiliation of small airplanes which would glide silently over the tree-tops, their occupants leaning out the windows with press cameras, hoping to get undignified pictures of me.

Letters from my wife were coming to be less and less frequent, and less filled with the fanatical devotion I loved so much in her. I needed all the sustaining love I could get, and kept heckling her for more mail. Finally, I wrote a relatively sharp letter asking why she couldn't write more often.

I got back a magnetic tape, but couldn't play it because there was no electricity, so I lugged the tape recorder to a nearby church which was empty, sneaked into the basement, plugged in the machine and listened to my wife's voice. What I heard chilled my blood. For the first time in our lives, she sounded really distant and even a little nasty.

Chapter XVI

Now began the months which were to be the most soul-crushing in my life. My wife began to complain that her parents were begging her to divorce me, and called it their "campaign". I told her the best thing to do was to come home immediately, before anything could happen to our marriage. We could go someplace and work quietly together the best way we could to repair our fortunes. There was no answer to this, but then came a demand to get out of politics for good and all. I wrote long, long letters out there in the hot fields on a little portable typewriter and mailed almost none of them. I knew philosophy and political arguments were the last things to write to a wife in Thora's embattled position, but it was almost impossible to write anything else which made sense.

During the time in the Fairfax shack, Morgan, Yalacki and Hansel had decided to make an all-out effort to get me closer to town where they could get together and help more. They scrounged around and managed to rent a little basement for me in a home in Arlington. Then we borrowed the truck again and moved the ton or so of books, furniture and other paraphernalia to the new haven. These possessions completely filled up the tiny cellar rooms.

Meanwhile, the neighbors had somehow discovered who was to be the new roomer and were going around with a petition. Some of them explained that it was nothing personal — they were just afraid of riots, etc. in the neighborhood, which was understandable. The landlord tried to throw me out immediately but I refused to move that very instant, of course. It was impossible, and I asked for ten days. At first he demanded instant removal, but a reminder of my reputation as a fighter in court cooled him down and got me the ten days. The Jews further stirred up everybody on the matter, and soon the Arlington zoning officials appeared to evict me immediately as - - a health menace!

While battling this harassment, I searched for another place to light and Carey Hansel agreed to let me stay in his apartment in Falls Church while his wife and children were away for the summer. Once again, we gathered up the roomfuls of stuff and put it into the borrowed truck. This time, to avoid further breakage and loss, we decided to put the things in a rented garage, rather than keep on moving them.

I was existing on a tiny trickle of funds from two or three people who were extremely loyal and a few, odd jobs I could get here and there from sympathizers. I tried to work in a sign incognito, but inevitably, somebody recognized me and the would-be friendly employer had to ask me to leave.

The mail from my wife began to be heartbreaking. More and more she complained of the "campaign" of her parents, who said they would disown her if she came back to me when I was still in politics, and so forth.

I could see that my marriage was at stake I decided to drop politics long enough to repair my financial situation and save my dear family. I went out after work with all I had, managing to get several odd art jobs, some work making signs and other small bits of income. A lot of Arlington businessmen were sympathetic to me and did what they could to give me work, but were usually away before I could settle down to anything substantial Nevertheless, I succeeded in gathering together various heterogeneous 'accounts' all over the area — people who paid me to exert my talents at promotion in various forms. I also managed to get the old Cadillac fixed up a bit and was starting up a silk-screen business. I had even saved some money for the family.

Then one day I got another bombshell from Iceland: a letter stating that my wife's parents had laid down the condition that I must earn $150 per month for a period of at least three months, have a better car, and make other arrangements for the payment of debts, etc., all of which would require me to be earning five or six thousand dollars before my wife returned and our family could be reunited. If she came back without these conditions being fulfilled, Thora said, they would disown and disinherit her.

Under the circumstances, these conditions were impossible. Nowhere in America could I earn any such money as that, at least, not for a long time. I could not understand my wife making such a demand. Her best friend and cousin was the wife of the first secretary of the Icelandic Embassy, so I went to this very charming girl and laid the whole thing before her. She was wonderfully sympathetic and assured me that her letters from my wife indicated nothing but an aching desire to reunite our family, and that it was probably only pressure from the parents which was causing the difficulty.

Since they insisted on my being out of politics and since they had so much influence upon my helpless wife, whom they were supporting — and since I could not fulfill the conditions they and she demanded, here in America, I asked her friend what she thought of the possibility of my going to her, of my working in Iceland for the family, where there were only two Jews, and where I knew my talents and abilities could provide a good living, pay her father back the money he had spent supporting my family and give me time to repair the heartbreaking breach in our family. My wife's friend thought this a wonderful idea, and so did her husband, the Icelandic First Secretary, when he heard it. I wrote this plan to my wife and told her I was willing to come up there, but she decided to give up the impossible conditions and come down here instead, providing I had a house, a job and other possibilities of supporting the family.

I was overjoyed by this news and spared no effort to gain a minimum foothold for my family's security, even in the difficult circumstances. I pushed the little silk-screen business, doing signs for real estate and trucking firms. By putting an ad in the paper I got several small promotional accounts. My situation was far from good, but I was managing to make enough money to survive and even save some for the family. Carey Hansel's family had returned to his apartment and I moved into a room at Louis Yalacki's house. I rented a house for my supposedly returning family and began to make plans for the joyous home-coming. Daily I wrote my wife long letters, recounting my small victories in squeezing jobs and money out, in spite of the Jewish pressure and employers' fears.

Suddenly, there was a strange silence from Iceland. Then one day came a letter from my wife to the effect that her father had suddenly and unexpectedly been called to America "on business", and that he would come and look over my arrangements for the family within a day or so! I knew the super-methodical, ruthless business methods of my wife's father and how far in advance he planned every move. Now, suddenly, he was called to America "on business", exactly two weeks before my wife and children were scheduled to return.

I called Shell's New York office, where I had already met the managers who dealt with Iceland and Mr Hallgrimsson, and they didn't know he was coming. A little further checking, and I knew for sure what I had suspected: the "business" of the trip was to see what the situation was before my wife returned, and possibly was intended to prevent her returning at all.

This kind of horsing around while my marriage hung in the balance was extremely aggravating, with all the struggle I was having, and I talked it over with my little circle of faithful supporters. Nevertheless, I made a wrong decision.

Since my wife's father, and maybe she too, were playing games, I would do the same, I decided. I had a promise from one man to buy us a house, which has subsequently been fulfilled, but I decided to claim that I had already bought it in order to convey a better impression of security. When the old gentleman arrived, I took him to see the rented house and told him it was being purchased. I showed him the bank deposit slips for the small sum I had in the bank and the contract for work which I had with the trucking firm. He seemed impressed by all this, but I should have known and remembered him better than to think that I had so easily fooled such an experienced and successful old business wolf. The next day, we met in his hotel room and he started asking me penetrating questions about the mortgage payments, etc. In other words, I made a real ass of myself. The only course seemed to be to tell her to go back to Iceland and ask my wife to wait until I had things under better control, and this is what I did.

Then, as he was on his way back to New York and hence, Iceland, I began to realize how dangerous such a course would be for our marriage. I called my wife long distance and asked her if she loved me and wanted to come home. Her answer was burning and passionate: "Yes! Yes! Yes!" She said she would take a plane back by October 21, and I collapsed exhausted, but happy beyond words.

I redoubled my efforts to have things ready for the family's arrival, only to receive an odd letter a few days later saying she was coming alone to look things over, and that she would not be staying with me, but her cousin!

The astonishment, shame and hurt of that was more than I could take. I went out and got a gallon of wine, and drank almost all of it. I don't re- member what I did, although I know that I dropped all the work I was supposed to do. My mind was whirling and deadened, all at once. I hurt too much to think. I am convinced, as I look back on that day and the nightmarish days and nights which followed, that I was, for that time, the psychotic which the Jews would like to believe me to be. I drank and brooded and tried to fight my way to an understanding of what to do, but could see nothing, only stark tragedy. I knew I could not earn a penny if my wife subjected me to the mortal hurt of staying publicly with a friend in order to avoid sleeping with the husband who worshiped and waited for her faithfully for one whole year. I decided to do the only thing left: go at once to my wife, no matter what.

Recklessly, crazily, I sold everything I had, for practically nothing — raised all the money I could everywhere, and made all the arrangements to go to Iceland to keep my family together. I had to battle to get a visa at the Icelandic Embassy, because of the influence of my wife's father, and the knowledge of all concerned of the personal circumstances of my request to go to Iceland. But I did it all, somehow, even arranging to have my art, photography and other professional items shipped to Iceland so I could earn a living. I dropped everything, right where it was, in the United States.

On the day that Khruschev arrived in the country, the honest Virginia courts threw out the case against me. It had been too ridiculous to sus- tain, including such hysterical charges as "arm-folding" and "heel-click- ing"! I was exonerated completely, after six months of battling alone. I announced to the press that I was going to Iceland to be with my family and would return after the Nation 'cooked' a little more — after they had had a chance to see the results of more 'brotherhood', deficit spending, etc.

There was no doubt whatsoever in my mind that the deep, abiding love between my wife and me, coupled with my utter determination to do anything necessary to keep our family together would soon melt the ice which was causing the impasse, and that we would be once again the happy parents and lovers we had been before, even in the harsh circumstances we had faced.

Only three faithful friends stood by me through this awful mess: Floyd Fleming, Louis Yalacki and J.V. Morgan.

I told them I would have to go to Iceland and stay there an undetermined time while I worked to repair the damage and earned the money to repay my father-in-law in order to free my wife of the gnawing sense of dependency and obligation she now suffered. Moreover, I wanted to make my family, once again, the happiest and most united of all families I have ever known. I promised them that I would return someday, with my united family, ready to do battle as never before. These loyal friends never faltered, despite the fact that they had no idea, nor did I, of when I would return. Certainly I had no idea of how soon my return would be as I took off from New York International Airport for Iceland — literally aching and hurting from impatience to see and hold my beloved Thora.

I had cabled my wife, advising her of my arrival time, and looked for her at the gray and depressing little airport in Reykjavik. There was no one there. I got a ride with a U.S. Army major who was there to meet his wife, and drove over to the address of the apartment I had never seen, where I knew my wife and children lived. I was laden with baggage, including a toy steam shovel and a huge doll with which I struggled up the stairs.

I knocked on that magic door, on the other side of which I could hear the little voices of my children — voices I had ached to hear for a whole year! Then the door opened, and there stood my wife holding little Evelyn Bentina in her arms. She was wearing toreador pants, and apparently had no idea that I would show up — why, I still don't know. She stepped back in horror as I stood there, ready to hug her to pieces, and said: "What! You! What are YOU doing here!"

My little kids came out, hesitantly, to look at the toys and they seemed to recognize me. I was too stunned to move or say anything at first. Then I tried to kiss my wife and got pushed back in anger. All she could say was, "What do you mean by coming here?" — over and over again.

I sat down on the stairs, outside her apartment, dying, shriveling and screaming with agonies inside. I will spare the reader the agonizing description of the unbelievable days and nights which followed. I was ordered out of the house. I refused and decided to fight physically, because I could not believe my wife's actions, and the lawyers and police were used to force me to leave.

I am absolutely sure I was out of my mind for several days. The grief, the hurt, the shock and horror were more than I could absorb. I drank what whiskey I could get hold of and wandered in the cold, gray, drizzly streets. Along with everything else, I had a horrible tooth-ache. I wanted to die.

In the daytime, Thora let me come back to see my children and they remembered me and loved me. They broke my heart with their endearments. Ricky, the eldest, apparently understood and told his mother that he didn't want us "to divorce". My wife talked calmly and icily to me and stayed as far as possible from me, even trying to sit in the front seat of a taxi to avoid riding with me.

Somehow, I managed to gather the strength of will to overcome the humiliation of being thrown out, and worked up a new determination to fight to keep my family together. I applied for and got a tentative O.K. on a good job at the U.S. airbase, thirty miles away at Keflavik, and was preparing to go out there to 'Siberia' to support and help the family, even without the privilege of being with them or having my wife's love. But, just as I was getting on the bus which would take me to this horrible, isolated exile in Keflavik, Thora said "I'm not sure it will be any use!" I asked her what she meant, and she said she wasn't sure she would keep our marriage, no matter what I did.

In Iceland, marriage laws are almost nonexistent. To get rid of a wife or a husband, no matter how faultless they may be, one has only to go to the local preacher, who is also a government official, and announce one's intentions of being finished with the marriage. Automatically, and without any cause, such a person is granted a separation for one year — and then a divorce!

My beloved wife took me along, as if we were out on a 'date', to the same preacher who had married us and asked for the machinery to be started up for a divorce. I believed it was supposed to be a 'reconciliation hearing', as it was advertised, so I begged, pleaded, cajoled and argued. I even got down on my knees before my wife and implored her to save our family, but this only made her angry and she got down on her knees and said, "See, I can get on my knees, too!" After a bit more of this farcical 'reconciliation hearing', the preacher sent me down to the local city hall to sign some kind of paper the lawyers said I had to sign, and that was it! I remembered what day it was — October 28 — my little girl's birthday.

In an emotional hell which I am sure is the limit of human endurance, I begged my wife to get her father to use his influence to get me out of Iceland that night on a plane, which she did. Her father loaned me the fare and got the tickets, and I took off that terrible night.

As I waited for the plane to leave Orn, the brother of my wife's ex-husband drove up in his little car and I saw my wife beside him. He had been sympathetic and helpful before, and once again, lent his assistance. He got out of the car and told me to get in. Thora had come to say goodbye! She was pouring tears. I took her in my arms, sobbing too, and begged her to tell me why — but all she would say was that she wished it could be otherwise, more than I did!

In saner moments I might have paused to consider the madness of it all, but I can barely remember those terrible minutes. I couldn't stand it any more and jumped out of the car, entirely beyond control. They drove away into the blackness of the Icelandic night, and I stood there with the icy wind freezing the tears which poured down my face and dripped onto the black runway.

Everything in the United States was wrecked and gone when I got back. The business accounts which I had worked so desperately to obtain were gone, of course. My furniture, tools, and other possessions had all been hastily liquidated to pay for the trip to Iceland, and my political organization was mostly a memory. My friends were amazed when I returned, exactly one week from the day I left. But worse than these material losses, I felt that what religious people call a soul had gone out of my body. My will, my hope and my reason were all temporarily gone.

I went back to Yalacki's house and began to drink wine. I sold and hocked what little I had left in the world and became a disgusting bum. How anybody could have put up with me or stood by me, I will never understand. But my three faithful friends, Morgan, Yalacki and Fleming indulged me and seemed, somehow, to trust me. For hours and hours on end, I lay in the hard little bed at Louis' house and tried to understand how such a thing could have happened. When I hurt too badly inside to stand it anymore, I would bring out the wine bottle again and finally fall into a wretched slumber full of nightmarish re-enactments of the scenes in Iceland. But as the days wore on, I began to accept reality a bit, and started a conscious effort to jerk myself out of this suicidal mood.

I reflected that there was an unfortunate pattern to my life. For the second time I had lost a family, under similar circumstances. In business and creative effort, I had many times struggled and succeeded in producing something 'impossible', only to have it snatched away by non-creative, but tougher individuals — people who were not credulous, sensitive, gentle and overly-honest — as I had always been. I began to analyze how this had happened to me, every case I discovered it was the result of believing people and believing in them, so that I failed to take action at the first sign of disloyalty or hostility.

One of the horrifying things which happened to me in Iceland was my wife's answer when I asked her what I had done to violate our marriage vows, and if she did not also feel bound by her vows and oaths, as well as her letters in which she wrote of "everlasting love", etc. She replied coldly that these were "just words" and that "everybody breaks them." It was a cruel and brutal lesson, but one I needed desperately, for it is true. If such an unparalleled human being as my wife, such a loyal, faithful, long-suffering, good, kind and noble person could cast aside the most sacred vows and a family of six people after reaching a certain point of suffering, then indeed, all vows are just words.

People keep vows only so long as their happiness or what they believe to be their happiness depends on keeping them. I was forced to come around to foul, but unfortunately true belief of the Jews that you can't trust anybody. Cash on the barrelhead, force, power, punishment, reward and possessions alone are dependable in this world. My losses of my creations in every case had been the result of attempting to believe in promises, friendship, loyalty, love, etc.

Now an implacable destiny had graduated me from the hardest school in the world, and my diploma was inscribed in deep scars on my heart.

Never again would I believe anybody just because they 'loved' me, 'promised' or because they were 'friends'. I had learned the maxim of all leaders: All men are cowards — only the breaking points are different.

But there was still another dividend from the emotional and spiritual disaster I had suffered in Iceland. Had I managed to fight my way back to, a united family up there, after the brutal and heartbreaking battle I had experienced, the warm love of my wife and children might have overcome my sense of duty to the Cause. I might have postponed for too long the all-out battle we have fought and won here, as a shell-shocked man eschews the trenches when he can. Who would leave a warm featherbed to jump into the icy torrents in which he will most probably be drowned?

Irrational or not, I have now come to the conclusion that my beloved wife acted her essential part in a drama neither of us understood, which is the only explanation for the crazy goodbye at the airport. She booted me brutally back into the fight which was the whole purpose of my life, as I had told her, almost the first day I met her. In hurting me more terribly than I believed possible for a human being to be hurt and survive, she gave me the one last weapon I needed in order to fight and retain my victory: the most impenetrable armor on earth!

From Guadalcanal to Guam, I learned in combat that the guys who try the hardest not to get hit usually get it, and often in the tail as they sneak over a coconut log. The guys who don't give a damn, who leap up and charge shouting, "Come on you sons of bitches — do you want to live forever!" — the immortal Marine battle-cry of World War I — often seem impossible for the enemy to hit!

They seem to bear a charmed life in combat. Rommel used to say, in the midst of battle, "Stand next to me. I'm bullet-proof!" And he was!

As I began to recover from my spiritual collapse, I found myself steeled and hardened, almost somnambulistic in my assured attitude. For the first time in my life, I just didn't care what happened. I became a willing tool of the titanic forces which had shaped my life. My wife had given me the priceless armor of fearlessness, and the realization began to dawn upon me that this wonderful woman had given me what I needed at just the right time.

Just about the time I regained 'consciousness', James Warner, the young man who had sent the Nazi flag, was discharged from the Air Force for his Nazi sympathies, and he appeared at Louis' house, ready to do what he could to advance National Socialism. The fact that this young kid was ready to devote his life to our cause and to my leadership was the shock I needed to snap out of my depression.

At the same time, two brothers in Baltimore, Bernie and George Hariss, had become interested in the Cause and got in touch with us. They invited me to have Thanksgiving dinner with them.

With Louis Yalacki, J.V. Morgan, the Harisses, Warner and myself, we had the makings of a Party again. I heartily heaved the wine bottles and the depression into the ash-can and have not touched beer nor liquor for a year now. As I had done once before in Iceland, in a similar situation, I drowned my sorrows in work and asceticism.

Warner and I had to find a place to live, since two of us were too many for Yalacki. We finally got a little cabin in the woods, almost 40 miles south of Washington — using Warner's name — and I set to work to rebuild the Party and to plan the drive which will take us from the bottom of nothingness to world power in 1972.

With little or no money, I had to invent some of fighting which would bring us maximum returns per penny. From the outset, it was clear that what we lacked in money we would have to make up for in personal courage and drive and I decided on public distributions on the main streets of Washington of the strongest possible literature concerning the most critical question possible. The Negro situation in the Nation's Capital was the tailor-made issue I needed.

At the present rate, the Capital will be all black in a very few years. Even now, the Whites are in headlong retreat, losing their property, their lives and their liberty at the hands of rampaging hordes of agitated Negroes. Even the 'liberals' are getting lessons they can't miss in Washington, and often it is the wives of the race-mixers who get raped.

By pointing out the facts — that it was the Communist Jews, not the Negro who were causing this impossible situation — and by being the only pro-White voice in this black wilderness, we would force the hand of the racial agitators, liars and newspaper censors. At first there had been four of us in Washington, but Louis and I had a falling out and he left the Party. Thus it was an 'army' of three Nazis who descended on Washington in the weeks before Christmas with our carefully prepared, but pitifully few handbills. Alone, we stood forth on the street corners with our red-emblazoned handbills, waving the sheets so that a passersby could see the huge letters: "WHITE MAN! ARE YOU GOING TO BE RUN OUT OF YOUR NATION'S CAPITAL WITHOUT A FIGHT?" On the back, each sheet documented the Jewish-Communist background of the trouble and the race-mixing. We minced no words, but openly declared our purpose to be the gassing of the Jew traitors — in accordance with the U.S. Constitution.

Results were not long in coming. We had little difficulty with the blacks, who pretty much ignored us, but the Jews went wild! They screamed at us spit at us, tore up the leaflets and threw them at us. They did everything possible to scare us and to have us locked up. The Corporation Counsel of the District of Columbia studied our leaflet and ruled that it was legal. That was before the full pressure of militant Jewry struck his department.

We persisted, braving the mobs of howling, screaming Jews — just the three of us. Sometimes one of us couldn't make it, and so there would only be two. We defied them!

Finally, the Jews resorted to their usual 'argument' when they are beaten by the facts: violence. A huge and wealthy Jew named Berman suddenly appeared with five other big Jews, grabbed my stack of leaflets, and started to scuffle until Berman was grabbed by Morgan. There would have been an all-out battle except for the instantaneous action of the police, who seized both the Jew and Morgan. The papers could no longer cover up such riotous action, as they had been ignoring the presence of Nazis with what the Jews called "gas-chamber pamphlets" heretofore. They simply had to report it!

In the meantime, the Jewish groups had been steadily pressing the Navy to throw me out, and the Navy had been as steadily resisting. I was doing nothing wrong or illegal and everybody knew it. But now, with publicity, they won their way, as cabinet officers and President felt the Jewish lash. The Navy called before a hearing board, and, although I demonstrated the absolute proprietary of all my actions as a Commander in the Reserve, and had an almost perfect record they hastily gave me an Honorable Discharge.

Statement Of
COMMANDER GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL
United States Naval Reserve (1315 - 106684)

Presented at a Hearing Before a Board of Officers of the Navy Department Feb. 1960 at the Pentagon, Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

Before I present my defense against the charges which have caused the Navy Department to institute proceedings against my commission as a Commander in the Naval Reserve, I should like to express my deep appreciation for this fair opportunity to defend myself, and to assure the Board that I shall not abuse the privilege nor take any longer than may be absolutely necessary.

It may seem odd that an officer should express gratitude at the opportunity to defend himself against charges, but I am unhappily aware of other Reserve Officers in other services who have held far less radical political opinions than myself but who have nevertheless been summarily dismissed with no opportunity to present their defense at all, as I shall demonstrate later.

Newspapermen and members of the group I have opposed have assumed and in some cases even boasted that this hearing is an empty and meaningless formality, and the decision has been made before I received my first word of the proceedings in the newspapers and on the radio and TV. But, on the other hand the highest officials in the Navy Department have personally assured me that this hearing is NOT an empty formality, that it is NOT rigged, and I believe them, Gentlemen. I have loved the Navy and served it, and my Country loyally whenever called upon for almost twenty years, and I have never seen or known anything so dishonorable as would be such a procedure. I believe and trust in the assurance I have been given that, should the facts and evidence I give here so indicate, the Board will find that my private political activities have not and do not militate against my mobilization potential, and that the Board will recommend that I NOT be dismissed or discharged, in spite of the fearful pressure which all hands have told me has been brought to bear. And, should the Board recommend my retention, I have further been assured by the official concerned that the Board's recommendations will be re- spected and considered as they properly should.

With the deepest gratitude for a fair hearing, therefore, I have done my utmost to prepare a statement and gather evidence which, in the short time is reasonable, will, I hope, convince the members of this Board that it would not only NOT be in the best interest of the Navy and the Country to dismiss me from the service, but that my retention in the face of the organized pressure on the Navy Department will be a great and historic service to our American republic and our beleaguered peo- ple.

Now it is improbable that any of you gentlemen know me personally. Most of you have had no opportunity to form any judgment of me or my ideas and activities except through extreme, partial and distorted re- ports in a press which depends for its economic existence on the very group which I have opposed. I can imagine the thoughts which must have bounced around in your head as you prepared for this meeting — as you tried to picture the "lunatic"-the "odd-ball" — or the villain — you could not help but imagine this guy Rockwell to be. I am not hurt by such epithets. I am used to them. Every day hundreds of people come to see this "nutty monkey" in his "madhouse," which is as I would have it, be- cause I am thus enabled to TALK to these people and win many of them. But I am concerned here lest this preconceived notion of my "madness" — or this PREJUDICE, might so color and influence the Board, quite un- derstandably, that it would not be able to accept the hard facts and the evidence I have to present to it, except as the frenetic frothings of a "lu- natic."

To help establish what I hope is the fact that I am a sane, reasonably intelligent and competent American, and that my facts and evidence are worthy of the most careful consideration, I should like to respectfully show the members a few copies of a magazine with which you may be familiar, U.S. LADY. This is a magazine for the wives of officers and men of the armed forces. Perhaps your wives read and enjoy it. It was I who started and organized and drove that magazine into business in spite of the statements of the best informed professional opinion that it was "in- sane" to try to launch an international magazine on less than a million or so. My total capital was three hundred dollars, and, without meaning to boast, Gentlemen, I was able to succeed with the "insane" project, where even such luminaries as Mrs. George Catlett Marshall and dozens of others with more funds and influence had failed. U.S. LADY is published all over the world and reprinted often in Reader's Digest. Again, this is not to boast, but to demonstrate that a man able to accomplish this specific task is not a "lunatic."

I should also like to submit to the Board a few copies of the American Mercury, for which I wrote articles, including the two here on the Marine Corps, defending it against the disloyal and vicious attacks which were then being made on this great arm of the Navy. In the process, incidentally, I learned another fact in the chain of evidence which drives me to my present political battle, of which more later.

I earnestly hope these two examples of my sanity and ability will assist the Board in examining my facts and evidence in the light of their probity or their cogency alone, and without regard to the supposed "hate-crazed" "lunatic" who presents them.

The official letter from the Navy Department which instituted these proceedings charges me with the following:

1. That I have been an active participant and leader of various organizations styled along Nazi lines.
2. That I have publicly and openly espoused race and religious hatred.
3. That I have used, or permitted to be used, my rank and status in the Naval Reserve in printed matter distributed to the public fostering racial and religious hatred.
4. That I have departed the U.S. without the Navy Department's permission.
5. That my status as an officer commanding men made up, at least in part, of members of the races and religions at which my propaganda is aimed is jeopardized.

First, let me say that I am guilty by oversight of the charge of leaving the U.S. without Naval permission. I was forced to send my family to Iceland where my wife's family lives, to avoid the persecution of ignorant or vicious persons who insulted, attacked, bombed and threatened my wife and little children. I went to visit them for only six days, and in the emotional stress of the occasion, forgot the rule about getting permission of the Navy. It would seem, however, unduly harsh to dismiss or discharge an officer from the Naval Service after almost twenty years and two wars for such an oversight, and I can assure the Board that it will not happen again.

The other four charges boil down to three things: (1) I have advocated racial and religious HATE, (2) I have used my rank and status in the Naval Reserve in an improper manner, and (3) my ability to serve the Navy and my Country again in positions of Command is so reduced by my private political ideas and activities as a civilian that I would be no use to the Navy in the event of mobilization.

I shall accordingly confine my defense before this Board to proving that:

1. I have never promoted or advocated hate EXCEPT of traitors or subverters and others deserving of the hate of all decent moral people, WITHOUT regard to their race or religion.

2. I have not used my rank or position in the Navy in any other manner or with any more impropriety than have all the other men such as senators and congressmen who have conducted a political campaign for election to office, as I am doing.

3. My mobilization potential is no lower than that of any other officer who commands men where there is a hostile racial situation, such as exists right now in thousands of cases.

Finally, I will do my best to show the board that it is not just sitting in judgment of one "odd-ball" officer, but that it is standing at a cross-roads in American history, as many a military tribunal before it has done, and that it has the hard but glorious decision before it of bowing to the pressure on the Navy Department, and continuing America on the downward path of despicable confusion, weakness and eventually slavery — or of standing tall and straight like their fathers and grandfathers, and putting the steel back in the American backbone which once made us so proud of "iron men in wooden ships."

All of you gentlemen are Naval Officers with experience, I presume, at sea. I feel sure that some of that experience has been in wartime. Let me ask you how YOU would handle a very special situation.

Suppose you are a very junior officer aboard a cruiser, let us say. You are on a screen duty with a Fast Carrier Task Force. You are cruising blacked out on a zig-zag course in the inky darkness. You can't sleep in the heat below, so go up into the warm dark wind on deck. You are lounging up against a barbette while your eyes get used to the blackness of the night. You begin to make out the looming guns above you and the dark hulks of the carriers, destroyers and the other cruisers in the formation. Then you see what appears to be a tiny blinking light to seaward of the formation — but ON YOUR OWN SHIP! For a moment you are stunned, but you are sure it is blinking a code. You rush over to where it seems to be coming from and find the Exec lounging there! You ask him about it, flustered, and he scoffs at the very idea. Within two hours, all hands are piped to GQ, and there is a vicious submarine attack and a cruiser is blown in two.

You turn over and over in your mind what you saw, but it is all too mixed up and incredible. But you begin to watch the exec in a new way. Two nights later, you find him again on deck, and blinking a tiny light. This time you study it, and read it. It is the zig-zag plan for the watch, and GUNNERY OFFICER is with him! You are too appalled to think. But you are sure now. You must stop the treacherous officers before it is too late. So you go to the Captain. He is reading a detective story in his bunk, and scolds you severely for even suggesting such a wild and ridiculous idea, and disturbing him at such an inconsiderate time. A short time later there is another attack, and more ships go down. You get desperate, and go back to the Captain. He is furious, and the whole thing is exploded as preposterous. But from then on, things are different. The Exec and the Gunnery Officer see to it that your life is MISERABLE. You are discredited and given every menial or unpleasant task. The other officers, utterly unable to believe such treachery, make your life a very hell. No matter how hard you try to alert them or the Captain, the result is only more confirmation of your madness and vicious imagination.

I am sure it is unnecessary to continue the analogy, Gentlemen. Perhaps we are indeed wrong and mistaken in our beliefs as to the treason and treachery and subversion going on in our precious American ship of state, but if we are, then why is it utterly IMPOSSIBLE to get any hearing whatsoever for our charges of treason going on, and why are we damned and silenced eternally with nasty names, but with no investigation whatsoever of the FACTS we charge?

Let me ask you — would you not HATE the brother officer caught betraying your ship and shipmates to the enemy? Of course you would — if you were not queer! Is there anything WRONG with hatred of treason, treachery, cowardice and bullying? Can a man claim to be a good and moral man and NOT hate treason and treachery? Does the color of the traitor's eyes or hair or skin have anything whatever to do with the matter? Does it mean you hate a man's RELIGION because you discover him committing treason? Certainly not.

Over and over again, in all my publications and speeches I have repeated, "We hate or oppose NO man solely because of his race, which he can't control, and we do not oppose any religion or creed which does not first attack US!" Let me quote from several of the pamphlets we have issued. (Quote from front of "Who's a Hate Monger?," "We Challenge the Jews!," "White Man, etc., etc.,,"). Those passages which we mean with every fiber of our being, should certainly dispel and disprove the charge that I or my associates have advocated hatred of ANY person solely because of his race or color, and that we have positively pressed for understanding and genuine help for the oppressed and innocent Negro people.

And we are positively NOT against any religion, insofar as it does not ATTACK us, our people or the institutions we treasure. We are not concerned with any man's way of worshipping God, unless it involves making human sacrifices of us, for instance, or is otherwise inimical to our welfare. Let me read again briefly from this little pamphlet, "Who's a Hate Monger?". ..(First paragraphs on Creed)...

At the risk of overdoing this argument, please allow me to make this business of "hate" crystal clear; we do not advocate and have not promoted hate of ANY INNOCENT INDIVIDUAL or GROUP, BUT HAVE ONLY EXPOSED AND OPPOSED TRAITORS OR CREEDS WHICH ARE WORKING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA, OUR PEOPLE AND OUR IDEALS.

If you will check over our official printed program, you will note that it is scrupulously careful, again and again to set up safeguards to see that NO HUMAN BEING is persecuted or injured regardless of his race, color or creed, providing he has not tried to hurt US or commit treason. As a final example, let me submit the application form to join our Party, and point out the words of the oath signed by every member. (Read oath re- garding expulsion from Party for persecution or harming of innocent people, regardless of race, color or religion, etc.)

Now, if exposing treason, even when it is committed wholesale by a small minority race of people, is "hate," then every district attorney in the country is a hate monger for prosecuting the excessively large num- ber of Sicilian Italians who are found to be gangsters. Fifteen Americans have been exposed and convicted of selling out our atomic secrets to the Soviets, and of these fifteen, fourteen have been RACIALLY — not reli- giously — Jews. Seventeen out of twenty-one of the TOP U.S. Communists who were caught by the FBI, tried, convicted, imprisoned and then released by the U.S. 'Supreme Court were all Jews again. Not religious Jews, notice, because they are Communists and Communists are atheists but you have only to look at their faces to see that they are "Jewish look- ing," however distasteful that idea may be to tolerant Americans, and most of them make no secret of their RACE. The head of Soviet propa- ganda, Ilya Ehrenburg, is a RACIAL Jew. This is neither the right time nor place, gentlemen, to present the pounds of unimpeachable documents we have to prove to any normally intelligent person that Communism has been Jewish from its codification by the Jew Karl Marx to Lenin (real name Tsederbaum, see British Encyclopedia, 1920, Russian Revolution), Trotsky (real name Bronstein — see Trotsky's book "Stalin"), Litvinoff (real name Finklestein), etc., etc., etc., — almost to infinity — clear up to Khruschev, who was brought up in a Yiddish household, speaks Yiddish, and who boasted to Eleanor Roosevelt that even the wives of half the members of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet were Jewish right NOW (Washington Evening Star) — but that is the FACT. Communism is simply Jewish, and there is no escaping that FACT. Any member of this board who believes that that statement is a fabrication is invited to in- spect the files of documents we have to satisfy himself that we are NOT crazy or preaching "hate" because we recognize a vital fact in the de- fense of — our Country and People.

It is getting more and more difficult for the filthy manipulators of pub- lic opinion to pretend that those of us who have discovered this GROUP treason by MOST of a small minority group are "hate mongers." Remem- ber we do not say that ALL Communists are Jews, nor that all Jews are

Communists — we simply state the bald fact that the leadership and driving force of Communism all over the world comes from racial Jews, and that far too high a proportion of racial Jews are the promoters of Communism, and that instead of deploring this fact and admitting it, ALL Jewish organizations, without exception, deny it hysterically and resort to the most fiendish means of pressure to drive to distraction any American who tries to expose the problem and deal with it decently and intelligently. But more and more Americans of unimpeachable records and honesty are beginning to see the problem every day, and to stand up to the barrage of smear and filth and oppression they meet for publicly exposing the situation. Admiral John Crommelin, General Stratemeyer, General Del Valle of the Marine Corps, and many, many other military leaders are inevitably getting educated to the deadly problem and combatting it with all their strength, in spite of the smear bund.

And it is not only the top leaders, gentlemen, who are discovering what is really going on. I have already briefly showed you the copies of American Mercury with my articles appearing therein. In order to gather first hand material for these, the Marine Corps was kind enough to give me every assistance at Parris Island to study the "brutality" situation at the beleaguered training base.

The forces bent on weakening and softening America for alien domination hate the Navy and Marine Corps especially for maintaining their aristocratic and authoritarian traditions, which are the foundation of high morale and discipline in a military organization, as any experienced commander knows. The outbreak of "brutality" charges, like the recent rash of "swastika" publicity were precisely planned by the termites eating at our foundations, and the episodes leading to the charges of Marine "brutality" had one amazing — and suppressed — aspect, which woke up a lot of Marines to what is going on. Most of the spoiled brats who complained so bitterly of the beatings and "brutality" of the D.I.'s were from the New York area, and I will give you only one guess as to what they were. I've talked to suffering G.I.'s in battalion after battalion, and got the same sorry story about the wise-guy little Yids from New York who infiltrated the training base apparently with the specific purpose of provoking the incidents so they could be exploited by their brother termites in the nation's press and information media. The D.I.'s knew it, the officers knew it, and I knew it — but I couldn't WRITE it, gentlemen, because of what the Bible calls "The Fear of the Jews."

Most of you here today could, I am sure, tell harrowing tales of what you probably believe is simply "SNAFU" — situation normal, all fouled up. But what you may not know, unfortunately, is that many of these "SNAFU" situations should be called by the more unpronounceable name of "SNPFU" — situation normal, PURPOSELY fouled up! There are civilians in top places over the military, gentlemen, who are PURPOSELY, I am sorry to say, doing all they can to create confusion, injustice, exhaustion and despair in our officers and men.

Again, gentlemen, I am aware that that seems too incredible to believe, so I have brought evidence and a witness of unimpeachable veracity to PROVE to you just one case, at the HIGHEST POSSIBLE LEVEL.

First, let me show you two photographs or photostats of a magazine, which I took myself at three o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Library of Congress. Here is the front cover of "New Masses" magazine, which I am sure you all know is the official Communist magazine. The date is December 8, 1942. Remember, this is not a "front" or a semi-Communist rag—this is IT, the REAL THING! On the front cover, listed as the contributor of an article, is Anna M. Rosenberg — and please note the middle initial, gentlemen. In this other photograph I have shown two inside pages of this filthy sheet of treason, and here is the DRAWING of Anna M. Rosenberg. Notice that the Anna M. Rosenberg who wrote this Communist article is listed as the N.Y. State Regional Director of the War Manpower Commission, an office held by the "mistaken identity." Anna appointed to the second highest office in our defense establishment.

Now this evidence is EASY to get, even for me, all alone in the Library of Congress. For the FBI it is less than a cinch.

Can there be any doubt in YOUR minds as to the identity of this Anna M. Rosenberg, or that she wrote a Communist article for the official Communist magazine, "New Masses"?

Nevertheless, my brother officers and fellow Americans, this Hungarian Jewish woman, who was identified under oath twice as a Communist, and who wrote for a Communist magazine, WAS RECOMMENDED BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER AND GEORGE MARSHALL AND INSTALLED RIGHT HERE IN THE PENTAGON AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE.

FOR MANPOWER by Harry Truman, where she was master of all the hiring and manpower in our fighting forces ! ! ! !

Perhaps this all sounds entirely TOO much to believe, so I have done my best to provide evidence you CANNOT discredit. I have asked one of America's greatest patriots to come down here and tell you how this Jewish Communist woman from Budapest was passed by your U.S. Senate to be master of our manpower, in spite of this horrible evidence of her disloyalty to this Country. Mr. Benjamin Freedman of New York, who is of the same race as Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg — the race called "Jewish" — and thus cannot be accused of race or religious prejudice, is one of the men who has sacrificed almost everything good and pleasant in life, as I have, to try to save a Country and people to whom he is LOYAL.

Although the terms are somewhat confusing because of semantic meddling, Mr. Freedman is what the man in the street would call a "Jew" — and we are Proud to say we will gladly protect Mr. Freedman and loyal Jews like him with our very lives. He has, like us, given up reputation, money, social position and almost everything else to expose and oppose TREASON — in our land. He has been willing to come down here from New York at his own expense to try to explain to you, his fellow Americans, just ONE example of the kind of TREASON which is taking place in this blessed Country. I am mighty proud, gentlemen, to present to you Mr. Benjamin Freedman, of New York City, who will tell you of his experiences during the hearings by the Senate into the fitness of Anna M. Rosenberg to be Assistant Secretary of Defense.

Thank you, Mr. Freedman.

As the last item in my case against Anna Rosenberg, let me point out to the board that I am well aware that I am under oath, that the penalty for open and flagrant perjury is severe, and that there are stern laws against criminal libel. Knowing all this, gentlemen, and conscious of the import of every word, I hereby state for the record that Anna M. Rosenberg is a Jewish Communist traitor to this Country. If this be a lie, let the forces which have precipitated this hearing to throw me out of the Navy use my open statement here to imprison me for both perjury and criminal libel. There will be no prosecution, you can be sure, because I can prove every word I have said in open court, and that is the LAST thing the conspirators and traitors want or could face.

And that, gentlemen, I hope, will serve to refute the first charge against me, and that I have been promoting or advocating racial or religious hatred. I have tried to show you, and I fervently hope you believe me, that I have preached ONLY HATRED OF TREASON AND SUBVERSION, particularly by Communism, and that I have given you a practical demonstration that I am NOT wholesale against "all Jews" by showing you what is unfortunately a rare animal, a GENUINELY anti-Communist Jew.

I am next accused of using my position as a Commander in the Naval Reserve improperly by mentioning it in our propaganda. I respectfully submit to the board, that I have mentioned the subject in only two pieces of literature, and only in an incidental fashion. In spite of some urging by associates, and though I believed it would not be improper, I have never printed pictures of me in uniform or with combat aircraft, etc. Here are the two pieces of literature. (Read quotes.) Now the propriety or impropriety of mentioning my service record and connections depends, it would seem, on the propriety, in turn of the literature on which the mentions appear. I am an honorable American who seeks a political career by being elected to office like any other American, in spite of the unorthodoxy of my views, and I believe I have the right to point with pride, as the saying goes, to my military record and honors the same as any other American seeking political office. Unless it can be shown that my literature is somehow immoral or wicked — which it CANNOT on the basis of facts, not nasty names — then I respectfully submit that the Navy has no more cause to dismiss me for mentioning my Naval record and position to further my political career than it has to dismiss the many other reserve officers who are senators or representatives and use this kind of material.

I further submit to this board that I have mentioned my service record and connection primarily because of the scurrilous and smearing attacks on my loyalty to this country, which I submit is beyond reproach. It seems only fair that a man who is unceasingly attacked in the press and by loose talk as "disloyal" should be allowed to mention his willingness to fight for his country, his record of having done so with honor, and his present position in his service.

The third charge, and the one easiest for me to understand, is that it might be difficult or impossible for me to command Jewish or Negro troops or officers in view of my ideas and activities, and that my mobilization potential might therefore be reduced beyond the point of any value to the Navy Department.

For two reasons, I do not believe that charge will hold water.

First on the RECORD, I have held and worked for the same ideas I now espouse a bit more dramatically for over ten years. While I was a salaried worker for the Campaign for the Forty-Eight States in Memphis, Tennessee, I was CO. of Fasron 661 over at Anacostia, in the reserve Navy. I had Jewish and Negro officers and men, and never once allowed my private beliefs or opinions to violate my duty to Naval Regulations or policies. In fact, I discovered that two black mechanics in my squadron refused to try for advancement in rating, and that the reason was their fear of persecution and harassment by officers and non-coms who used sneaky methods to oppose Naval regulations and policies, and keep the Negroes "down" by invisible but very real pressure. I rose, as my officers can testify, at a meeting of Commanding Officers in the Ward-room, and adjured all hands to abide by the policy and rules and give the Negroes every chance they had coming to them, and to work to smooth the policy as much as possible. That is the TRUTH, and a check with my Jewish officer, for instance, Lt. Roth, will, I am sure, bear me out.

The second reason I am sure my mobilization potential has not been totally destroyed is that there are so many "hard-shell" southern White Men NOW serving in inferior capacities under Negro officers and non-coms, and there is no movement afoot to divest the Negroes of their commissions or positions, or to dismiss or discharge them as worthless. It would seem reasonable that if a young man from the back-woods of Mississippi can successfully serve under the orders and command of Colored Men, then the Colored Men and or Jews can also be asked, within reason, to serve under an all-out White Supremacist (in private opinion). In short, I respectfully submit, that all my fitness reports will show that I commanded by the BOOK, and my last Commanding Officer in Iceland especially noted, if I remember, that I was a fanatic on the subject of obeying regulations and policy, and can be counted on to do so if mobilized, regardless of the color or race of my men.

I believe I have shown this board so far that:

1. I have not promoted unfounded "hate" against ANY innocent person or group.

2. I have not used my Naval rank with an impropriety.

3. My value to the Navy and my Country in time of emergency is not reduced by my devotion to the fight to preserve my Country and my people in a private political organization.

Finally, gentlemen, I want to bring out an aspect of this presentation which is especially difficult, because it is hard to mention it without seeming impudent, or even arrogant. And I surely do not want to give this board any impression of arrogance or conceit. None is felt or meant. But I do feel, with all my heart, that this is much more than a simple hearing concerning the fate of one officer and his commission which he treasures. I believe that if I try hard enough and do well enough in my plea to you as brother Naval officers and as fellow Americans, you might see with me that this is one of those rare historic opportunities when men of decision stand at a cross-roads. How many officers have wondered what THEY would have done at the court-martial of Billy Mitchell, for instance?

Would they have rolled along with the crowd and the "right" opinion, or would they have had the vision and above all the COURAGE to stand against the colossal pressures of "right-thinking" people to vindicate the truth? History shows that usually they do not. From the days when all the "decent" "right-thinking" people nibbled grapes in the Colosseum and wondered at the "lunatics" and "fanatics" who were fed to the lions as "Christians" — followers of the most HATED man of his time and for years thereafter — right up until today when a golf-playing Nero sits helplessly and unconcernedly in the White House while his people grow daily weaker and more confused before the subversion and treason of International Communism and Zionism, the human race has steadfastly persisted in lionizing its boobs and crucifying its saviors.

Here is where I tread the dangerous ground of apparent conceit, gentlemen, but I assure you I speak humbly and only out of the DEEPEST concern for our Nation and our people. I have given up my family, my income, my earning capacity, my social status, my comfort, my safety and often my liberty, and I may be called upon to give up my life — for something I believe in more strongly than the urge to preserve my own existence. It is only in THAT light that I say to you, my judges here, you stand at a great cross-road in American history, as did Washington at Valley

Forge.

I BEG this Board to see our nation as it is "co-existing" TODAY, and to ask themselves if John Paul Jones would have begged the Captain of the Serapis if he would please not shoot but sail along beside the Bon Homme Richard because Captain Jones was afraid his crew might be decimated by the British big guns — or if Stefan Decatur would have invited the Barbary pirates to luncheon in his cabin and begged his crew not to stir up the brutes for fear they might be offended and want to fight! ! !

Five of our top Generals and Admirals in the Korean War testified before Congress that they could have WON the Korean War, the first lost war in our history, but that they were ORDERED not to win by enigmatical forces in Washington's bureaucracy. General Clark, I believe it was, even testified that he got FORGED ORDERS demanding withdrawals, and that he was unable to get any investigation of this monstrous TREASON. In view of the evidence presented here against Anna M. Rosenberg, do you gentlemen have any doubt as to WHO ordered us to lose that war — and all our courageous men — or WHY?

At this VERY MOMENT, the Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army is a man named Lemnitzer — and he is the man who testified before the Congress that it was he who prevented the arming of South Korea as provided by Congress, and thus precipitated the tragic Korean War. Our honest military planners realized that defenseless South Korea would inevitably attract a Communist invasion — as it DID, and appropriated millions of dollars to arm and train South Korea. Lemnitzer was the man put in charge, and he nonchalantly testified that he prevented delivery of ALL arms and ammunition, and delivered ONLY exactly $27.00 worth of barbed wire!! Yet he has been picked as top military officer.

There are only a very few officers here, gentlemen. But so were there a few at Thermopolae, or Horatio's Bridge - - or Valley Forge. But they realized their task and stood up to it manfully and successfully. I realize the pressure that has already been brought on the whole Department for over a year, to oust me. Here is one clipping which flagrantly shows not only who is bringing the pressure, but how they lie and misrepresent. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith headlines in THEIR paper (while suppressing all word of our activities in other papers) that we are "threatening American Jews with the gas chamber" — when the truth is, as we have pointed out over and over again, that we threaten ONLY traitors, Jews or non-Jews alike. They also admit that they have pressured the Navy Department to oust me, and I am aware of the pressures that may be exerted on the members of this board should they conclude that it would be utterly wrong and cowardly to oust me in the face of this dishonest pressure.

But that will be small sacrifice if we can at last show the manipulators and subverters, the traitors and the liars that the blood of our fighting forefathers still flows in our veins, and we will NO LONGER BOW BEFORE THREATS AND PRESSURE.

It is impossible for me to change twenty, thirty or forty years of opinion-forming based on information WHOLLY on one side—in a matter of minutes here today. The most I can hope to have done is demonstrate beyond question in only one or two of the thousands of cases available, that you are being cheated, lied to, and wrecked as military forces by a criminal gang of traitors such as Anna M. Rosenberg, that the million and one vexations which you lay up to Pentagon "red-tape" are often as not the result of PLANNED and SPREAD confusion and disruption, as demonstrated at Parris Island — that your blessed nation and its long-suffering, tolerant, easy-going people are in deadly danger from RIGHT HERE IN THIS PENTAGON and HERE IN AMERICA, — far more than from overseas.

On my honor as an officer, by all that I hold dear and sacred, my brother officers, I swear to you that there are TRAITORS crouched in the darkness at the life-lines of America, signalling their treachery and treason to their cohorts abroad and leading you in tolerance and "brotherhood" to your destruction! And I HATE them, gentlemen!! They boast they will "bury" you, and they are DOING it, by stealth and by guile. They DESERVE our hate.

Our flag-ship of state is utterly surrounded by wolf-packs of submarines, and I and my suffering, persecuted brother patriots have CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED signaling to the enemy. We have tried to alert our "ship-mates" — and we are hounded and driven and damned for our pains. The turn-coats have won the favor of the Captain; they control the writing of the ship's log; they control the stores and the quartermaster at the wheel so that we are running in circles.

I am all alone in my warning, and, as has happened a thousand times in history, nobody wants to hear or believe my ugly news about men who appear to be loyal shipmates. Nobody will investigate my FACTS, and there are almost none to stand before the howling mobs who have been trained to shout "hate monger" at anyone discovering these FACTS.

I humbly and most earnestly BEG you, gentlemen, to come on deck with me and SEE for yourself the treacherous signalling going on in the dark. Before you dismiss a loyal officer from an organization he has served for twenty years at the behest of a pressure group, look for YOURSELF at the traitors blinking to the enemy fleets out there in the night. Stand with me, if only for a moment, at the life-lines of America, and you will understand WHY, after two bloody wars in which millions and millions of Christian White Men have been killing each other, — we are in worse shape than EVER BEFORE.

I am not ashamed, gentlemen, to IMPLORE you — show the traitors and subverters that there are still MEN in the United States Navy who will NOT bow before the promoted pressure of hysterical public opinion, nor before the direct pressure of a gang of professional manipulators and secret terrorists. The question here is not one officer and his fate, but: Can mature and alerted American military men CONTINUE TO BE STAMPEDED by an organized minority bent on treason and subversion of our nation and people?

They are up there at the life-lines NOW, flashing their treachery to the enemy, poised and ready! Come top-side and, for the sake of your Country and your God, SEE what they are doing!

Then square your jaw as your forefathers did, steel your will, and tell these sneaks that America has TURNED AT LAST! Tell them that there are STILL iron men in the United States Navy who cannot be bullied and frightened into dismissing a loyal and hard pressed brother officer for standing up to traitors!

In the best traditions of the Naval Service, Gentlemen, tell the bastards to go to hell!

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander United States Naval Reserve

Chapter XVII

This was such a gross violation of all civil rights and justice — to throw a man out of the service after almost twenty years of honorable service in two wars — that I considered how best to dramatize the outrage. I decided to use the American Civil Liberties Union — an organization supposedly dedicated to protecting ANYBODY'S civil rights — but which often seems to fight mostly for Communists. By publicly asking their help, I put them in a tight spot, and insured publicity.

They also had an interest in helping me. They considered me, at the time, a mere gad-fly, a nasty little mosquito on the body politic — and had something to gain by defending me and then pointing to the fact as evidence of their absolute dedication to the principles of civil rights, regardless of their hatred of the individual or his ideas.

It was while I was discussing the Navy situation with the ACLU that the struggle in the street occurred. So, on the next occasion, the matter naturally came up. The Jewish head of the Washington office, Lawrence Speiser, asked if I wanted counsel. When I said "Yes," he assigned me a particularly Jewy looking Jew, by the name of Shapiro.

The hanging jaws of the other Jews as we marched into the crowded Prosecutor's offices that morning with Shapiro leading the way for his Nazi clients were worth the whole fight — just to see. And old Shapiro went to bat for us with a will and typical Jewish cleverness. He succeeded in having the charges against both parties dropped. Meanwhile, out in the corridor, I was explaining to the newspapers that it might be necessary later to gas Shapiro too, as he was suspiciously active with the Communists.

The whole thing was too much for the papers to suppress. Out it came, as we had calculated, and the Party had once again achieved a major victory without funds and with nothing but guts and brains.

Little by little, the publicity began to bring us more men, and we put these to work on the streets, too.

I had managed to promote a job in a little print shop under an assumed name, and worked like a madman for almost nothing, just to survive. But it didn't last long. I had brought my own photo and art gear to the shop, and one night hoods broke in and ripped and smashed it all. Somebody had found out I was in there. The next day fifty special policemen were assigned to watch the place. Needless to say I had to leave.

I worked for awhile in a sign shop, but again somebody learned of it and all hell broke loose.

However, our fighting exposures of Jewish treason were beginning to bring in a trickle of support again, and we redoubled our distributions and activities.

Finally, in December, Floyd Fleming, the most faithful of all American patriots, was inspired by our successes to make a down-payment for us on a new headquarters — even closer to the White House than before — in Arlington. We were BACK "on the banks of the Potomac."

Warner was doing a good job of organizing our mailing list and getting material to the sympathizers. The funds began to come in in a steady but small amount.

On official party stationery, which is extremely impressive, I now requested a permit from the Department of the Interior to speak on the grounds of the Washington Monument on April 3 — the earliest the weather would be warm enough.

They denied this, but did give me the information that I could speak without a permit on a ground almost as good on the Mall, between the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument — right beside the Smithsonian Institute. Millions of tourists pass by this spot, and we got the Interior Department to set a roped-off area for us. We built a speaking stand, got a PA system on credit, — and organized our men in a defense force.

The first attempt at speaking in the wide open as NAZIS was pretty terrifying. We kidded each other endlessly as to who would run first, etc., but prepared for April the third with iron determination.

When the great day arrived, we had Nazis from as far away as Detroit and Florida.

And then it rained!

I think our reaction is the proof that we will win our goal of power. Human ingenuity and will is, as we have stated before, the mightiest force on earth.

I knew the "silent-treatment" which had been prepared for our speeches on the Mall by the Jewish dominated press. The Jews endlessly reminded each other in their private sheets—which we got — that we were like all the other little rabble rousers and would dry up and disappear if denied publicity. So they were not to mention it if we set fire to the White House or ran through the streets.

But they couldn't resist reporting our "failures." I remembered "Fiasco for a Fuhrer."

So I arranged a "failure" for them.

We went down in the rain without any of our shiny paraphernalia, stood in the downpour like drowned birds, and I gave a sad little talk to our tiny audience of troopers.

The Washington Evening Star took the bait hook, line and sinker.

They printed a three-column cut of my soaked speech and wet Nazis, and ran supercilious little story on the big Nazi "flop." They even wrote up an editorial showing the good citizens what failures we Nazis were.

So the next week, when the sun shone, we went down there and showed what Nazis really are. I had never made a real oration before, and was lousy at first, mostly because of nervousness. It is bad enough to have to have to make one's first speech, but when it must be made in fear of one's life and fear of arrest or other catastrophe — it becomes quite a problem to stay cool and in command of the situation.

We played the Star Spangled Banner and the Horst Wessel song, then I launched into my speech. For two hours,

I exposed the full villainy of the Jewish conspiracy, and documented fact after fact which have been hidden from our brainwashed people. At first the crowd was sullen and hostile, but as I drove home point after point, there was more interest, and I could feel the hostility melting in the warmth of wonder and amazement at the astounding facts which once amazed me too.

Our first rally was a huge success, even though we had less than a thousand people, and we went back to the headquarters to sing the Party song until our lungs fairly burst, and celebrate our entry into the speech-making business.

But in spite of the success and the fact that uniformed Nazis and storm troopers were making speeches in the Nation's Capital, the Jews clamped on their hooded censorship, and we remained unknown, except for the isolated rantings of Drew Pearson.

We had to FORCE the jews to take notice of us, and on a national basis.

I had to come up with another publicity miracle somehow or other, since we were still relatively unknown outside of the East Coast. I applied the tested and excellent formula again, and decided to make the boldest possible move.

Union Square in New York City is the traditional stamping grounds of the Communists and jew traitors. Hundreds of them scream filthy threats at our people and our government there every day, year in and year out. It is the pulsing heart of Marxism in the U.S.A.

So I demanded a permit from New York City to speak there too.

That was all that it took.

At first there was little reaction. The word went out as the Jews always try first, "Ignore Rockwell and his provocations!".

But Jews being Jews, and, as I have demonstrated, psychopathic paranoids, they are constitutionally incapable of ignoring anybody who brazenly defies them and their repulsive claims to be God's chosen people with the sole right to insult and wreck everybody else while they themselves are sacred and holy. And when one announces coldly that he intends to try those suspected of treason, and then kill them in the gas chamber when they are convicted — their psychotic personalities get the better of them and they become the ancient, hate-filled, vengeful jews of the Old Testament — the same gang of "Pharisees" who got the Romans to crucify Jesus Christ.

The Communist Worker launched a protest when they heard the Commissioner of Parks planned to give me a permit, in accordance with my plain rights.

Then the Jewish New York Post let go with a blast. The Jewish papers began to howl, and finally the dignified and disguised Jewish press, including the New York Times, began to mutter darkly about the matter. And all this time, Communists were openly preaching destruction of this Country in that same Union Square, without a peep of protest — just as we knew would happen.

Within a few days, the full Hebrew chorus let loose, and New York made its Jewish character plain for all the world to see, as they went WILD. Jews ran to all the Jew judges and demanded everything from injunctions to electrocutions. The papers raged and argued. The Civil Liberties Union, caught in an impossible position had to stand for my rights to preach the trial and execution of such of their own members as might be convicted of treason. This enraged the Jews beyond all bounds, and they ranted and screamed at each other in a most satisfying and ludicrous manner. For the first time in history — exposing each other!

Finally a gang of these lovers of free speech and tolerance got a temporary injunction against my appearance in Union Square and there was to be a hearing on the matter in New York Supreme Court.

I decided to go up there and use my newly found legal abilities to fight for my rights.

When I arrived at the Court House, it was surrounded by herds of jews, acres of them, howling and screaming and waving picket signs. They didn't recognize me as I walked past all of them and into the court room, where I sat down quietly.

When the clerk announced the case, pandemonium broke loose. In all the courtrooms I have ever been in, I NEVER saw anything like that! At least FIFTY lawyers all ran up to the bench to demand I be run out of New York. They still didn't know I was there. But somehow, the TV people found out, and asked me to give an interview after court. I agreed, and then stepped up to the bench among the pack of snarling Jewish lawyers. When the judge asked if anybody else wanted to be heard, after all the jews had yelped their pieces, I spoke up — and the hot hate which then turned on me was something you could feel — and SMELL.

Immediately one of them demanded I be committed to the insane asylum. The judge pushed that outrage aside, and I got a chance to speak my piece. Then they lit into me. Who were my associates? Backers? Their addresses? How many troopers? Where? They were making up their black lists. They read off selected excerpts from our "gas chamber" literature. They told sob stories of concentration camps, showers, tatoos, and scars. The judge tried his best to keep order but it was almost impossible with that wild mob at the bench.

A rabbi in the audience fell on his back with his arms and legs sticking up like a dog playing dead — and actually FROTHED at the mouth! He was carried out.

Finally the judge called a short recess and the TV people asked me to step into the great marble rotunda of the courthouse for an interview. As I emerged out there, I was blinded by the huge lights they had set up, and discovered I was solidly surrounded by Jews and jews and more jews.

The interviewer asked me if I intended to gas the Jews, and I told him that was ridiculous, we intended only to gas TRAITORS, Jews and anybody else who was convicted of treason under a Constitutional provision. Then he asked how many Jews I thought that might be, and I truthfully told him I could only GUESS from the number of Jew spies, etc.but I thought it would probably be about eighty percent of the adult Jews we would have to gas.

That did it!

They began to scream, "Kill him! Kill him!" — a shout reminiscent of certain passages in the New Testament — and they closed in on me with insane rage. They got hold of me and knocked over the TV cameras and men, and I struggled to stay on my feet in the wild melee. Two husky New York City detectives forced their way through the mob and began to work me toward a dead-end hallway. We made it, and barricaded it off as we battled the bloodthirsty mob. They hustled me and Roger Foss, the trooper who had come with me, into a back room as more police and the riot squad arrived.

Finally sufficient order was restored to start the court hearing again, and I was guarded by squads of officers as we finished up. Then they asked me what I wanted to do, and if I planned to go to City Hall. The police were thoroughly respectful of my rights, courteous and courageous in the face of that murderous mob. They offered to enforce my rights anywhere in New York I wanted to go and for as long as I wanted to stay — even offering a police guard if I took a hotel room.

But I knew the Jews and I was proved right in a very few days. They would use ANY pretext to lock me up for good and to hell with my rights, etc. My best bet was to get out of New York, and that's what I told them I wanted to do. They gave me a heavy escort out of the building, but even so it seemed impossible we could get through. I expected to have to battle — but the cops held back the mob except for one jew who managed to spit into the car as we drove off.

We got on a plane at LaGuardia Airport — and the first great political battle was over. The Jewish-dominated press, of course, headlined that I was given the "bum's rush" by the cops — an outright lie!

We had won millions and millions of dollars of priceless publicity; we had demonstrated that it is possible to defy the jews and survive; we had pointed up the glaring inconsistency of the Jewish hysteria about us in Union Square compared to their silence about the Communists; we had gotten the Jews fighting desperately among themselves as to how to handle us, and we had made the American Nazi Party the most dynamic, powerful name in the right wing in only a few months.

But I knew that we would have to pay the cost of the victory. We had yanked the tail of the tiger, and he would soon bare his yellow fangs at us. I warned my lads not to get overconfident and cocky, over and over again. We had learned to hold them at bay on the mall.

I had gained more and more skill as a speaker and had even learned to hold them with the power of voice and will alone. When they would scream and heckle and threaten to attack, I would point them out to the watching gentiles and embarrass even those brassy Jews so much they would subside. Once I had one of the boys put on a big plastic nose and eyeglasses, and come down and pretend to be a heckling jew — which drove the long-nosed genuine variety almost out of their minds with helpless rage. They can't stand to be laughed at — and the nose bit is too much for them. They claim they are only a religion, so, of course, they can't take official offense at the phony beaks, without giving the game away.

After New York, however, I knew they HAD to get us, one way or the other. Sure enough, on the 3rd of July, they arrived in huge force, over two hundred and fifty of them — and the story of that riot is on the first pages of this book. I never got to say a single word, before they began their filthy howling and shrieking. And where the police had once been fair and square, they now retired, to allow these monsters full play. Even so it took them over an hour and a half to get up their courage to attack the nine of us!

All nine of us were arrested, along with a token sprinkling of three or four jews, and offered the chance to forfeit ten dollars collateral. We demanded trial, and were released on posting our ten dollars each.

We went immediately out to Glenn Echo Amusement Park, where the jews and Negroes were picketing for admission into the all-white park, and picketed NAACP and CORE troops. We were all torn, bruised, bleeding and bandaged — from the afternoon's battle — and our exhibition of courage and will won us a huge group of young men who came and saw and understood what it is to be WHITE MEN and FIGHT for survival.

The next day, our usual Sunday, the Jews, I am sure, were relaxing in the certain belief that we would not try to speak again. But to make doubly sure, the head of the Department of Parks called me and advised me not to go down, lest we all be killed this time. He said they couldn't guarantee our safety — a travesty after the Park Police exhibition of the day before. I told him we were coming anyway. So then he told me there would be no speaking stand. I said OK. Then he said there would also be no ropes. No cops either, I presumed. He was dumbfounded when I said I would speak even if alone on the bare ground! The jews are so sure anti-Semites are the craven cowards they always depict on their TV propaganda shows they couldn't imagine a man who would go down after a riot, beating and jailing, with no protection or police, and try it again! I told them I would be there at the usual time.

At two o'clock on the button we appeared with a red oil bucket for me to stand on. We set it up against a tree so they could attack from only three sides. Ten or twelve of our men gathered around me and I had just started to speak — when a delegation of police arrived with a paper still wet from a photocopy machine. They handed it to me and I read it while the mob watched. It was a brand new order closing the park to speaking, I asked the officer what other areas were available for speaking, and they told me of a park near the municipal court. I told him we would proceed there and speak. He tried to dissuade me because of the "high feeling" but I started to the new place.

When we arrived, it was already jammed and crammed with the same mob of murderous, screeching jews! HOW they let us know this would be IT — we would get it for sure today!

The authorities showed me where I was to speak, and I stood up to begin with the circle of troopers around me. The jews began the old tac-tic of howling "Sick! Sick! Sick!" and other endearments to drown me out, and began to move in closer and closer. The day before, there had been the claim that we had provoked these villains, so I determined that this time we would force them to be so obvious in their terrorism, if they dared, that no policeman could stomach it. I resolved to put the obedi-ence and courage of my men to the acid test.

I ordered them to TURN AROUND with their backs to the same raging mob of thugs and hoods which had attacked and injured them just the day before.

Every man obeyed, although there were many wondering glances up at me as I stood there on my bucket with my arms folded. I lit a cigar to dramatize the fact that I was not even TRYING to speak or provoke the jews, and we stood thus for what seemed hours while the jews howled and threatened and raved.

It worked!

The police moved in between the worst of the jew attackers and our boys, and the jews began to feel the full emotional wave of disgust ev-erybody else there felt for their savage antics. Little by little they lost co-hesion as a mob. Some jews began to yell "Let him speak," as they real-ized THEY WERE DEMONSTRATING BY THEIR ACTIONS WHAT I WAS TRY-

ING TO PROVE, BETTER THAN IF I HAD SAID IT! They began to quarrel among themselves like a pack of rats.

After an hour of this, I ordered my men to face forward once more. Silence spread as I took command of that mob with the force of will, even without saying a word.

I began to speak. There were sporadic outbreaks of hysterical yelling, but it I beg was mostly by women and hangers-on. The brutal terrorists themselves were beaten and they knew it.

I made my speech successfully — with TV and movie cameras grinding away — and we marched out of that park victorious.

Our friends who were seeded in the jew crowd told us afterward of the bitterness with which these lovers of free speech approached each other for their cowardice in not attacking us as planned!

CHAPTER XVIII

On July sixth we went to have our "day in court" on the riot of July 3rd.

The imposing Municipal Courtroom of the District of Columbia was jammed with Negroes and Negro policemen, as batch after batch of the dregs of humanity were dredged up from the drunk tanks below and herded into court for their one and two minute "trials." Judge Neilson on the bench was noted for his severe sentences and harsh judgments, and my men and I sat for hours watching him mete out two and three month sentences in jail to defendants on an assembly line schedule. We were waiting for our turn to face the old judge.

Now I stood in court, charged with "disorderly conduct," and prepared with plenty of evidence to show WHO promoted the disorder and certain of acquittal.

But before I could begin my defense, I got one of the heaviest shocks of my life, although, as our friends will know, I had been expecting what happened. But I was so wrapped up in righteous indignation at the charges and my facts and arguments, that it very nearly caused me to lose my composure when the prosecutor stepped up and said, "Your Honor, I believe I have a prima facia showing here that this defendant may not be of sound mind and may not be competent to stand trial. Under the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure and the District Code, I move that he be committed to the Psychiatric Ward of the D.C. General Hospital for a period of thirty days for observation" ! ! ! ! !

The murmur of joy from the horde of Jews and the ADL, who had filled up the courtroom, was audible. I realized immediately that, with no knowledge of the rules in insanity proceedings, I would never stand a chance against whatever devilish plans the ADL had cooked up with the prosecutor. In addition, I had had no opportunity to prepare any defense whatever. So I asked the court for a lawyer and a continuance to get my balance and prepare a fight.

Since it was clearly my privilege to have an attorney in such serious proceedings, the court granted my request, and gave me a man who was an experienced police-court lawyer, but who naturally had little knowledge of the kind of political battle involved and little imagination. Most of his practice consisted of drunk, disorderly and petty police-court cases, but he was honest and turned to with a will to help all he could.

We got a three week continuance and permission to hire our own psychiatrists to establish my sanity and competence.

Then we tried to find two Gentile psychiatrists to examine me and learned once again why the White Man is being driven out of existence. Because of greed or cowardice or both, NOT A SINGLE PSYCHIATRIST IN THE AREA WOULD EXAMINE ME AND TESTIFY! ! Finally I found one Irishman who would examine me and who gave me a letter as to my sanity, but that was not acceptable in court, of course. Nevertheless, it was the best we could get, so we paid him, and got the letter.

Meanwhile we were getting hundreds of telephone calls from uglysounding jews threatening us with death and destruction if we re-appear again.

Since the police had ruled that the jews could yell and heckle to their heart's content, and I had been attacked because we voluntarily agreed to the police request to remove our precautionary troops from the crowd (where they kept things broken up) — I decided to give the jews a dose of their own medicine. I things organized our rapidly growing troops into four squads in two ranks, and we practiced a new tactic out behind the headquarters on the drill field. On command, any ordered number of squads would march out and surround would-be "hecklers" who were working themselves up to attack (keeping their arms folded so as not to be accused of hitting anybody) and roar back at the jews. We had already found that individual jews were not so red-hot for combat when our men stayed out in the crowd right where fisticuffs might result in broken Jewish noses, and I knew that the would-be meeting-wreckers would not last long surrounded by MY men exercising their right to heckle the hecklers.

So, as we began to get the usual Jewish welcome the next Sunday, I ordered out the first two squads of men. One of my men, a monstrous individual named Al Wiengin, couldn't resist adding his own little fillip to my orders to keep his arms folded, and brought his folded arms up heavily under the chin of a big Jew as he came up to him.

Immediately, the police arrested all of us even the man holding the flag, and packed us all off to jail. Incidentally, for those who are not familiar with such affairs, the jail is not half bad, compared to the police wagon on a hot day!

Ventilation is almost nil; the wagon is, of course, black; and, if you have ever gotten into your car after it has been in the hot sun, you know one-half of what it is like inside that wagon. And when you are in there an hour or so, packed IN together like sardines, sweating like pigs in a dark oven, the cool jail seems like heaven itself.

While we waited to get bailed out (most of the day) we roared the party song, squirted water at each other, and had such a ball in that jail, that several slow-witted Negroes asked who we were. When we told them they wanted to join and said it looked like fun.

But, as a result, before we had had a chance to find a psychiatrist who would testify, I found myself once again facing judge Neilson. I could have forfeited ten dollars "collateral" and avoided it, but as a matter of principle, we had to establish our right to speak without being "convicted" for disorder each time, so I chose to face him again, come what may.

And come it did. Again the prosecutor brought up his charges of incompetence and insanity, and this time I could not get the court to wait for my own psychiatrists. The D.A. presented three witnesses. One was a photographer who had been at our headquarters. He testified to the signs we have up telling about the jews, etc., but admitted on cross-examination he considered me thoroughly competent. Another was a man who had joined us the year before to write a psychology paper. He acted most ashamed as he had since learned how right we were, and did the prosecutor little good. Under cross-examination, he, too, admitted he believed I was sane and able to stand trial.

But then the prosecutor brought out the inevitable Jew.

Dr. Shultz, the head of the D.C. General Hospital, took the stand and showed dozens of photostats of cartoons I had done for the college humor magazine "Sir Brown" TWENTY YEARS AGO AT BROWN UNIVERSITY. Since then I had fought two wars for my country, risen from enlisted ranks to Commander in the Navy, commanded three Navy squadrons, established two successful businesses and a currently successful national magazine, U.S. Lady, and never been accused of being "sick." The photostats were kindly donated to the prosecutor by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith — the inevitable jew! Dr. Shultz also had some of our Party literature, and he testified he read it and it showed that I was "very probably very sick" — "Paranoid"! Such hatred of "nice people" (i.e. Communist jews) was evidence, he testified, that I was probably very dangerous! (There is a good bit of grim humor in that. To traitors, I AM dangerous.)

Under cross-examination, the great doctor admitted he had never even seen me before in his life, and didn't even know if the stuff given the prosecutor by the ADL was my work!

But this seemed like a nice way to put an end to the Jewish pressure and agitation which was and is driving the public officials of D.C. to injustice and even perjury in some cases. So the judge ruled that I must be dragged off and locked up with the lunatics for a month to see if I could "understand the charges against me and assist my lawyer in my defense".

For citizens who have never experienced the more brutal side of the law, it is something of a shock to discover how quickly the decorum and genteel atmosphere of the courtroom shifts to the naked force of the prison once the judge orders a commitment. As it becomes apparent that the verdict will be "guilty," three or four husky "marshals" slide in behind you, and, at the last word, hook a hammy hand in your belt and growl "Let's go!" You are lucky to hand your papers, etc. to a friend beside you before you are shoved out the side door and behind bars in a big cage which usually contains a herd of wretched looking criminals, mostly black, shuffling around, vomiting and spitting on the floor and all explaining how they were "railroaded."

Back into the filthy tank I went with the human scum until the patrol wagon came to trundle a load of us off to the jail and the insane ward. Those who have never ridden in a patrol wagon on a broiling summer day with a load of unwashed blacks will not be able to imagine the peculiar nature of this refined torture. There are only four little slits for air in the black wagon, which absorbs heat far worse than an ordinary auto in the hot sun, and it reaches well up above a hundred in only minutes. Jammed in with the reeking blacks for even a few moments is an olfactory experience never to be forgotten, — to say nothing of the unbearable heat. And there is no rush to get the trip over. There are interminable waits for papers, for shifting prisoners, etc., so that the trip lasted a good hour, at the end of which even my socks were soaked with sweat and I feared I was permanently flavored with the stench of unwashed black bodies.

Finally, however, I was taken, under double guard to one of what they call the "units" at the D.C. General Hospital. After a check-in, in which even my wedding ring which has never been off was impounded, I was handed over to two Negroes and ordered to strip. My clothes were locked up, I was given a shower, and ordered to put on a degrading set of "safe" pajamas which could not be used for suicide, etc.

Then I was ushered out to the corridor and greeted by what the seedy looking herd of inmates told me was the "welcoming committee." This group consisted of alcoholics and dope addicts, black and white, who had been locked up there for long enough to regain some composure, and who sought sincerely to ease the shock for the newcomers like myself. But there was no easing it for me. These people were so obviously nuts or seedy or horrible that it only served to double the impression on me of being locked up in a madhouse. One had only one tooth and insisted on keeping a grisly smile on his pock-marked face. Another, a dope fiend, had runny eyes and nose, and clammy wet hands which made me cringe as we shook hands.

After welcoming, I was led to my room, with a seeing eye at the top and an eternal light. Everything is done by the personnel there to pretend that the place is just like home — but no amount of make-believe can hide the nuts and the locks on the doors. EVERY door is locked everywhere, every time you go anyplace — even the door to the place where they keep your toothbrush!

In all fairness, I must admit that some of the Negro guards were kind and understanding, and to these I am very grateful. I was entirely at the mercy of and in the power of Negro guards, attendants, doctors and nurses. A white face was rare.

But, as might be expected, some of the guards and attendants took extreme advantage of their monstrous power over a white man, and did what they could to make life miserable. With my picture often appearing on TV, these sadists took especial delight in demonstrating their dictatorship over me.

Shining their infernal lights in my eyes all night was one of their tricks, making me take a shower in the middle of the night, locking my little barred window on unbearably hot nights, and giving arbitrary orders leading to my discomfort all day were some of the other methods used by these boss Negroes.

In the meantime, my brave lads were out everywhere picketing and agitating for my release, even though many of them were convinced that I was a goner, and they might follow me. But they kept the light of publicity on the case, which is the only thing preventing the Jews from eliminating me by open and brutal direct bribery, legal skullduggery and even violence.

My own thoughts were often tinged with terror as I lay in my bare cell at night. It had been so easy for Shultz and the ADL to railroad me this far it would be even easier for them, now that I was in Shultz's own hospital, to "discover" that I was crazier than a bedbug, and lock me up without communication for life. I was even more worried about the possibilities of frontal lobotomy — where the thinking part of the mind is neatly severed from the brain by a simple operation - or injections which would make me appear genuinely insane at any hearings. It would be so easy, it seemed.

But, as I thought and pondered the possibilities, I came to the conclusion (which proved to be true) that, while the jews do indeed have a conspiracy going, it is not total. They can't possibly have everybody in on it, else it would soon be no conspiracy; everybody would know all about it. The conspirators are forced to rely on a few key Jews, a few stupid or scared shabez-goy who will do what they are told for money or because of fear, a larger group of brainwashed boobs who imagine themselves "progressive" and enlightened" because they "understand" the twaddle put out by the "liberals" as deep thought. This whole apparatus works as well as it does mostly because of the ignorance, fear and cowardice of those who discover the truth about it.

The top Jews who operate the terror and tyranny machine can survive and manipulate us exactly as the lion tamer can manipulate a cage-full of deadly lions and tigers because the animals are too stupid and afraid of the silly crack of his whip and his chair to see the situation as it is and use the enormous power they have but are afraid to use.

That I was not insane, nobody had any doubt. But proving my sanity under the circumstances was a terrifying prospect. Psychiatry, being notoriously Jewish, is so steeped in its own involuted concepts that anybody who "differs" in our regimented society is, by their definition, nuts. Since Negroes and jews are obviously so lovable and valuable, failure to perceive and appreciate and worship the superior qualities of these marvels of nature is ipso facto evidence that the subject is a lunatic. And here I was, not only a man who professed a dislike of many jews and a refusal to mix socially with Negroes, but who openly and scientifically planned to put large numbers of Jewish traitors in gas chambers, and get millions of Negroes to go back to their African home. What chance had I to convince Dr. Shultz's herd of psychiatrists, whose jobs depended on the man who had already committed himself to the proposition that I was "probably insane"? And what of Shultz himself?

The prospects were anything but bright. I am ashamed to admit that they were so bad, in fact, that two of my lads, men who had stuck with me through all sorts of fights and threats and jail cells now decided that the fight was over and ran off. One even went as far as Oregon, imagining that the whole Party would soon be in padded cells.

But I was convinced that I would not only get out of that hellhole, but that history has come to the point where evil has reached its zenith, and our rise and triumph is as inevitable as the rise of the sun after the dark of the night.

To make things more difficult, however, my court-appointed lawyer came to see me and whispered that he was convinced of the most monstrous plot to railroad me for life, and that my only hope lay in refusing to talk to anybody, especially psychiatrists. Mr. Parker, the lawyer, had never heard of any of the facts of the Jewish conspiracy, but his short introduction to Jewish pressure, threats and tactics when he was handed my case convinced him that I was practically a goner. When I first mentioned the way the jews work, he scoffed, but soon got panicky when he discovered that I had put it mildly. The pressure they bring on everybody and everything to get what they want in the most brutal way IS frightening the first time one is exposed to it.

But I was locked up and helpless under Dr. Shultz, and my only hope lay in THINKING my way out of the mess.

I had already discovered, in my battle to expose the Jewish traitors politically, that the conspiracy is not total — that only a very few top people were in on the illegal aims and plan, and these depend on fear, stupidity and brilliant tactics to achieve their goals in what always must appear to be legal ways.

The major weapon against this hard core of plotters is publicity, which I had already achieved with more than satisfying results. They can't slide one into a dungeon or padded cell quietly when you succeed in becoming sufficiently notorious and well-known.

And the other weapon I discovered and perfect in that mental lock-up is the technique of dividing the top plotters from their tools.

Here is the secret which is worth life itself to my fellow battlers for America and the White Race when the enemy attempts to lock you up and shut you up as a lunatic: MOST OF THE PEOPLE YOU FACE WILL BE SINCERE, EVEN IF MISGUIDED. The jews cannot afford to let everybody in on what they are trying to do, and they depend on brainwashing tools to do their dirty work. The tools imagine they are full of "modern," "progressive" ideas, etc., and sincerely accomplish exactly what the Jews want done for their own filthy purposes.

For instance, it is the Jews themselves who are, as a whole group, paranoiac. The major symptoms of paranoia are delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution. For four thousand years these jews have been ranting that they are "God's Chosen People" (a delusion which would get a single individual committed in a minute if it were not made the fetish of a whole "religion") and, at the same time, we are endlessly reminded, with pitiful wails, that "Jews are persecuted," they are always "innocent scapegoats," anti-Semitism is "hate," etc., etc.

These are clear-cut and inescapable proofs of paranoiac tendencies.

Knowing this, we know that the psychiatrist, when he gets hold of you, is going to be looking for these "delusions of grandeur" and "delusions of persecutions." He is going to be waiting like a cat at a rat's hole for you to come out with the slightest hint that you (instead of the Jews) are chosen to fulfill an historical mission such as preserving the White race, and the concomitant proposition that the Jews are "persecuting" you for trying to expose them. It makes no difference if the White Race IS being driven out of existence so far as it is in the power of a group of Jews, and that you must fight to defend yourself from the terroristic machinations of these "chosen" apostles of tolerance and brotherhood. Facts have nothing to do with the situation. Any attempt to convince the psychiatrist who is steeped in Jewish thinking will only snap the last lock on your padded cell.

But, at the same time, the psychiatrist, if he is not a Jew himself, is still human and subject to manipulation.

Knowing the rules of his game, if you have self control and plenty of courage, you can beat him at it and win his OK.

The first rule is to cooperate! Instead of obeying my lawyer, who said not to talk at all, I volunteered to be a social worker in my cell block for the insane blacks in need of therapy. I drew pictures for them, wrote letters for them, and talked to them, although their "conversation" was enough to send one halfway up the wall in some cases. They are looking for anti-social behavior — any indication that you can't "get along." So, repugnant as it may be, be friendly, popular with the coons, and make yourself liked by one and all, including the guards. Above all, don't get into a fight no matter what the provocation from the idiots, lunatics or guards. Any violence, and they can honestly testify that you "fight," are "dangerous," and must be committed.

The second rule is to be honest! When they sit you down with their little pads and test and tricks, do not be afraid. They will be looking for negative attitudes and fear itself. Take it easy and attack the tasks they give you with good will and a determination to accomplish them well and quickly. If they ask you what you see in their ink blots and smears, gear yourself to see positive things and pleasant things — and then tell them honestly. You will see in the blots what you are set to look for, just as a woman notices another woman's dress while a man doesn't even see it, an artist sees the painting and skill of the artist in an advertise-ment which a layman never notices, and an architect sees principles, de-tails and ideas in a building which may simply be a public comfort station to the ordinary person. Do not see blood, bodies, wreckage, etc., but set yourself to honestly see birds with handsome plumage, perhaps Japa-nese dancers with flowing robes, etc. If you do not thus set yourself, the gruesome atmosphere of the asylum, the guards, doctors, etc., will cause you to give dishonest reactions of doom and death, which will only drive you further into the horrors of the mental lock-up.

The third rule is to realize that, bad as is the Jewish conspiracy, it is not all-powerful, and it is not total. No matter how much most Jews cause us to feel like disliking all of them, there are "good Jews," honest men who hate the conspiracy which is going on as much as we do. I owe a lot to a Jewish psychiatrist from another hospital who volunteered to come over to D.C. General and examine me in spite of the pressure to rush me per-manently and forever into the lunatic lock-up. I trusted this man, talked freely and honestly to him, and convinced him I was on the level and as sane as he was, even though our politics were 100% opposite! It was a long chance, but it paid off.

He reasoned correctly that if I really were a paranoid nut, I would be totally hostile to a Jew who looked and talked like a Jew, regardless of my objective determination that he was not part of the undeniable plot to railroad me. When this Jewy-looking Jew asked me even the most em-barrassing questions, I literally shocked him by telling the truth without reservations. In spite of himself, this Jew got to like me and went out and wrote up an affidavit that I was of sound mind and capable of standing trial. He, along with another volunteer psychiatrist from St. Elizabeth's, was on hand at the habeas corpus proceedings ready to stick his neck out for me, and which would have gotten me out if I had not gotten my-self out first by winning over the staff of the hospital, particularly the psychiatrist directly in charge of my lock-up or "unit."

Dr. Shultz was head of the whole hospital, and the man who got me locked up sight-unseen by telling the court I was "probably insane." Un-der him was a liberal lady psychiatrist who was head of psychiatry. There was no question of their position in the railroading scheme. And the jews were sure that with the head of the hospital and the head of psychiatry determined to get me, I was a goner.

But even all this power won't work if you keep your head and remember that not too many people can be in on a plot, or it gives itself away.

If you are ever seized and locked up as a nut as I was, remember that the vast majority of the people you will meet are not in on the deal, and will try honestly to do their jobs as they do with the thousands of other inmates they see all the time. It is impossible for the schemers to take them all into their confidence and get them all to help "railroad" you. They depend on power and influence at the top to overwhelm all opposition.

Your job is to mobilize the entire body underneath in outrage at your incarceration, and the plotters at the top are helpless. Not all our courts (except possibly in New York Jewish courts) are dishonest, and the villains know that you can summon as witnesses others beside themselves. They have to give you some kind of a hearing before committing you for life, and if you don't get panicky and win over the entire staff of junior doctors, nurses, guards and spies on the ward, the senior schemers find themselves in the uncomfortable position of exposing their dishonesty to their own staff if they insist that you are crazy when all the others know you are not.

In my case, the doctor directly under the chief psychiatrist was educated almost entirely in Jewish hospitals and schools, but he was not a jew and was, I believed, sincere. I had every opportunity to howl persecution and "plot" but I didn't! My lawyer had told me to "clam up," and the psychiatrist knew it, but I didn't. I was supposed to be a wild hate monger, down on the world and crazy with hate of all Jews and Negroes. But I wasn't. The Negroes liked me, the psychiatrists liked me even the Jew the patients liked me, and I was so obviously taking the injustice of the incarceration with a good will and calm assurance that they could not question my sanity or personality, especially after the dose of lies they had heard from the jews before I arrived.

Rule four, if you are locked up as a mental case for trying to expose Jewish treason, is to remember that even the plotters are not courageous enough to resort to murder or outright Soviet-style injections, etc. What they try to do is frighten and goad you into acting like a nut, so they can honestly testify that you are a nut from their observations and the observations of the whole staff. If you are uncooperative, howl about persecution, sulk and curse the staff, they will class you with all the real nuts they see all the time who do exactly those things (without cause, however).

The major attack by the plotters could have been fatal to me if I had not selected myself to a fanatical belief in my own reason. They burst into my cell one night with two Negro guards, a Chinese doctor, and a Negro nurse. The nurse held aloft a huge hypodermic filled with vile looking, brownish-black fluid, and ordered me to roll over for a shot. I asked what it was, and they said it was "vitamins."

Ask yourself what you would have done under similar circumstances. I knew they were determined to put me away for good. Walter Winchell (Izzy Lipshitz) had stated this was the official line on what to do with me, and I knew there were plenty of ways to drive me out of my mind by shots, etc., while I was under observation. Now here they come with "vitamins" in the middle of the night, tenderly thinking of my health, no doubt.

The temptation to fight, to scream, to struggle to the last ditch to avoid that deadly shot was overwhelming. But I didn't do it. I believed they would not dare use such methods, since getting caught would totally wreck their scheme for good. But if they got me to fight and scream and act insane and those were vitamins, any court in the world would commit me!

So I rolled over docilely and took the shot.

And it was vitamins! I could taste them as they coursed into my bloodstream. That little scene in my cell with the vitamins is a capsule version of what the Jews are doing to our people who try to fight them all over the country. They get us to act like madmen and get many of us to believe that they are so all-powerful that everything which happens to us is part of their plot.

The Jews have no such all-powerful plot. They do have a deadly plot of the top Jew-Communist-Zionists, and it is taking over the world — but not because they are so brilliant or so daring. They have been winning because we have let them goad us into being stupid, weak and disorganized. As the Jews planned to show I was "nuts" in court because they were sure I would fight their innocent vitamin shot — they keep showing Americans how wild and crazy our side seems to be when it howls "plot" every time one of us is arrested for speeding or for violating a court order. The law says, for instance, as it stands now, that schools must integrate, This is an illegal law, to be sure, but it does have the sanction of law at the moment — and the FBI, for instance, must enforce. When rabid "Southerners" join the Communist worker in damning the FBI for enforcing that law — or the Constitutional amendment which says Negroes are citizens and can vote — they are "fighting the vitamin shot" and convincing millions whom we must win that they are just what the Jews say we are — "hate mongers" and lawless terrorists. The proper remedy is to change the illegal law, not fight honest police and FBI for enforcing the laws we allow to be made by a cowardly Congress, and a trained-ape Supreme Court.

When you out-think them, and then back up your reason with guts — as I had to do with the vitamins and as we are doing with our Nazi Party — they are whipped and dumbfounded!

By the exercise of reason and guts instead of wild emotion and righteous wrath at the illegal incarceration, I won over the doctors under Shultz and lady liberal psychiatrist, and these honest doctors had the courage to defy two top bosses and declare I was sane in ten days, in spite of the hysteria of the Chief of Psychiatry, who was still shouting "You're SICK! SICK! SICK!," even as I left the lock-up.

I went back out to the park immediately to make a speech, and this time there were no more screams of "SICK! SICK! SICK!" ! The Jews now were subdued and baffled. They had been told by their leaders that this was "it," that I would be locked up and out of the way for good — as their good old Izzy Winchell had promised them.

It was a major victory — a total victory over the worst threat of the Jews. If an open Nazi, preaching the gas-chamber and power was not "nuts," it would be impossible for the conspirators to throw any more little anti-Semites into their "mental-health" lock-up as madmen simply because they tried to expose Jewish machinations.

Chapter XIX

The rest of the summer and through the fall, we continued speaking on a regular schedule until the Jews, by their helpless silence as they stood around at our rallies looking heart broken, proved that we had utterly smashed their terrorism.

With our mastery in our home area thus established beyond dispute, I bent all my efforts toward the organization and indoctrination of the troopers and supporters we had won with our dramatic tactics.

Above all, I had to make sure that all of our people understood that Communism is not an economic plot and not even just part of the Jewish scheme for dominating the earth although it is both of these.

Communism is a mutiny of the world's inferiors against the elite.

Since man first fashioned a rude stone implement, he has fought a never-ending battle with the forces of nature which have overwhelmed him. Death in childbirth, death in earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, plagues, tidal waves, droughts, famines, and death at the claws and fangs of ferocious animals have been the lot of a great portion of humanity for tens of thousands of years.

In order to have one or two surviving children, parents had to have ten or twelve born. Only the strongest, wiliest and toughest survived human existence for unnumbered ages. This always seemed cruel and most unfortunate.

But the very severity of this unequal battle with nature insured that only the smartest and strongest individuals rose to leadership; only the best organized and most excellent families rose to leadership of the group; and only the strongest, smartest and best organized of the groups rose to preeminence in a desperately struggling world.

Weaklings and fools did not last long. Especially, they could not swindle the strong and wise men who had survived the awful struggle of existence into accepting fools, demagogues and weaklings as "great leaders." Thus, from the dawn of human history, with rare exceptions (caused by inheritance of power, which did not last, relatively speaking) only leaders who could lead attained real, permanent leadership, and only races (groups) which were truly superior could dominate.

Under these conditions the group of humanity loosely called "Aryan white men" inevitably rose to complete domination of the civilized world, and civilized much of the savage world. And within this elite human group, or breed, Caesars, Pericles, Fredericks and Washingtons rose to personal leadership.

The natural enemies of humanity, such as disease, wild beasts and brutal elements forced the naturally inferior groups to accept the domination and leadership of the superior white group. And the same cruel struggle within the white group forced the masses of inferiors to accept and even seek the leadership and domination of the naturally superior and elite minority. "People's Revolutions" were always relatively temporary, and power and leadership sooner or later was back in the hands of the biologically superior humans who had real capacity and force to LEAD.

As a result, the world was benefited by the civilizing drive of the exceptional whites of England, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, etc. - but most of all by Nordics.

While the "subjects" of colonization might have chafed and complained under the yoke, millions of inferior savages who had lived for thousands of years in prehistoric squalor, ignorance and savagery were relatively suddenly taught the rudimentary technical methods of controlling natural forces so that many more of them could survive and become, in their own way, more powerful than their savage, uncolonized brothers.

During all of these eons of history, it was highly advantageous to the subjects — inferior races and even to the inferior individuals among the white race - to seek and accept — the leadership of the best races and best individuals even if this involved some tyranny. Nature herself was a still crueler tyrant and only with the leadership and organization supplied by the superior white race and the superior individuals within the white race could humanity hold its own or advance in the battle with nature.

The weapon of the superior white man and the superior individual who led the white men was never physical strength alone, but always the power of organization — which is the supreme form of the human will in action.

In applying his intellect to the cruel forces of nature which tyrannized over him, the white man inevitably cast aside superstition, religious myths, old wives' tales and wishful thinking. He discovered what we now call the "scientific method" - the power of organized, scrupulously logical thinking.

With the full understanding and use of this intellectual tool man suddenly gained terrific power to control many of the wild forces of nature which had been beating him for thousands of years. With this method there is almost no thing or action which cannot be somehow dominated, controlled and used by mankind.

Man has penetrated outer space and the atom itself. He has controlled one natural killer and disease after another and even developed artificial human organs to replace those destroyed or decayed. He is, perhaps, on the verge of discovering the secrets of life itself.

Utterly astounded at his own genius and accomplishment through the use of the scientific method, man then made what may yet be his fatal error.

From the discovery that he could use natural laws he jumped to the conclusion that he could conquer nature and flaunt her iron laws.

Bursting with conceit over his scientific and material accomplishments he forgot that he, too, is a part of nature, an animal.

He proceeded to "conquer" evolution. He has now reversed it. That is the supreme danger of our chaotic times.

Where nature had for countless centuries culled humanity until the best individuals and the best group (speaking of the average) dominated humanity, he now applies scientific method to everything else but his own breeding. He allowed anthropomorphism — conceit — to enter the picture and control him just as it did his most savage and stupid ancestors 10,000 years ago in the form of superstition. Science showed him the secrets of heredity and how to use these secrets to breed better cattle, dogs, horses and even bugs. But when it came to his own heredity man was loathe to admit the perhaps "unfair" but brutally true fact that there is no scientific reason why all individuals and groups of the same species Homo Sapiens should be equally valuable and have equal natural abilities any more than that all horses or dogs should be of the same quality whether by breeds or by individuals.

As a matter of fact, during the 18th and 19th Centuries man fell in love with both the scientific method and his own intellect. With his medical knowledge he largely conquered the natural forces which had so long selected the best individuals and groups alone for survival, thus utterly reversing the process of evolution which produced the superior white man and the very brains of the geniuses among the white men who discovered these scientific wonders.

With this sort of worship of the intellect went a concomitant degradation of physical force. Where once the white man had not only out-thought and out-maneuvered the savage races but also kept them in meek submission by naked force and even terror, when necessary, the white man now began to delude himself with the soothing "liberal" idea that force could be dispensed with and man could maintain and extend his accomplishments by sheer intellect alone. He laid down his knotty club, bent over his books and began to fancy himself as "above" the rest of the animal world which still had to copulate, defecate, urinate and fight to survive. And as he did this, there was one human group which had been schooled and especially selected in this super intellectualism for thousands of years: the Jews.

Naturally weak, unaggressive and lacking in creative force, this human group had survived solely by its wits as a sort of parasite and had even developed a "religion" which codified and even glorified intellectual paranoiaism and physical cowardice as the "way of God."

When the forceful, domineering and driving white man laid aside his club, forgot that he also was an animal, and allowed his scientific method and medical knowledge to reverse evolution, he set up humanity for domination by the Jew.

Instinctively the Jew perceived the white man's growing unwillingness to fight, and realized that in a battle of words and mutual swindling his thousands of years of experience would be more than a match for the less subtle Aryan white man. The Jew thus became the leading and loudest exponent of intellectualism and the scientific method. At the same time he instinctively deprecated all ideas of heredity, breeding, race or individual leadership. It is the Jew who would be master in a mongrelized world.

A wolf pack is led by the strongest and smartest wolf by a sort of mutual consent based on force. This arrangement benefits the entire pack because the wise and tough old wolf leader is the best guarantee for the rest of the pack that they will be led in an organized and successful manner toward food and safety, etc.

Humanity until the seventeen and eighteen hundreds was much in the position of such a wolf pack, beset as it was with natural dangers and human enemies.

But with the rise of intellectualism and pacifism the Jew was able to approach the members of the "wolf pack" of humanity and say, in effect, "Why should we be bossed around by the leader, 'the tyrant' when we outnumber him so greatly? Let us set up a democracy and we will vote him out of business."

If the "Pack" can be sold on this swindle it will mutiny against its natural leader and the resulting "democracy" will actually be run by the smartest demagogue or smooth talker, usually a Jew, once the strong leader is eliminated by sheer numbers.

This is what we saw in the French Revolution, Oliver Cromwell's uprising, and a hundred other similar "people's revolutions" against the naturally superior leaders of humanity, the so-called "aristocrats," who had lost their force and became decadent.

About 1850 the Jew, Karl Marx, organized and codified this mutiny of inferiors against their natural leaders in the name of intellectualism, science and democracy. Organized by the Jews in the form of Communism, this "mutiny" by the massed millions of the earth's inferiors against the naturally superior races and individuals threatens to overwhelm humanity.

Today, in the name of "humanitarianism" and "progress," man has selfishly and stupidly stopped or even reversed every one of the mechanisms by which nature kept him vigorous and evolving as a species. Where he once had twelve or thirteen children, so that only the strongest and fittest survived, he now cruelly limits his offspring to one, two, three, or, at the most, four. Of these, he hamstrings the strong and vigorous with the frustrating doctrines of "pacifism" and brotherhood with human trash, while he mobilizes the entire forces of society and science to keep alive the sorriest kind of creatures from drooling idiots down to two-headed monsters. Daily grows the number of high-powered appeals for contributions to this or that foundation for the preservation of the lives and therefore the ability to procreate of the most miserable and unhappy little human mistakes, whom nature would mercifully put out of their suffering, were it not for the soft-headed "humanitarianism" of short-sighted men and women, of whom Eleanor Roosevelt is perhaps the most disgusting example.

While the white race is thus emasculating and extinguishing itself by severely limiting its offspring and then keeping the most unfit individuals alive at the expense of the species, it is also actively helping and even forcing the numberless hordes of colored humanity to proliferate at such a staggering rate that the result is nothing less than a population explosion of the lowest kind of human mongrels. There are already seven colored people for every white person in the world, and the ratio is becoming more overwhelmingly black every day. If we really believe in "democracy," as our leaders would have us, then, with one vote per person, we are already only a tiny minority about to be washed away in a tidal wave of colored and black "equality." The United Nations is already giving even the most stupid whites an inkling of this development, as cannibals and the most improbable spear-toters from the Congo are treated as "statesmen" by our liberal toadies, even as these minstrel "statesmen" are picking morsels of their late political opponents from their pointed teeth.

Even the diminishing number of high quality white human beings, if they are able to get born and then survive a world being increasingly rigged for the benefit of the unfit and lazy, are still not permitted to survive in our insane world. Twice in my own lifetime, the same vicious forces which promote the unlimited breeding of the poorest and darkest of humanity, in the name of "democracy," have promoted horrible mutual massacres called "World Wars," in which the BEST of the Whites on one side slaughter the BEST of the Whites on the other side although neither of these sides ever wins. Always it is the Jews, the colored races and the Marxists who "win" these nightmarish butcherings, while the cream of our people, the bravest, most idealistic, unselfish and self-sacrificing young men go off to murder each other as volunteers. The 4-Fs and the mercantile princes stay home to provide the band music, the bullets, the fine uniforms, and the rest of the machinery for inflaming "patriotic" youth to go and kill each other to "make the world safe for democracy," or to "put down tyranny," etc. — although these same lads are cautioned not to get excited about RED tyranny, or BLACK tyranny — which is really "democracy" at work. Every thirty years or so, it seems, the decreasing number of the white elite of the world are set at each other's throats, while they are taught to work and struggle to make the world a better place to breed Jews and Negroes.

Our people never see this cruel and suicidal process, and, even now; the best of our people, the most patriotic, are whooping and war dancing to go and murder the Russians — who are also White people — instead of realizing that it is the Communists who are the enemies of humanity, not the miserable uneducated and helpless Russian white men and women who are prisoners of these world-fiends, just as, in a sense, we are here in America.

And, in between these planet-wide butcheries of the biological cream of humanity, the Jews give the elite no respite. "Liberalism" castrated our intellectual youth, makes them actually love their destroyers and every process of their own disintegration. The resulting moral depravity finally produces the ultimate disgrace of civilization — pansies, queers! The Jewish-dominated fields of medicine would have us look with compassion and tolerance on this abomination because the people are "sick." But then, so are mad killers in the street. The Jews say Hitler was "sick" too, but there were no recommendations to let him work his poor, frustrated little will. They say I am sick, but they do not seem anxious to permit me my little peccadillos. It is always and only for disintegrative moral depravity that they bring out the "let-him-alone-he's-just-sick" bit.

Our great grandfathers would probably have risen in overpowering and natural wrath to slaughter, left and right, the unspeakable crawling, filthy things we excuse as "beats." Doped up with narcotics, physically dirty, ostentatiously anti-social and repulsive, "crazy" with the orgiastic rhythms of Africa's lowest cannibals, full of the phoniest imaginable Jewish "intellectualism," (Ginsberg) and sleeping interchangeably with male and female Negroes — these degraders' and pitiful creatures are the inevitable result of putting "democracy" and "liberalism" into working practice.

In short, every force of "modern" society, scientific, cultural, moral and intellectual has shortsightedly forgotten the race, the group, in the wild "liberal" scramble to pamper the individual at the expense of the species. Every natural process of selection and breeding has been violently reversed, and humanity is breeding itself back to the jungles and caves out of which our ancestors once battled in thousands and thousands of years of bitter struggle with a merciless but healthy environment.

The idiocy of despising their own hereditary genius and strength has been made the fashion among young college "intellectuals" all over the world and, unless the white man becomes aware that the intellectualism and scientific method he so much admires must be applied to himself and his breeding as an animal, humanity will be destroyed by social chaos and the reversal of biological evolution. In fact this process is already far along, and, like hypnotized birds before snakes, the white man and nations all over the world are cringing in abject cowardice before mutinous gangs of inferior people and black savages, inflamed and led by Jews.

National Socialism is, above all things, the doctrine that it is not only for the good of humanity but absolutely essential for the survival of humanity that scientific method be applied not only to the breedings of animals and bugs but also to the breeding of human beings. National Socialism does not wish to destroy inferior races or individuals any more than a wolf leader wants to destroy the pack but only to organize them into a productive order which alone can enable them to survive and enjoy some degree of human felicity.

National Socialism deplores the reversal of human evolution being accelerated by welfare-ism, brotherhood-ism, race-mixing and the unlimited breeding of the inferior races and individuals while the superior limit themselves to few offspring or none.

To accomplish these utterly fundamental and vital aims, National Socialism declares its goal to be nothing less than the absolute domination of the white, civilized areas of the earth by the Aryan white man and the leadership of the Aryan white man by the strongest and wisest individuals of the race rather than the largest number of weaklings, mediocrities and selfish private interests.

To achieve this goal National Socialism recognizes that power must be won legally, first in the strategic center of the world, the United States, and then in all the other white Aryan areas of the earth. National Socialism does not recognize the imaginary geographic boundaries of nations as being as important as the very real boundaries set by nature in RACE.

We therefore declare out intention eventually to incorporate all Nordic and Aryan white peoples into a single political entity so that never again will white men fight and kill each other on behalf of such silly things as imaginary geographic boundaries or such vicious things as Jewish economic swindles — either Communism or capitalism.

We further declare that we do not seek to murder or destroy any race but only that we intend to establish separate areas within which each race will be at liberty to achieve its own destiny so long as it does not encroach upon or attack the areas or members of another race.

Finally, we declare our intention of utterly destroying all individuals, OF WHATEVER RACE, who are guilty of organizing, planning, or carrying out the criminal Communist conspiracy and mutiny against humanity and the laws of nature. We recognize a great proportion of Jews have been, and are the leaders of this criminal Bolshevik mutiny and conspiracy against the race of humanity and will not shrink from the task of utterly destroying such poisonous human bacteria.

But this is only the negative part of our ideals and aims. The goal of National Socialism develop and express his contributions to humanity to the maximum possible extent and, by the application of scientific method to human breeding itself, to insure that the world is peopled, not with more and more negroid degenerates, but with human beings who increasingly approximate the lordly ideal expressed in the ancient Nordic sagas by the gods and goddesses of Valhalla.

Chapter XX

NOTE: The foregoing chapters of the book were written in September and October of 1960 for delivery to a publisher in Chicago in November. A full year was lost as the publisher and others were intimidated into abandoning publication by threats, mostly from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and other Jewish organizations. Finally, publication of the book was undertaken by Parliament House in New York in September of 1961. But this firm was not able to get the book printed and produced anyplace except on our own little Davidson 221 office duplicator.

Even then, the efforts to stop publication did not cease. "Volunteer typists" came to help set the book on our IBM — only to sabotage the work, as the typographical and spelling errors in the first chapters will show, in spite of all the diligence we could exercise. They actually set fire to the press room in the middle of the night and disaster was saved only by the alert duty officer. My printer and layout man were maneuvered into quitting at the crucial moment so that I wound up producing almost all of the book myself with unskilled help from loyal officers and troopers, except for IBM typing by a faithful woman member of the party.

I have consequently rewritten this last chapter in December of 1961 to bring the book up to date. The reader is again reminded that the book was written and produced under actual combat conditions, with bullets, Molotov cocktails, phosphorous bombs and rocks flying at the headquarters and printshop, along with the more subtle attacks by Jewish agents. As I write, two of my lads are in prison, one just got out, and I am under sentence to prison in New Orleans and Arlington, pending appeal. The Jews in the Justice Department are combing every facet of my life (including this book, copies of which were just picked up by the FBI yesterday, December 1, 1961) to find some grounds for a "prosecution" which would stick. Finally, our operating funds are so pitifully minute that we were printing and working in bone-chilling cold up until ten days ago because we couldn't pay the gas bill since last April.

For all these reasons, we hope the reader will forgive technical failings in production of this work, and remember that content is here, regardless of the form, which is a temporary matter. Later editions will equal and surpass the tons of Jewish productions which fill our book shops now. In their case, the form is certainly there!; they have the millions to pay Gentile craftsmen to produce masterpieces of the book-maker's art — but the content is lacking as with most things in our "modern" lives today — the age of plastic. We are already shifting from operation on sales of our production, and, with iron determination, we shall soon enough have the money to produce This Time the World in the style to which it is entitled.

With the victory in the Arlington courts and the smashing victory over the "mental-health" attack in Washington, we were well launched into the first Phase of our struggle to power. The world has read in the papers of our exploits since then.

That first phase was the fight to become known to the masses, at all costs, as the fanatical champions of the White Man and enemy of the Jewish traitors.

There are many who think as we do but who haughtily condemn our wild and wooly tactics as "undignified," etc. These know-it-alls cannot understand that being "dignified" or "refined" or "reasonable" has not helped any of the right-wing movements so far to success.

The left-wing is not dignified or reasonable, but it is succeeding. It has power! It is winning because it understands the fundamental source of all political power, which is in the common, ordinary masses of people.

Ultimate political power does not reside in "conservatives" or "liberals" or intellectuals or goon squads, but in the millions upon millions of plumbers, carpenters, laborers, taxi-drivers, bartenders, etc. And these millions are never won by argument, but always by the extremes of emotion. They love and they hate. They play like kids and they fight like animals. They despise weakness, especially in leaders, and love strength even when it tyrannizes over them. Roosevelt was a devilish example of that. They do not want to see an intellectual discussion between lofty political ideas, but the crushing victory of their side and the utter annihilation of the enemy, whomever he may be.

The Jewish promotion of the idea of democracy is a monstrous fraud to hide their own power over these masses, which consists of control of all media of mass communication and popular entertainment. An ordinary man cannot know personally the men and issues for which he is allowed to "vote." He gets to "know" these things, in a "free" democracy like America, only as they are shown to him on TV, in the newspapers, magazines, etc. The candidates and issues upon which Americans, and all citizens of democracies, vote are the images of men and issues painted with supreme cunning by the "hidden persuaders," the scientific mind-manipulators, who consciously and ruthlessly use emotional-engineering techniques to build "father images" and all the rest of the tools of their power. "The other side" is simply not permitted to exist, let alone express itself.

Who ever heard of an anti-Semitic national TV show? Or a crime show with black criminals? Or even a John Birch TV program revealing, for instance, Ike's red record?

The result is that poor, ingenuous, ordinary and decent little John Doe, American, truly believes much of the crap poured into his head twenty-four hours a day from his press, TV, etc. The images he develops in his mind of "Jews," "agrarian reformers," "deprived Negroes," "sick criminals" — all the rest of the liberal images — are not real, as anybody who has read a Jew paper or been mugged by a black criminal knows. But these synthetic images have immense power to influence the masses emotionally so that they will vote for an insufferable spoiled popinjay like the millionaire Roosevelt, for instance, as a "man-of-the-people"!

The problem of building a political organization with the ability to move these masses the other way, in spite of the enemy's utter mastery of all means of communicating with the masses, is, thus, first the problem of reaching the masses — any way at all.

It does not matter how you reach them at first, so long as they come to know of you and the fact that you are at the opposite pole from those in power.

Our "Nazi" tactics force the Jews to blast us, in spite of their efforts at "silent treatment," as "monsters," "hate mongers," hoodlums, terrorists, etc., etc. In spite of themselves, the Jews must build, on their own TV, an image of us which is just as phony as the images they build of their own marionettes — but an image of us nevertheless, and an image of emotional impact which reaches the masses.

Ask the man in the street about Rockwell and the American Nazi Party and he will probably tell you that this is the outfit that wants to "kill all the Jews and niggers."

That this is a foul Jewish-promoted lie does not matter. In fact, it is preferable that the image of us, at this stage, is monstrous.

The masses think like an electronic calculator. They have no modulations, but only plus and minus, black and white, absolutely good, and absolutely bad. Pavlov proved with his dogs that fundamental behavior patterns are basically determined by physical conditioning — and the Jews and Communists have proved with their "brainwashing," that human beings follow the same laws of mechanical psychology as Pavlov's dogs. With proper techniques, every living being, including humans, can be manipulated.

Only the hot-house intellectuals want their fiction to be "modulated" with "greys," as in real life. The common man wants heroes and villains, and no mistake about it. He cannot fathom or sympathize with a "nice" villain or a "bad" hero. An examination of the pulp magazines and comic books he prefers will quickly establish the truth of that statement. If "Superman" got drunk and made an ass of himself, or turned coward once in a while — as real "heroes" do — he would be out of business in a trice.

The Jews, therefore, do exactly what we want them to do when they keep their Nazi atrocity lies pouring out over America in such oceanic floods. Right now, and for yet a while longer, they are the shining "heroes," and we are the 100% rotten "villains." Never mind, we have reached the masses with an image as the all-out opponents of what is going on. As long as John Doe is reasonably satisfied with what is going on and his own lot, he will continue to accept that image.

But the Jews and all their poisonous lot of liberals, queers, race-mixers, etc., cannot keep poor little John Doe happy for much longer with what they are doing to him. No amount of the most masterful TV brotherhood shows can keep a man whose wife is brutally raped by a gang of rampaging blacks from being rudely awakened to the phoniness of the Jew-image of the "down-trodden" and "innocent" Negro. All the poetry of peace and co-existence cannot keep Mr. Doe blind to the fact that Communism is conquering the earth, with one third of the world's people already enslaved, and the rest softened up, while it now has a beachhead 90 miles off Florida!

At present, the "common man" is luxuriating in the products of a super-phony war scare and manipulated economy, and his ears are deaf to pleas that he examine the basis of this false "prosperity." But when the house-of-cards rally comes crashing down, as it inevitably will in eight or nine years, John Doe will suddenly wake up! And he will be mad!

With race riots all over America as hungry blacks and whites fight for non-existent jobs, all the pretty notions of brotherhood and sweet reasonableness will be gone in a few moments of agonized recognition that his "friends" have been his enemies all along and his enemies have therefore been his friends.

The liars are now convicting themselves before the jury of America, and the more they lie and swindle the jury, the more that jury will howl for the liars blood when they discover how they have been taken. We are content — nay HAPPY — to be advertised as the would-be murderers of all Jews, even though that is not true, since we thus (1) reach the masses with simple ideas, and (2) stand forth as the uncompromising enemies of what we know the masses are growing to hate, and will hate with a passion in a very few years.

We have almost completed the first phase of our struggle to power, now. Both our name and our fanatical opposition to Jewish Communism-Zionism and race-mixing are known all over the world, albeit with misunderstand and burning hatred by many. That was our first aim.

The next phase of the struggle is to begin to drive into the brainwashed minds of the masses a few simple ideas of what we really are — instead of what they say we are. This book is the first major step in that direction, although the masses won't read it. But it will inevitably win over some intellectual fighters who will help us in the battle of propaganda. Most important, the book will stand as a crushing refutation of the Jew lies about our true nature and ideas, which can be judged in itself, with fearful results for the liars. Even when I am railroaded to prison, to another round of the bug-house, which is more than likely in spite of our scrupulous adherence to the law, as the Jews in the Justice Department get more and more desperate, the book will be preaching the truth and salvation silently to thousands, and perhaps millions.

We are still too weak to force our right to hire a hall and start public meetings. We couldn't rent the loft of a whore house for a meeting today. But that will not be for long. As income from the book begins to put blood into our veins at last, instead of the trickle of water from the contributions of a few hardy pioneers, we will go into court and fight for our right to hire a hall like any other American — as we fought for the right to have a public park in New York and won.

And when we can hire a respectable hall and hold a public meeting, we shall be well launched on the second phase of our struggle — the phase of education by propaganda. We shall drill into the minds of the public a few simple unforgettable slogans and ideas which will replace the diabolically clever slogans of the Jews now being driven into the minds of the people: "brotherhood," "you can't judge by groups, only as individuals," "tolerance" (for everything left, but hate for the "hate mongers."). When these lovers of free speech howl about Nazi "slogans," etc., let the thoughtful American consider the nature of the campaign being waged by the Jews and "liberals." And do they not also use slogans and the most monstrous of emotional propaganda?

With these scientific and powerful methods, we shall slowly begin to make the masses understand what we really are. And, again, the lies of the Jews will backfire on them, just as they do already in a small way when people come to interview me and find me intelligent, literate, courteous, reasonable and many report, personally likable. The shock is apparent on their faces when they do not see the horns on my head nor smell fumes of the fire and brimstone. Over a period of five or seven years, we will convert thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and finally millions to our ideals and to belief in our masculine, straight-forward leadership toward the things Americans and White men really want.

In the meantime, we shall start running for every available political office and insist on our rights to buy TV time when we get on the ballot even for dog-catcher. The wild howls of the Jews as I appear before a swastika banner on TV and drive home the truths the people ache to hear will be music to my ears, and the death song of the sneaks and traitors. Sooner or later, we will start getting elected — first to small offices, and then to large. As the Jews continue to drive and push and hound the honest people of Virginia with forced integration and subversion, pornography and communism, I will inevitably be able to win enough votes to be elected governor.

And that will mark the start of the third phase in the fight to win back our American heritage and enforce the Constitution for the benefit of the White Christian people who built the country. With the prestige of public office, in spite of all the lies and terrorism of the Jews, we shall demonstrate what honest, fearless government is like and organize the people we have won. We will build our trained, hardcore of present Nazis into a nationwide mass organization which will be inflamed with a holy zeal such as fired the American Revolutionists — and which has been lacking in our people since the civil war. By this time the "conservatives," with their stale dishwater programs and their battle cries of "back to the good old horse and buggy days!", will be discredited and beaten by the Jews they now pretend not to notice. The enemies of America will be running wild over our liberties, our traditions, and, most of all, over our white race. Goldwater is almost sure to follow Kennedy — when the latter has crammed four years more of insufferable betrayal down the throats of Americans.

And Goldwater will be the last straw for the good and patient people who have tried so hard to believe the Jews and their lies. When he, too, betrays the people there will be no place left for them to turn. The phony "contest" between the Republicrats and Democans has already disgusted millions, who now hope to get something done as "conservatives" against the "liberals." And when these poor innocents find that the foxy Jews have once more pulled off their old trick of leading 'em — when they couldn't beat 'em (as they did — when they put Ike in) — they will be at the end of their sheep-like patience and ready for all-out, uncompromising fight with a deadly enemy they will finally see. Especially the rich "conservatives" will flock to our banners after Goldwater has slipped them the final dose of brilliant betrayal. Just as the industrialists of the Ruhr finally backed Hitler, once they realized that there is no half-way method of beating the Communists who were reaching into their wallets, so the rich American reactionaries will back us when they, too, learn that the Jews and Communists are about to seize their cash.

With growing funds, not only from the people, but from scared reactionaries, by 1968 we will be able to start the fourth phase — the winning of power! We shall make the presidential race which will in turn, insure tremendous national TV coverage. We won't be able, to beat Goldwater or any other Jew — or Jew stooge they put up, yet, but we will smash their machine if invincible terror at the top levels, even as we have done it down here in the gutter.

The key factor in our planned rise to power will be our solution to the Negro problem — a problem which has already become completely intolerable to both white and black.

The common working people of America are fed up with what they call "niggers" and are only prevented from taking violent action in the matter by the most extreme measures of brainwashing and the use of armed force, including the U.S. Army, as at Little Rock. This is not a Southern problem; the situation is even more explosive in Northern cities like Detroit and New York.

At the same time, the blacks are understandably fed up, too. Every human being on this earth must find some way to consider himself "valuable" and worthy of his own self-respect. Otherwise, he is forced by iron laws of psychology to (1) go insane (2) commit suicide (3) evade the Problem by becoming a drunken, dazed bum.

Constantly being told he is "equal" by white hypocrites who pretend to love him (but who send their own kids to private schools so they won't have to mix with the blacks, etc.), the Negro in America is being increasingly frustrated in his search for the all-important feeling of worthwhileness.

A hundred years ago, when "equality" was unheard of, the situation of the blacks seemed less hopeful, but, in the respect being discussed, it was far, far better. The Negro lived and moved only in his own exclusive black circle. Sure he was looked down upon, almost as an animal, but his psychological existence was 100% within his own group. He never even considered the possibility of a white wife, for instance, or even of association with whites. He gained his feeling of worthwhileness solely by his status within his own group, and here, he could excel and become, perhaps, a "great man." The Negro who succeeded in being the best banjo player or story-teller, perhaps, among the other Negroes, was a very real success.

But with the rise of the modern hypocrisy of "equality," the Negro has constantly set before him the idea that he is not a success and is not worthwhile unless he succeeds in white circles. He is no longer satisfied with a Negro woman, but, as is shown by the fact that almost every Negro who gets enough money and prestige marries a White, he dreams of getting white women, getting white jobs, and being accepted 100% as the same thing as Whites which he can never be.

The "liberals" make light of the argument, of course, but it is the most fundamental part of the problem that even the most "liberal" whites are only talking with their mouths about equality, and only so long as it doesn't affect their personal lives. They have no intention whatsoever of mixing sexually for procreation with the Negro race and, so long as this is denied the Negro, how can he really believe the slop that he is the same as white people except for the color of his skin?

The honest Americans draw the color-line at their front door — and the dishonest "liberals" draw that same color-line at their daughter's bedroom door. But the line is there, and always will be. And it hurts. You can be sure of that. Only a fishy-cold "liberal" prattling of "humanitarianism" could fail to realize the terrible hurt he is inflicting on the blacks by giving them the false idea that 100% equality is only a matter of time, sit-ins and sleep-ins.

The common working white people of America, on the other hand, cannot be blamed for beginning to hate the black man who is becoming increasingly obnoxious in his pushing, as he is inflamed by the Jews behind the "Negro" organizations. Even if there may be a few scummy liberals who actually are prepared to offer their own daughters on the altar of Negro "equality," as did Sir Stafford Cripps, the unspoiled, healthy white working man will go all-out for naked violence before he will permit wholesale violation of his sacred instincts and nature's laws.

The Jewish power of money is presently holding this army of irritated White men in check through loss of jobs as fire and police departments are integrated and monsters like Sammy Davis, Jr., are paraded with their white wives in all our press and magazines, etc. But when the money and jobs are gone, as they surely will be, as the phoney economy collapses when it can no longer be patched up by Berlin "crisis" and similar frauds, then there will be nothing to stop the enraged millions of White men.

The result is that all the makings of a nightmare of violence and bloodshed are in the works. The hypocrites and Jews keep telling the Negro he is equal and that he should push. And the Whites — in the North as well as the South — are kept from violence to stop the infernal pushing only by the fact that they lose their jobs and perhaps go to jail. Calling them "bigots" will not stop them forever.

Most Americans who can't figure this all out intellectually know it by instinct. Everybody can feel the terrible, deadly tension as the Negro pushing continues.

It is by intelligently solving this unspeakable situation that we shall win most of the votes to put us in office.

When economic catastrophe hits, race riots will be the inevitable result, all over the USA. The race problem, which is unanimously ignored, or aggravated, by all our politicians, from Stevenson to Goldwater, must be solved by intelligence, honesty and goodwill, or it win be solved by massacre and bloodshed.

The American Nazi Party recognizes that the Negro can never be happy in White Society because he can never gain that all important feeling of worthwhileness and self-respect as long as he is constantly reminded of the color-line, whether it is at the honest man's front door, or the bedroom door of the liberal's daughter.

Only on his own piece of geography, among his own people, can the Negro find the "status" he must have to exist as a contented human being.

Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and all of our early leaders recognized this fundamental truth, and helped set up Liberia in Africa for our Negroes whose capital was named Monrovia after our

President Monroe.

Not too many years ago, Marcus Garvey, a Negro, led a Back-to-Africa movement which obtained four million Negro signatures on a petition seeking return to Africa. But this fact is not permitted to reach the public because the Jews want the Negroes here for three rotten purposes:

(1) They use the Negroes as a balance of power in politics. They have gotten the Whites almost evenly divided into two meaningless teams of Republicrats and Democans so that their votes neatly cancel each other out (the main reason for the huge Jew-led drives to "get out the vote," which keeps the suckers imagining they are participating in their government), only by winning the black vote, today, can a politician get elected and the Jews control the Black vote. The Negroes, being relatively ignorant and simple-hearted, are easily led by the sly and foxy Jews like Marvin Rich and Arthur Spingarn. And these Jews of the NAACP, CORE, etc., peddle the votes of their black herds to whomever offers the Jews and Negroes the most, and to hell with the country, the Constitution and the White Christian majority. It is an utterly vicious scheme!

(2) The Jews prey on the economically helpless Negroes financially. One has only to visit the Negro section of town and look at the names on the shops or see who collects the huge rents on the roach and rat-ridden black tenements, to see how the Jews milk their black cattle. See who is selling rot-gut wine and whiskey to the blacks. Or observe the municipal court records to see who is garnisheeing the Negroes' pitiful wages for easy-payment debts created in selling trash and plastic junk to the childish blacks.

The third reason the Jews keep the Blacks here is more subtle. They, the Jews, use the Negroes as a battering ram to smash down White Gentile society for the benefit of Jews, without making it obvious that it is a Jewish operation.

By preaching equality for Blacks and enlisting the soft-heads and fat-heads like Eleanor, who imagine they are intellectuals, but who won't think when they can feel, the Jews break down our society and our morale with Negro invasions, which are promptly exploited by the Jews who move in behind them.

In short, the Negro is as much the key to Jewish power in America as is the 100% Jewish-run TV and movie business.

That is the reason why any effort toward a real solution to the Negro problem is hounded and driven out of existence by the Jews — as Marcus Garvey was thrown into jail and his movement broken up.

But, just as the Jewish outrages always produce a counter-force among the Whites, as they did in Germany, Italy, Spain, etc., and as they are doing in the USA now — so they have at last produced a real leader among the Negro people, Elijah Muhammad, head of the "Black Muslims."

I am aware that Mr. Muhammad at one time preached massacre of the Whites. I can't say that I blame him. Were I a Negro, I would feel the same way. But Mr. Muhammad was, and is, faced with the same problems as we are - total hostility by the Jews and all their satellites, including the government. The Jewish press does its' best to ignore him, while writing paeans of praise and adulation for the "black" organizations and activities led by Jews, such CORE and NAACP. Under the circumstances and remembering the simple hearts, ignorance, and sorely oppressed status of most of the Negro people, he may be forgiven any kind of preaching necessary to gain the strength to do something constructive to solve the problem, just as we have to use some pretty powerful methods to outwit the Jew press liars ourselves.

But Elijah Muhammad has taken a million or more of the lowest kind of people on earth—lazy, drunken, dirty, filthy-mouthed, nasty-minded black bums and criminals, the repulsive creatures called "niggers" — and turned them into disciplined, self-respecting, sober, hard-working, courteous, clean-talking and clean people. Let the White men who tax me with being a "nigger lover" for respecting Elijah Muhammad show me the White leader today who has demonstrated any such masterful ability to lead!

As Muhammad has grown in wisdom and stature, he has also become more moderate and statesman-like in his program and demands. He knows how the Jews are using and abusing his people and he does not fear to say so, like so many of the Southern Whites who damn me for praising Muhammad and then whisper in the most cowardly manner about the "shhhhhh! j-e-w-s'".

He used to demand American territory for his Negro nation. And I will say that, if there were no other way of solving the Negro problem and the alternative was the mongrelization of the White race, which is inevitable if the present mix-pressures are continued, I would even be willing to give the Negroes an area of their own in America (New York City, perhaps, where they could enjoy the company of their Jew "friends") before I would see our White race degraded to a nation of brown mongrels such as swarm in South America.

But that is not necessary.

When economic catastrophe hits, as it will in six to eight years when the phony war-scare economy runs out of Berlins and Laos, we will need no CCC camps of "PWA" to pump up or prime our economy. By ceasing our disgusting efforts to buy friendship and "neutrality" from our enemies with "foreign aid" and allocating that money and the money now wasted on civil rights and Negro crime to our own Negroes to build and construct a modern industrial nation in Africa, we can not only make the prospect of their own modern Nation so attractive that our Negroes will flock to migrate, but we will pump eight or ten billion dollars a year into our own free economy — our contractors, technicians, service organizations, businessmen, banks, etc. And this will put millions more Americans to work on a constructive project to solve a problem, not add to it.

Many people object that it would be impossible to move fifteen million Negroes to Africa. These people forget that we moved many more people than that in World War II — under combat conditions! With the proper will and spirit, it will be easy.

As for winning the Negroes, it is truly child's play, with modem methods of sales and public relations. The lot of most Negroes in America is incredibly rotten. The vision of glorious "equality" and a "little taste of honey" (ie. intercourse with a white girl) held out by the Jews to the Negroes, is rapidly disillusioning the blacks, and will do so with increasing rapidity as the pushing continues. Only the rare "professional" Negroes really hate anything, and they are in the overwhelming minority. The great mass of American Negroes are wretchedly poor, frustrated, exploited, given the bum's rush through our courts and prisons and generally have little to live for.

With any kind of funds for public relations work at all, we will sign up these down-trodden creatures by the millions for a genuine break at long, long last. A man will charge the massed bayonets of the enemy on behalf of a vision in which he really believes, as every war proves on both sides. Our Negroes now have no vision at all, except the hypocritical hope of "mixing," which bitterly frustrates them, especially the poor ones who can't afford a white prostitute, professional or amateur.

Savage Africa has almost no skilled workers and leaders so that our American Negroes would jump at once from the status of inferior -and oppressed second-class citizens here to pioneering heroes and much sought-after experts in the new land. Attractive window displays in the Negro sections of all American towns with literature and petitions inside, TV programs, public rallies, and all the rest of the tools of modern mass sales techniques will fire the imaginations and hearts of the frustrated millions of America's Blacks, as the hopeless dream of 100% equality can never do.

And Elijah Muhammad is the obvious and proven leader to organize and direct this mighty movement, which is almost exactly the parallel of the way America itself was civilized by people who were persecuted and hounded in other lands.

In spite of the stupid howls of "nigger lover" I must suffer, and the understandable fear of us in the heart of Mr. Muhammad, we have confidence that we will be able to reach a position of mutual trust and cooperation toward the great goal of a genuine solution to the Negro problem. His lieutenants have already made contact with us and assured us of any help they can give and we have given them a similar assurance.

As we grow in power and influence, we will be able to work in dignity and separately, but in mutual helpfulness, toward the day when our American Negroes will at last have the real self-respect and decent environment we owe them after three hundred years of slavery and exploitation and our White men will have the pure White Christian civilization won for them with the blood of their ancestors.

And even the soft-heads and liberals will one day vote for us when we have solved this monstrous problem to the satisfaction of all honest people, black and white, except the Jew plotters.

In 1972, with Nazi senators and representatives in every state and millions of Nazi voters, we will be able to sweep to power in the elections.

And then will begin the fifth phase of the struggle — the clean-up! With an iron broom (but always within the law and the Constitution) we shall sweep the hordes of traitors out of office and into the gas chambers — not because they are of any particular race or "religion," but because they are proven in courts, before juries, to have been traitors to the most wonderful people and system of government ever devised by the mind of man.

In one term in the White House, we will be able to finish the great mass movement of Negroes to Africa or to reservations here so that our cities will be sparkling WHITE and relatively free of the rampaging criminals now making our own national capital a vicious jungle of murder and rapine. The people, who have been endlessly told what tyrants we are and how we wish to murder and rob people, will have seen what we can REALLY do with power and will know at first hand the pure white-fire of our idealism, just as courageous and honest Germans can tell you what a paradise Germany was in the "Great Days," even for honest Jews — but especially for Germans. Americans will once again revel in their wonderful, blessed America, spotlessly clean of the queers, pornography, hothouse sex atmosphere, hypocrites, false Christian pink preachers, and — most important of all-traitors and liars.

Then will begin the most dangerous of times for our movement and our people.

The Jews pulling the strings in Moscow and Jerusalem and in the banking houses of the world (including the Vatican, where the Rothschilds have now got Pope John deleting passages of Holy Scripture which do not please the Jews who had Christ crucified!) will once again work with devilish ingenuity to plunge the world into another bloodbath to save their rotten secret empire of blood and gold, just as they plunged us into World War II to make the world safe for Marxism again, when Hitler had it on the run.

Hitler, never having traveled, was an incurable isolationist and chauvinist. He imagined he could create a spotless and clean little "bubble," disinfected of Jewish filth and phlegm, right in the middle of the filthy Jewish world empire. He managed the miracle for a time but his task was as impossible as trying to create a hospital- clean and antiseptic little area in a sewer being flooded with roaring torrents of excrement. He was overwhelmed by the flood of Jewish hate and poison which surrounded tiny Germany.

Had he started from the beginning, not with a GERMAN movement, but with a WHITE MAN'S movement encompassing all White men in the world, as the movement encompasses all Jews, without regard to nationality or even "religion," and as the Communist movement is international, he would have taken a lot longer to win — but he would have been sure of winning. You can't beat an international movement with a national movement any more than you create a nice clean place in a sewer.

We have not made that mistake. From the beginning, I have worked just as hard to build international solidarity of ALL White men, regardless of religion or nationality, as I have to get the party set up in the U.S.A.

The method is incredibly hard — I am banned from most countries and can contact our people in other areas of the earth only by mail - but it is SURE. In England, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Canada, Argentina, Germany, Denmark — even in Japan — and dozens of other countries, we are working to set up the World Union of National Socialists as the fight-to-the-death counterpart of the world Marxist Comintern and Zionist organizations. Today, the Nazi parties in these countries operate with front names just as I direct our Nazis in many American cities to operate under other names until they are strong enough to survive the Jewish terror attacks. But they are growing strong and pure. Nothing can now stop them.

The Jews are now doing to the entire world what they did to Germany in the 1920's. The Jewish moguls have even decreed that women's fashions must look like those of the insane '20's, as a look at the fashion ads will show. They monopolize everything, and they are spreading their filth and decay into every nook and cranny of this staggering planet. Their red United Nations is planned as the final graveyard of all national liberty, and, as it becomes increasingly colored and black, the ultimate graveyard of the White Race.

As we grow and win power here in the U.S.A., there is the terrible danger that the Jews will decide on the ultimate insanity of another world war to stop us — a threat they use now to drive the world crazy with their interminable alternating threats and handshakes, just as Pavlov's dogs were driven to such states of anxiety by mechanical alternations of torture and care that they became living zombies willing to do anything commanded by their manipulator, exactly as our people are beginning to do en masse. The Jews have no intention whatsoever of blowing themselves up in the hydrogen bomb war they keep depicting for us in frightening full-color articles and on TV, etc. The "cold war" is strictly to make money in the war-scare economy and keep the suckers busy watching with horror "over there," while the dirty work is being done over here — and to keep us spending ourselves to death, as Lenin commanded.

If, however, it appeared that the Jews were on the verge of total exposure — and the consequent punishment they have so diligently earned — they would try at the last minute to pull everything down about everyone's ears, in the hopes of escaping retribution in the catastrophic confusion and misery.

This we have guarded against by the fundamental idea of our movement, which is the unity of the White Aryan Race — regardless of the location on the globe of the members of that race. This unity includes the White Aryan Russian people, who are as much victims of Jewish Communism as we are, even the Russians who go along with the thing, like our own fat-headed "liberals," not knowing the nature of the fiends who are using them.

At the same time we are working and growing here in the U.S.A., and our fellow Nazis are working in the other Western nations, we are doing what we legally can to prepare a Nazi movement in Russia, too. We have no desire to go and murder Russian White men, as we once went forth to murder our German brothers because we were told they were "enemies." We do have a burning desire to massacre the Bolshevik traitors to humanity who have turned the earth into a slaughter house in World War II for their own rotten and selfish ends and who now openly boast that they will "Bury us"! We are not ashamed to hate them whether they speak Russian, Yiddish, or English with a British accent like Mr. Acheson. And the way to see that they meet the fate they have earned is to help the Russian White men throw off the tyrants — not hate the Russian people, as we are being taught. Sure they are ignorant and perhaps hateful to us now, but so are many sincere "liberals" right here in this country. They are like poisoned children who vomit on the living-room rug. Who can curse and hate them for being poisoned, knowing the cunning and infinitely devilish genius of the poisoners?

In the 1920's, the Jews thought they had everything going their way and they did. The Western world was burning itself up in a wild and immoral orgy of speculation, sex, jazz, crazy fashions, idiot pastimes, poisonous negroid "culture" and all the rest of the Jewish arsenal of destruction of the racial will to survive. Our intellectuals flocked to the red banners and our literature, for the time, is almost openly Communist. In Germany, the Jews were arrogantly and openly Communist with seven million red hoodlums marching and beating people up in the streets of Germany and figured they had it made. Germany was to be the hub of their world revolution, and they almost succeeded. But, as is happening in the U.S.A. now, their vicious attack forced the rise of a counter force from among the people itself — Adolf Hitler. At the very last minute, the despised and persecuted Nazis rose up and smote the traitors down.

Today, the Jews are doing all over this earth exactly what they did in Germany — the same wild orgy, the same mad speculation and spending, the same build-up of Communism, the same immorality and pornography, the same wild crime-waves, even the same fashions. We are rapidly approaching the point of total decadence and confusion which is the planned prelude to red revolution.

Perhaps most deadly of all, this time the Jews, with their Communism and "democracy," have inflamed almost the whole of Africa, South America, India and Asia with savage and mutinous rebellion by the colored swarms of the planet against the White man — and therefore against civilization which is the product of White ideals and genius. If this frightful mutiny were eventually to succeed, as it is doing by leaps and bounds, the result would not be paradise for the colored races who would overwhelm and run riot over the Whites. The result would be the same regression to savagery and squalor which has taken place every time the White man has been driven out of negroid areas such as Haiti.

The reason that America is mecca for the world is not that it is richer in resources and wealth. South America is infinitely richer in natural wealth, but is nevertheless sunk in squalor and typical, unstable, tyrannical "Latin-American"-style revolutions and mustachioed musical-comedy type "leaders." Only as the population becomes WHITER, as in Argentina and Uruguay, does the civilization become more idealistic and orderly.

The soft-headed "liberals" who are so hell-bent to hand civilization on a platter to pygmies and cannibals fail to comprehend that the very ideals which motivate them and which they worship, depend for their existence in this world on the White Race, and that their efforts at equality will not only not help the inferior races, but will operate exactly like taking the parents away from helpless and innocent children. The results of withdrawing White domination in savage Africa are already apparent and will soon become catastrophic. As the colored mutiny is spread by the Jewish "democrats" and Marxists, the White Man will not find the colored races raised up to his level of civilization and the ideals which can maintain civilization, but rather his own civilization and ideals will be pulled down toward the level of the savages and finally obliterated in a roaring black flood, as we are witnessing in bloody Africa — and New York's Harlem — today!

But, again, just as in Germany in the '20's, these villains have driven into existence a counter force. In the '20's it was local — in Germany, Italy and Spain.

But today, as they again approach the same crucial moment of their seizure of world power — they are not faced by only one little isolated nation which woke up. Like the sorcerer's apprentice, they have chopped the "broom" which they couldn't stop all to pieces — and now the pieces are coming to life.

An almost imperceptible quiver here ... A little movement there ... A few swastikas smeared on a Jew wall ... A high school group in Kansas meeting by candlelight underneath the leaders picture! The Horst Wessel song in hoarse, choked voices in a tavern in Berlin! The British Spearhead fighters rushing the platform and smashing up a meeting of red traitors in London! The fighters of the Rikspartiet in Sweden and Norway attacking Jewish Communist traitors in Stockholm and Oslo! The prime minister of South Africa warning the Jews publicly that he will not tolerate anymore of their open and infamous revolutionary racial agitation!... A police official in a great city privately confiding that most of the department understands at last what we are trying to do, and is all for us !

Japanese Nazis fighting bloody battles with the arrogant, snake-dancing reds set up with the encouragement of our own State Department! ... A "swastika flag flying from a fraternity house in Maryland! ... The sound of Nazi drums and marching boots in Cologne, before the brave ones and their swastika banners are thrown into the Jew dungeons ... The holy light reflected in the candle's gleam from the shining eyes of a boy from Texas as he is sworn in at Headquarters as a new storm-trooper for the White Race! ... The little swastika pennants fluttering from the taxicabs in Mexico City! ... The reverent, secret meeting of the faithful in Argentina! ... The sacred "Blutfahne" ("Blood flag") of Adolf Hitler, lovingly folded in a safe deposit box in Chile, awaiting the Great Day!. ..The young Icelandic Nazis, marching in the grey and drizzling streets of Reykjavik to the graves of Nazi pilots with their swastika banners flying bravely! ... The roaring, defiant voices of forty young American Nazis marching under the Swastika to speak in Washington, D.C.!..."We march and fight, to death or on to victory! Our might is right! No traitor shall prevail"... the glorious red-white-and-black banner of the White Man whipping and snapping in the wind beside the Stars and Stripes as we march in defiance of the screaming hate-contorted Jew terrorists!

From all over this planet the little movements are gathering, the courageous little bands of persecuted heroes are joining up! The defiant ones of the Hitler Youth lift their bloodied heads again and again under the blows of the Jews and their toadies. A Nazi will not die! The Flag High! The Ranks Tightly Closed!

The sound of their brave singing is heard! We are coming, brave comrades!

Your White Aryan brothers in England, Sweden, Nigeria, Iceland, America, South Africa, Italy, France, Denmark, Argentina - EVERYWHERE - hear you! We are COMING! MARCHING! FIGHTING! The Great Day of JUSTICE DRAWS NIGH!

THIS TIME the traitors will not be able to find any group of White Men anywhere who will listen to their lies and go and murder the Jews' enemies for them. There will be no place to hide. ..no place to start their eternal game of friendly subversion of their unsuspecting hosts. ..no place to generate their infernal hates and fratricidal wars ... no place to set up their anvil of capitalist exploitation and their hammer of Communist revolution and slaughter.

THIS TIME the traitors will have only one place left in which they can at last find respite from the insane hate- monster which has been eating out their diseased hearts for six thousand years! ... And we shall provide that final solace. With deadly, incredible irony, fate is now repeating what happened in Germany — on a world — wide scale!

THIS TIME we shall not be soft-hearted and gentle like the Great Man who refused to use his tanks to slaughter the helpless British at Dunkirk because he believed even Churchill had some honor and loyalty to Britain and the White Race left.

THIS TIME we shall not be content with "minding our own business" here while the Jews stir up another, world war to wash us away in oceans of irreplaceable White blood!

THIS TIME we shall not permit traitors to "escape" so that they can move in and betray them as the German Communist Jews did to America. None shall pass or escape retribution, not one!

THIS TIME we shall not put our faith in anything or anybody but ourselves, and our unshakable will, impelled onward by an inscrutable destiny which has already demonstrated its determination to resurrect the good whenever it is crucified by evil, as it is now all over the wretched planet.

THIS TIME we shall not rest nor lower our arm until the very last human rat and red snake is beaten to death, no matter how they squirm and crawl from pole to pole or from mountain top to jungle swamp!

THE LAST TIME our leader showed the way to victory in one single area of the earth. "Today Germany!" he predicted "TOMORROW THE WORLD!!"

Now it is TOMORROW! Now is the time, White Men!

THIS TIME THE WORLD!!!

HEIL HITLER!!!